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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

VOL. VI.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y., JUNE, 1888.

NO. 8.



ARCHBISHOP HUGHES, FOUNDER OF THE COLLEGE.

EARLY DAYS AT FORDHAM.

Messrs Editors:

YOU have asked me to give you a few ideas about the early days of Fordham.

I think they must, prove very insipid and uninteresting, to the readers of your sprightly monthly. It is now

entered the class of Belles Lettres how few even of my classmates can I count to-day among the living. But to sketch the life and character of a few of our learned and saintly professors would indeed be to me not only agreeable, but a real labor of love.



CARDINAL McCLOSKEY, FIRST PRESIDENT.

forty-six years since I made my first visit to the classic shades of Fordham. At that time old St. John's was known as Rose Hill College. It was quite a journey from the city in those days, and when I look back and think of the many changes that have since taken place, a feeling of sadness imperceptibly steals over me. I can not think at the present moment of one now living whom I met upon that occasion.

Five years later, when I became a regular student, and

They were not only models of learning, but they were what St. Paul says, they were all to all with us, that they might not only instruct us in secular lore, but what was better and more enduring that they might fit us for a glorious hereafter.

Oh, what a galaxy of genius and learning was there assembled.

There was the great and grand Father Thebaud, whose

elegant and well filled mind embodied every species of secular and religious knowledge.

A perfect child in simplicity but a giant in everything sublime and useful. Father Thebaud was a man who would have been an ornament to any profession. I looked upon his friendship and kindness to myself as one of the most fortunate incidents of my life. When I was appointed to the position, which I now occupy, he wrote me a most endearing letter in which he said "I suppose you will now have to

shame the magnates of Tammany and Mozart. The candidates were selected with the greatest care, the tickets were distributed and each one cast his ballot for his choice of officer. There were no bribes either offered or taken, there was no ballot box stuffing, and no one was ever counted in who had not received a majority vote. And woe to him who did not discharge the duties of his office with rigid and conscientious precision. Father Murphy, our professor of Rhetoric, a moving encyclopedia who could impart as much



ARCHBISHOP BAILEY, SECOND PRESIDENT

vacate your present quarters, and take up your abode in the episcopal residence; but wherever you may be, I will still find you out and visit you."

And when I invited him to my silver jubilee, ten years ago, he told me that he suffered from lumbago, "but" says he "if I have to go on my knees, I will certainly be present."

Could love, or kindness, or true friendship exceed that expression. There was Father Legouais. He was not indeed a Hercules in strength, but he was a luminary in sanctity, who took such pride in having us all enrolled in his sodalities. And when an election of officers was in order, the precision and accuracy by which they were managed would put to

knowledge and English style by dry and pointed jokes as you could ever glean from the pages of old Hugh Blair.

And you may pride yourselves to-day, young gentlemen, upon your skill at throwing the base ball and handling the bat, but our old friend Father Fouctré, at the age of seventy-five years, could teach the science of ball playing in such a way that Yale and Harvard and even the Rose Hills might shrink from competition with his pupils.

And to come down to the solid learning, to the true philosophy of education, we had in the person of Father Dabresse, the very embodiment of true scholarship.

Why, gentlemen, he could not only teach us philosophy

and theology, music and mathematics ; but he could actually point out to us the distinction between *ens tale* and *ens cum tale*, and when he demanded an explanation of the difference between these two terms, one of the most advanced thinkers of our class was able to explain to our entire satisfaction and to his admiration, this most profound and abstruse question, by declaring that *ens tale* was *something* and *ens cum tale*, *a thing with a tale*.

If the pupils of St. John's of to-day can improve upon the depth of research and quickness of answer to such philosophy as this, they are to be congratulated. But there was hardly a species of art or learning in which Father Duranquet was not an adept. In his missionary journeys along the banks of the Hudson during the construction of that railroad he was familiar not only with the architectural beauties of the railroad cottages, but he knew the names and the number of the inmates in every mansion from Spuyten Duyvil to Pough-

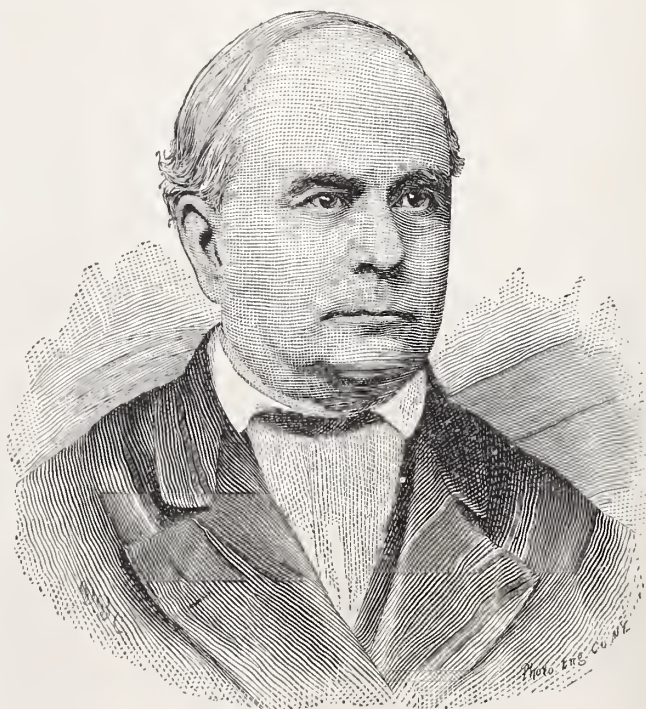
keepsie. Were I to continue my narrative I am afraid I would test the patience of your numerous readers.

You may perceive that I have omitted the various incidents of college life, the characters and habits of the students, as well as the names of the great Father Larkin, the saintly Fathers Bleckner and Ryan and confined myself to those whose names are best known, and whose memories shall ever remain green in the minds of every student of old St. John's.

Let us, then, hope and pray that the few great and good men who still remain may be spared for many years to bless the younger generations, and that those who have already been called to their reward may wear forever the crowns of glory which their virtues and examples have so justly merited.

This is the prayer of one of the few survivors of the early days of St. John's.

WM. KEEGAN, V. G., '50



FATHER THEBAUD, FOURTH PRESIDENT.



FATHER LARKIN.

THE following letter from Mr. Hassard appeared in THE MONTHLY last year ; but we are sure that no one will object to its reproduction here.—EDS.]

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly :

Dear Sirs—With your cordial invitation to old graduates to contribute something to THE MONTHLY, I received your November number containing a reference to some of my best college friends—the master to whom I owe the heaviest debt, and classmates for whom I formed a close and lifelong attachment. I do not like to let such an invitation to talk pass unnoticed. No man who was at St. John's between 1851 and 1854, can speak of Father John Larkin—the subject of your paragraph—without a quickening pulse. For me, ever since I first saw him, thirty-five years ago, the college has been filled with his majestic presence. I never re-

mildness and penetration ; his large head was crowned with fine, silky brown hair, rather long and wavy, and brushed well back from his broad forehead. His voice, like that of most short necked people of appoplectic habit, was apt to be a little husky, but it was perfectly modulated, and his enunciation was a marvel of distinctness. To hear him talk was a lesson in elocution. Neither his preaching nor his conversation gave you the idea of labored precision ; it was fluent, easy, direct, natural ; but every word had its just emphasis and exact pronunciation, and every sentence its sure balance. There is a certain tone of speech rarely acquired except by persons of thorough education and high breeding ; it indicates familiarity with the best usage, refined taste, self-possession, composure. Father Larkin had more of that than any man I ever met except James Russell Lowell. We



FATHER LARKIN, FIFTH PRESIDENT.

visit Fordham without associating his image with particular spots where I can remember talking with him. He is still, in my imagination, so much a part of the life of St. John's, that I can hardly realize that he went to heaven long before any of the present generation of students opened their eyes on earth.

He became president during my second year at college. A great many of the Jesuits were fine-looking men, but none of us had ever seen just such a type of masculine beauty as this big, rosy Englishman. He was immensely stout. Soon after he arrived, I remember taking a younger brother of mine to a place where we could look at him across the fence, as he read his office in the garden. "Isn't he fat!" we exclaimed ; and we both added : "But how handsome he is !" Although his face was too full, the exquisite outline of his classical features were not obscured ; he had the mouth of a young Greek god ; in his eye there was a singular union of

used to think that his sermons were too deep and too long, perhaps they were too good for boys ; but his familiar talks we could enjoy by the hour. When he taught us rhetoric he used to make us read aloud in chorus, and his quick ear never failed to notice a fault or to identify the offender. He would not tolerate the careless slurring of letters, so common among our countrymen, and still more common among his. On the other hand he hated an exaggerated particularity in such matters, which he thought a sure sign of *half-culture*. An Irish gentleman objected that he did not "roll his r" in such words as "bird." "I'll wager, father, that you can't say *bir-r-ud*, now." "Thank God, I can't," exclaimed Father Larkin.

One of the secrets of his delightful tone in speaking was his management of the inflections. His theory of cadences was quite different from that of the conventional elocutionist. The common rule is to employ a rising inflection at the

comma, and often at the semi-colon also, and to let the voice drop in a full cadence only at the close of the sentence. Father Larkin would not let us use the rising inflection at all. He called it the pig tail. The falling inflection was to be adopted at all pauses whatever, and the difference between the full stop and the comma was to be denoted by the length of the pause, not by the rising or falling of the pitch of the voice. At first this seemed to us a revolutionary innovation, and we had some trouble to get used to it. "Now, boys," he would say, when the exercises began, "look out for the pig-tails." A very short trial satisfied us that his method was far more agreeable to the ear than the usual one, and that it made it far easier for the speaker to avoid staginess and monotony. I have been haunted for thirty years by a recollection of a sermon which he preached at St. Francis Xavier's Church on the dangers of religious indifference, and the gradual sinking of the careless Christian to a death "without peace, without hope, without Christ, without sal-

around this room just before I come in? Are you troubled with them?" This was his kindly way of asking, "Boys, what are you afraid of? Do you take me for a tyrant?" It was characteristic of his frank and manly nature that he would not have us pretend to have been quiet in his absence; and besides, he thought it no harm for us to have a little fun. We understood him and thenceforth felt at ease. Our respect for him fell not much short of awe, and yet there were none of the high officers of the college with whom we felt so much at ease. This was partly because we became so fond of him, partly because of his happy faculty of entering into our feelings, and calling to the surface the good impulses which often lie hidden under youthful freaks and unreason. It got to be an axiom in the college that "Father Larkin understood us boys." We had our little troubles, of course, from time to time; but upon the whole the spirit of the community was admirable. It seems to me, as I look back at our life, that it is was distinguished especially by



FATHER SHEA, EIGHTH PRESIDENT.

vation." Try that closing sentence first with the rising inflection at the commas, and it will not greatly impress you. Then try it with the falling inflections, and you will understand how it came from the orator's lips with an effect increasing at every pause, while the congregation waited for the end in profound stillness.

During Father Larkin's presidency it happened that the class of rhetoric to which I belonged found itself suddenly without a professor. There being no one else available for the vacancy, the president took the class himself. We had our recitations in the old study-room, afterwards converted into a chapel. Father Larkin was too busy with his other duties to give us the full class-time, and in the afternoons especially he came very late. We amused ourselves as we pleased in the interval of waiting, scrambling to our places when we saw him through the window, so that he found us seated in order, though sometimes a little out of breath. "How is it," said he one day, "that I hear *rats* tearing all

good humor and high mindedness. The students hated everything mean, and they could not bear a liar.

Father Larkin's best service to us was in the development of character. Perhaps nobody could tell just where he touched our course of training; but nobody who lived under him could doubt that he taught us a hundred precious things not found in books. He moulded us. He showed us how to be upright, honest, sincere, outspoken, brave, generous, courteous; and if we did not all grow into true gentlemen, we learned at least to appreciate the virtues of that rank, and some of my classmates, I know, have never forgotten his lessons. I believe that there were none of the students, from the youngest to the oldest, who did not owe him a great deal in the formation of character. That is the chief part of education; and Father Larkin excelled in it all men I have ever known. He was by far the strongest personal influence of my school and college life. I think of the years I passed with him, and especially of the year in

his class as the happiest and most valuable part of my youth. His methods of instruction were his own. He often suspended routine recitations to give us impromptu explanations, to converse with us about topics connected with our studies, to give as the practice of independent reasoning and thinking. Sometimes the text-books were put away, and he read to us from a volume of literary or historical essays, teaching us to criticise both the thought and the style. I remember that there was a set of "Selections from the Edinburgh Review" in the college library which he often used for this purpose. At this distance of time it seems to me that his classes were always interesting. There was a good, honest fellow with us upon whom we liked to play jokes because he took them so well. One day he was translating from the Latin the story of the flight of the Argonauts with the Golden Fleece, and he came to the passage where Medea, having slain her brother, scatters his limbs in her father's way to stop the pursuit. Denis stuck at the word "*membra*,"

by the reading: "She killed her brother and—*disjecta membra*—scattered his boots;" the rest of the version was lost in roars of laughter. Father Larkin looked at me for an instant, and I saw in the corner of his twinkling eye that he suspected that the blunder was not wholly unassisted.

Poor Denis! He was carried off by consumption not long after Father Larkin's death. I went to see him occasionally in his illness. Just before he died, I found him well prepared, but sad, as even a pious man may be at leaving those whom he loves, and I tried to put him in a more cheerful frame of mind. Among other things, I said that he would see Father Larkin in heaven. "Oh, John!" he whispered, with a new light in his face, "how glad I am you thought of that! It's the best thing that anybody has said to me." I left him repeating, "I shall see Father Larkin—Father Larkin." All Father Larkin's boys loved him like that; and it was easy enough to discover that the professors and prefect had as strong an attachment to him as the students. I know



FATHER CAMPBELL, LATE PRESIDENT, NOW PROVINCIAL OF THE NEW YORK-MARYLAND PROVINCE.

and looked at me, his next neighbor, for help. Some imp of mischief prompted me to whisper "bones;" but I was misunderstood, and the innocent fellow bettered my suggestion

that Father Gockeln almost worshipped the ground he trod upon.



FATHER GOCKELN.

[We reprint Father Halpin's letter of March, '87—Eds.]

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIRs—The debt of gratitude and affection I owe to Father Gockeln compels me to accede to your request though it reaches me at a very busy moment. My recollections of the deceased go back nearly thirty years. I remember him as the handsomest man that walked the streets of New York in those days—a figure of such commanding presence that no one ever met him without being struck by his manly beauty and feeling the desire of turning and taking another look. To my boyish fancy he acquired unusual prominence by his having been present when Father Larkin was carried off so suddenly. Father Larkin had, a

Superior of St. Lawrence's Residence, in New York. But I do remember a day in June, '74, when he came up the lawn of St. John's College, as the newly appointed Rector of the Institution. He was to succeed Fr. Shea. St. John's, like other human establishments, had stood its ebb and flow of success—prosperity, as its history proves, oftener in the ascendancy. At the time he became its Rector, the number of students was very large, but yielding to the strongly-expressed desire of many well-meaning men an experiment was in process, the administration departing momentarily from the strict disciplinary regulations, and introducing the latitudinarian regime of secular establishments of learning. The experiment was given a fair trial and proved unsatisfactory. At this juncture, Fr. Gockeln was put in charge. His



FATHER GOCKELN, NINTH PRESIDENT.

short time before, given a retreat to the sodality to which I belonged, or, perhaps, it was a short retreat preparatory to my first communion, or to my confirmation, and his wonderful eloquence had consecrated him, in my eyes, as a man among men, and I could not help considering that one a privileged being who had been so close to him in his last hour.

Eleven years after, when I was a member of the Society of Jesus, and beginning my philosophy in what is now famous as St. John's Hall, I met Fr. Gockeln at Fordham. He was then vice-president of the college. How many years in St. Mary's College and in St. John's he had occupied the same position, I am unable to state. We left Fordham the next year, 1869, and went to Woodstock, Md., taking Fr. Gockeln with us, as minister of the new Scholasticate. There he remained just one year. He made many friends by his urbane and sweet manners and general kindliness of disposition. Whither obedience summoned him in '70, I cannot recall. He was ordered to Guelph, Ont., and afterwards was made

task was a very difficult one. He had to deprive the students of many privileges they had hitherto enjoyed, and change radically plans which had been found unsuitable. His was not a slow-moving management. He, excuse the expressions "put down all the brakes at once." Necessarily there was a jar, and the feelings engendered were not harmonious. His mode was not the path to popularity. In six months' time the old machinery was in perfect motion, and the students departing for their summer vacation brought to their homes the pleasantest memory of the new Rector. The reputation of the College rose rapidly, and, when, in '82, eight years afterwards, he was succeeded by Fr. Daly, his own conscience and the approval of others gave testimony that he had done well a great and a good work.

From Fordham he went to Worcester, afterwards to Jersey City, and finally to Providence, where he died on the 26th of last November. From the day he became Rector of St. John's, till the day of his death, I enjoyed his confidence. I got to understand him better every day. I became acquainted

with his aspirations and aims and projects. Nature had gifted him abundantly. The last twenty or more years of his life were spent in positions that compelled him to devote himself to others, and left him very little leisure for books. During all that time he was drawing, not from others, but from his own resources. As his assistant, I never had reason to regret his decisions in matters of extreme moment. At the first flush I sometimes questioned the prudence of his measures, but reflection always brought me the conviction that his views were the best. I used to fancy now and then that his heart was speaking rather than his brain working; but I eventually discovered, in every case, that what his feelings prompted his well-balanced mind was obliged to approve.

His vast experience in College matters rendered him prophetic at times, especially regarding new measures and the future avocations of students. How many priestly and religious vocations he either sowed the seeds of or fostered, it would be hard to reckon. He had the gift of languages in a remarkable degree. He spoke fluently, grammatically, idiomatically and elegantly English, French, German and Spanish. I often wondered why he did not become a great preacher. With his acquirements, his rich and racy English, his great rectitude, his zeal, his "pectus," his knowledge of elocution and his kingly presence, he had all the elements of a pulpit orator. Did he frame too high an ideal, or was he too timid to face courageously and independently a large audience, I cannot say, but, certainly before a public assembly he was not the man his conversational style or his correspondence revealed him to be. But over and above all this he was a large-souled, big-hearted man. He was loyal and devoted. I have seen tears in his eyes when he spoke of the Society of Jesus. How he resented any calumny against it! How he grew eloquent as he spoke its praises! He sank himself in his calling. There was no sacrifice he did not

court for its sake. He was a true child of obedience as all his superiors attest. His was a bright and a pure life, and still, much as he naturally abhorred contact with men whose lives were branded with certain crimes, his hand was ever outstretched to lift them up from their degradation. His sympathy was boundless. He gave ear to every tale of distress and rendered every assistance at his command.

So, when the news of his death was communicated, many a memory recalled not merely the sweet smile or kindly glance, but the ready hand and the timely aid. He made, in his own quiet way, many distinguished converts to the Church. These characteristics which I have so briefly sketched are the elements of magnanimity, and magnanimous he certainly was. I could say much more, but I am straitened for time. The good man, the pure priest, the loyal and devoted Jesuit, is dead. Many will regret and miss him. To none, it seems to me, should he be dearer than to the students of St. John's. The best part of his life was spent there, his last work was accomplished there, he buried his heart there. Far or near he watched the progress of the College and took an interest in all that concerned it.

I beg pardon, Mr. Editor, for detaining you so long, but Fr. Gockeln has grown into my life, and when I begin to praise him I know not where to make an end. His death was a peaceful and a happy one. One week after finishing his annual retreat he was taken sick of his last sickness. He fully realized his condition, and consoled by the sacraments of the church, and conscious that he had done with all his strength, and with all his mind, and with his whole heart, the work which had been given him to do, he entered into the reward of the good and faithful servant—a reward which I have no doubt, will be exceedingly great.

With kind wishes to all, I am, Mr. Editor,

Sincerely yours,

PATRICK A. HALPIN, S. J.

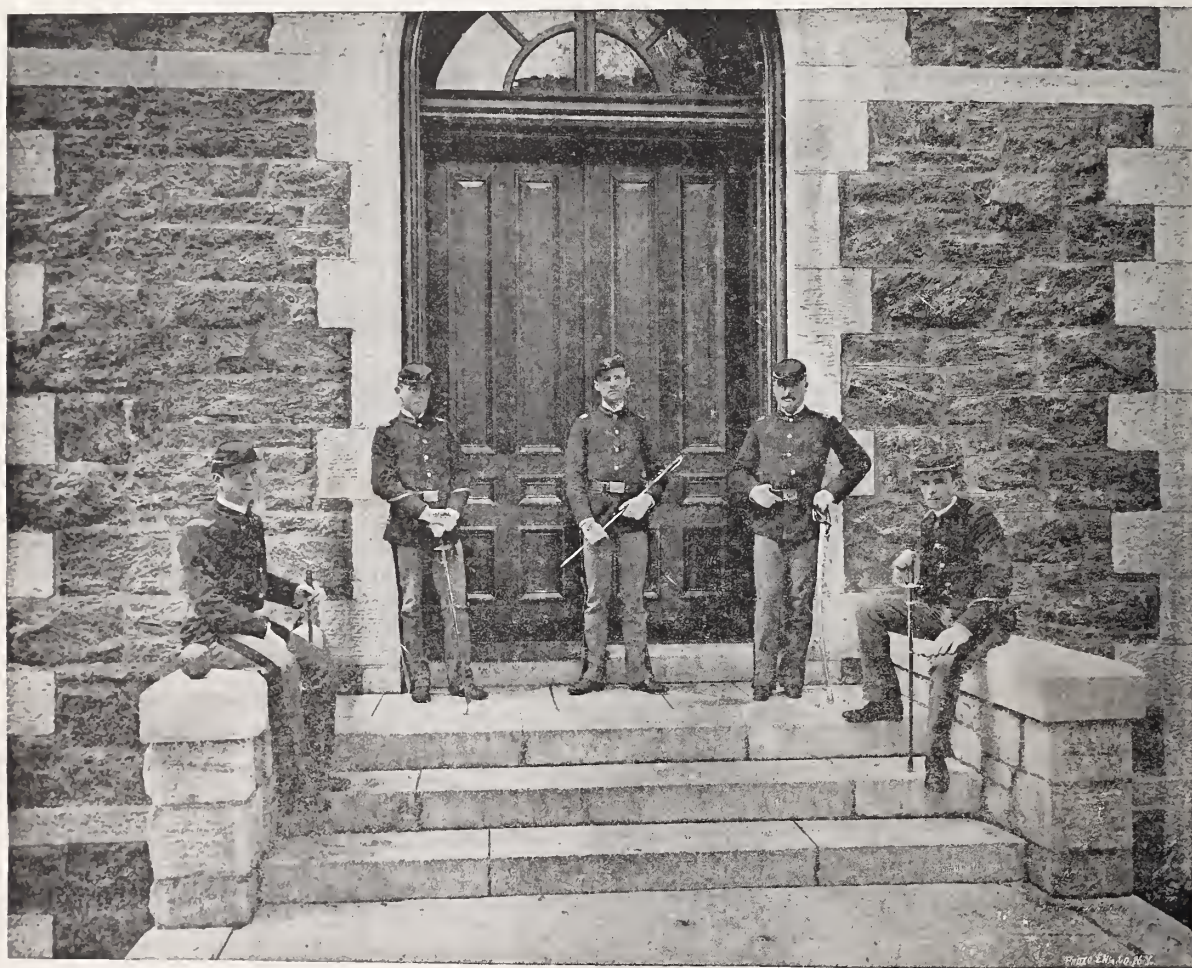


THE CADETS.

NOW that the year is fast drawing to a close, and the cadets are to enter on their long furlough, it is natural to examine the changes that have taken place and the progress that has been made. It is acknowledged by every one that the cadets are in first-class condition. This good result is due, we think, chiefly to Lieut. Squiers, upon whom too much praise cannot be bestowed for his untiring efforts towards the welfare of the company since he assumed charge

ing a multitude; and this fact, we presume, and the animation infused by the stirring strains of the band, was more than enough to counterbalance the oppression occasioned by the heat of the day.

To mention a few of the more important events of the past year in our military circles, on Dec. 12th we find bulletined the order; "The cadets will assemble in undress uniform, at 2:30 p. m. to act as escort to the Hon. Morgan



of the cadets, three years ago; next to the commissioned and non-commissioned officers whose interest in their work never flagged and who never failed in performance of their duty during the winter months when the indoor drill made their positions anything but interesting; finally to the members of the company who throughout have acquitted themselves most creditably; their drill on last commencement day was certainly excellent, and the wheeling by platoon together with the intricate movements of the guard mount and skirmish drill drew repeated applause from those who had the pleasure of witnessing the exhibition. This was the first opportunity that the cadets had since their organization three years ago, of appearing before so numerous and admir-

J. O'Brien. Accordingly, with bayonets gleaming and military tread, the march down the lawn is commenced; the lodge is now reached; fours left! march! halt! and in line of company the arrival of the honorable gentleman is awaited. Present arms! and as he passes—fours left! march! he is escorted to the college where the company gives an exhibition drill.

On May 16th, we find the cadets out in full array upon the campus grounds, it being the occasion of Father Rector's feast, and the air is blue with smoke as charge after charge is poured into an imaginary foe, while the Reverend gentleman and Faculty view the scene from a safe distance and smile approbation upon the enthusiasm of the youthful com-

batants. A recent innovation into the drill, and, we must confess, a decided improvement, was the substitution of the bugle call for the ordinary method of vocal command. There is less danger of the command being misunderstood when the difference between calls is thoroughly mastered, and although many at first find some difficulty in distinguishing them from one another, this obstacle is soon overcome and a more prompt and thorough execution of the movement is insured.

A by no means unimportant factor of the St. John's Cadets is the third division company. The drill in this division, until recently optional, was during the past year made compulsory, and the work of their instruction was entrusted to Captain Dowdney. This gentleman was recently appointed to his present position to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Captain Malloy, and we have reason to believe that the company will be well directed and prosperous under his command. Already we find the third division company very proficient in the different movements of the drill, as the exhibition which they gave in their recent operetta well attested. They wear the full fatigue uniform at all drills and carry guns of a size proportionate to the bearers.

On Thursday, May 31st, Lieut. Squiers extended an invitation to the cadets of Companies "A" and "B" to visit him at his residence, Montrose on the Hudson River, which was

gratefully accepted. The journey was performed mostly on the march, and the destination was reached shortly before noon. Company "A" then gave an exhibition skirmish drill for the benefit of the Glen Tower Cadets, who were present, but who have not as yet been introduced into this department of military tactics. The Glen Tower company then went through the manual of arms, which they executed with much vim and energy; a substantial lunch was then served, after which the cadets of both companies united in some rousing college songs. The Glen Tower Cadets created a very favorable impression by their polite and gentlemanly conduct, and we trust that an acquaintance so auspiciously formed will not soon be terminated. We take this opportunity of publicly expressing our thanks to Lieut. Squiers for his generous invitation; the visit was greatly enjoyed by all, and the substantial treatment which the company received at his hands will make it an object of long remembrance to those who had the pleasure of partaking in it.

We have only to hope, in conclusion, that the drill on Commencement day will surpass all previous exhibitions in its perfection, and thus be rendered the successful issue of a successful year.

F. J. D., '91,
Cadet, Co., A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.



DEBATING SOCIETIES are very old, in fact, about as old as man. They have their origin in the inclination—natural to all—to sift questions and come at the truth. Our debating society, however, as a recognized organization, dates from 1854. Through the kindness of the officers of the society we have been enabled to examine the records and minutes, which have been scrupulously kept from the first meeting down to the present time.

Of the officers of the first year all are dead except two—General M. T. Mahon and P. A. Hargous. Indeed, the list of names of those who have passed away is very long.

If time permitted we would like to transcribe the entire reports of some warm and interesting debates, but as this is impossible, we will run over the old documents, noticing here and there whatever struck us in the first reading. The first recording secretary is John R. Hassard. His handwriting is remarkably legible. In his minutes we find an account of the mysterious motto, "I fight amicably and I conquer." A. Christodoro is an elegant penman; but on one occasion his hand shakes woefully. He accounts for the bad writing in a postscript: "While writing the above I was suffering from the chills.—A. Christodoro." Here is an historical fact for the benefit of all future time. On Sunday evening, March 7, 1869, Mr. A. Christodoro had the chills.

The minutes of Mr. F. Smith, '60, have in them the heat of debate. Every stroke of logic and eloquent repartee is noted in eloquent language. One page is devoted to a celebrated tilt respecting the propriety of voting for oneself. On this page some one has drawn a long line from corner to corner, and above the line is written the legend, "All wrong." Now, at this distance of time we have no means of determining the accuracy of these minutes, but they are certainly very interesting.

Mr. F. F. Casey is the model recording secretary. His penmanship is equal to John R. Hassard's, and his neatness is unsurpassed. His reports cover five pages, and on the

sixth are resolutions, written in a strange hand, condoling with the afflicted family of Mr. F. F. Casey, who had died a few days before.

What a pleasant meeting was that of Sunday, December 9, 1877. The usual exercises were omitted, and selections, humorous and serious, were read by the members. Mr. Clifford delivered "The Cook;" Mr. Hendricks read "Ring Out Wild Bells;" Mr. O'Malley read "A Christmas Dream," an original poem; Mr. Callahan had something to say about "The Difficulties of Rhyming," etc. And so the book goes on recording events which are, perhaps, trivial beside the chances and changes of the great world without, but after all, in the sum of things, there is not so much difference between little events and great events.

- 1854-'55.—Pres., Rev. C. M. Smarius, S. J.
Vice-pres., M. T. McMahon.
Rec. sec., J. R. Hassard.
- 1855-'56.—Pres., Father Smarius, S. J.
Vice-pres., Henry F. Smith.
Rec. sec., Garrett S. Byrne.
- 1856-'57.—Pres., Rev. F. P. Garesché, S. J.
Vice-pres., Joseph J. Marrin.
Rec. sec's, Thos. E. Davis, Jr., and Wm. J. Marrin.
- 1857-'58.—Pres., Rev. J. E. Doucet, S. J.
Vice pres., J. Nilan.
Rec. sec's, F. J. Roche and Francis J. Freel.
- 1858-'59.—Pres., Rev. J. E. Doucet.
Vice-pres., Francis Oliver.
Rec. sec's, Oliver McKeown and A. O'Neil.
- 1859-'60.—Pres., Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.
Vice-pres., M. McCaffrey.
Cor. sec's, Edward Brownson and Andrew Lynch.
- 1860-'61.—Pres., Rev. E. J. Doucet, S. J.
Vice-pres., A. J. Lynch.
Rec. sec's Jas. Olwell and Jas. Dougherty.
- 1861-'62.—Pres., Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.
Vice-pres., Philip Van Dyke.
Rec. sec's, Francis Smith and W. J. J. Collins.
- 1862-'63.—Pres., Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.
Vice Pres., William Melvin.
Rec. sec's, William Connelly and Frank McElroy.
- 1863-'64.—Pres. Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.
Vice pres., Frank McElroy.
Rec. sec's, Wm. B. Moran and E. O. Dumphy.
- 1864-'65.—Pres., Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.
Vice-pres., C. O'Connor.
Rec. sec's, Paul J. Roberts, G. Laflamme, J. F. Mooney.
- 1865-'66.—Pres., Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.
Vice-pres., Edward H. Queen.
Rec. sec's, J. F. Mooney and Stephen Bettenger.
- 1866-'67.—Pres., Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.
Vice-pres., Wm. Mulheron.
Rec. sec's, J. M. Lucey and T. A. Madden.
- 1867-'68.—Pres., Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.
Vice-pres.,
Rec. sec., J. L. McGovern.
- 1868-'69.—Pres., Rev. J. A. Cunningham, S. J.
Vice-pres.,
Rec. sec's, A. Christodoro and I. S. McGovern.
- 1869-'70.—Pres., Rev. A. E. Jones, S. J.
Vice-pres., T. Donahoe.
Rec. sec's, J. C. O'Reilley and J. F. Riley.
- 1870-'71.—Pres., Mr. Wm. J. Doherty, S. J.
Vice-pres., J. C. O'Reilley.
Rec. sec's, Wm. Ahern and P. A. Meister.
- 1871-'72.—Pres., Mr. Wm. Doherty, S. J.
Vice-pres., Wm. Ahern.
Rec. sec's, Jno. P. Sweeney and Chas. C. Marrin.

- 1872-'73.—Pres., Mr. T. J. Campbell, S. J.
Vice-pres., Geo. E. Quinn.
Rec. sec's, H. Doherty and J. M. Dickson.
- 1873-'74.—Pres., Rev. J. E. Doucet, S. J.
Vice-pres, M. T. McDermott and J. P. O'Brien.
Rec. sec's, P. L. Mullaly and W. S. Keegan.
- 1874-'75.—Pres., Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J.
Vice-pres., Wm. A. Dunphy.
Rec. sec's, Thos. J. Dunphy and Jos. Sweeney.
- 1875-'76.—Pres., Rev. J. J. MacAulay, S. J.
Vice-pres., C. B. O'Reilley.
Rec. sec's, J. A. Maher and D. A. Hunt.
- 1876-'77.—Pres., Mr. J. Casey, S. J.
Vice-pres., Chas. McGowan.
Rec. sec's, A. P. O'Malley and J. J. Boyle.
- 1877-'78.—Pres., Rev. F. Ryan, S. J.
Vice-pres., P. A. Hendricks.
Rec. sec's, F. F. Casey and H. Frawley.
- 1878-'79.—Pres., Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J.
Vice-pres., C. J. Clifford.
Rec. sec., J. W. Duffy.
- 1879-'80.—Pres., Rev., J. J. MacAuley, S. J.
Vice-pres., J. W. Duffy.
Rec. sec's, Thos. Aspell and F. J. Cavanaugh.
- 1880-'81.—Pres., Rev. M. J. Byrnes.
Vice-pres., J. Aspell.
Rec. sec's, J. Sedgewick and T. F. McManus.
- 1881-'82.—Pres., Rev. T. O'Leary, S. J.
Vice-pres., Wm. J. McGurk.
Rec. sec's, M. J. Condon and F. D. Dowley.
- 1882-'83.—Pres., Mr. Jas. P. Fagan, S. J.
Vice-pres., F. D. Dowley.
Rec. sec., Jas. N. Butler.
- 1883-'84.—Pres., Mr. Jas. P. Fagan, S. J.
Vice-pres., Jno. J. Halligan.
Rec. sec., Jno. J. Mead.
- 1884-'85.—Pres., Rev. P. J. O'Reilley, S. J.
Vice pres., Jno. J. Mead.
Rec. sec's, F. Carrol and Thos. R. Halpin.
- 1885-'86.—Pres., Rev. P. J. O'Reilley, S. J.
Vice-pres., D. C. Watts.
Rec. sec's, W. J. Meagher and H. A. Fitzgerald.

ORIGIN OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Editors of Fordham Monthly :

My unexpected absence from the city prevented my complying in time with my promise to write something about the first days of the St. John's Debating Society.

I do not remember accurately the year in which the society was organized, but from the question proposed for its first debate I think it was during the pendency or shortly after the termination of the Crimean War. For some years previously there had been no literary society of any kind in the college. There were traditions of such, however, that came down from days that were as nebulous to us as, no doubt, our time in college appears to you. And there were vague traditions of the great discussions among the gigantic intellects of the Forties which always made strong impressions on their successors of the Fifties. In one of the upper rooms of the square three-story building that flanks the old-time class rooms on the southeast of the quadrangle, or in the hall of that building, there stood an old closet, locked. It was painted by one of the brothers of that prehistoric era the usual light leopard color, including the spots, which the ancients of to-day will remember was supposed to represent the highest art in oak-graining. The mystic word "Crestomathian" was painted across its front in letters of plain black.

This mysterious closet or cupboard was always regarded by me when I penetrated to the third story of the building—in one room of which Father Glackmeyer used to train his sweet singers—with a feeling somewhat akin to awe. It had never been opened, I believe, in my day and the key was supposed to have disappeared long before. It was supposed to contain the arcana of one of those ancient societies to which I have referred, and I think its daily presence and deserted appearance had some effect in inspiring the students of '51 '52 '53 towards re-establishing a literary society of some kind and for some purpose. The St. John's Debating Society was the result. It was organized, I think, in 1853 under a constitution which I presume has lasted until now without little change. The President was selected by the authorities of the college; the Vice-President and other officers elected by the members of the society. While we had the good sense to give it the simple, sound, solid name of "The St. John's Debating Society," we were nevertheless not proof against the craze then greatly prevalent for sundry letters from the Greek alphabet. Hence *IIOKN*, which I believe still figures on its badge and is supposed to contain a secret of vast import. The letters were selected either by Father Smarius, who was the first President, or by Father Garreché who was one of the chief promoters of the society.

Membership was limited, if I remember rightly, to the two higher classes, Philosophy and Rhetoric. Debates were to be held weekly, on subjects selected by a committee and approved by the President, who detailed those who were to take part therein. The meeting place was in the reading room, in the basement of the old building, where the mysterious treasures of the Crestomathian epoch were supposed to be stored. I have a vague recollection that after the organization of the society, and much discussion, as to the equities, it was decided that it was successor and heir to all societies of the kind which had preceded it, and authority was given, I believe, to open the mysterious closet. I regret to say that none of the literary treasures of the Crestomathian, or any record of its proceedings, or the high debates in which its members participated came to enlarge the baby library of the St. John's, for the closet was absolutely empty, and bore evidence that it had been for many years a sort of debating ground for sundry literary rats, who had carved their way in from the rear.

This fact led to the revival of certain rumors that the Crestomathians who flourished in the foggy days before the college passed into the possession of the Jesuits were not wholly devoted to literary exercises and pursuits and because of this the society ceased to exist by virtue of an order of suppression.

The first debate of the St. John's Society was upon the question which you sent me, "Were the Western powers, as Christian nations, justified in espousing the cause of the Turks?" It lasted during several sessions and I think during three or four weeks; and those who took part in it were very warmly complimented by Father Smarius, the President of the society. The rule of the debate was that each question should be decided not upon its merits, but by weight and preponderance of argument. Father Smarius decided in favor of the negative but intimated very strongly

that his own convictions were the other way. I am free to say that I derived great benefit from the study which this debate made necessary of the Eastern question. Those of us who took part in it spent many days in the library and information so acquired upon subjects requiring historical research as well as acquaintance with current politics remains with one for life. We had also in the preparation of the debate the benefit of Father Larkins's wonderful fund of information and he gave it impartially to any of us who applied. He was perhaps the best scholar of his day in all matters pertaining to the Orient and the political situation in Europe and the East.

Of those who took part in that first debate Power, Francis, Feugas were for the affirmative, Smith, Adams, O'Donovan, McMahon for the negative. It may interest you to know a little of their subsequent life. John Power died shortly after graduation. So did Arthur Francis. Hypolite Feugas died in Charleston during the war or shortly after. These three were of my class. Henry F. Smith, of rhetoric, practiced law in Boston and had promise of a brilliant life. He endeavored to obtain a commission in the first Massachusetts Cavalry at the outbreak of the war, but was refused on account of failing health. He went abroad some time after and died at Montpelier in the south of France. John Adams who was from the south, I have never heard of since. He never made a speech in his life and strongly protested against taking part in the debate. But when under the rules he was obliged to take the floor, he stood up and made a few humorous and very pertinent remarks which convulsed the society with laughter. O'Donovan died within a few years after he left college.

My experience in the society and subsequently has impressed one thing strongly upon my mind, that in all societies of the kind it is a great injury to the boy to permit him to write out and commit to memory his argument as was done in that day. In our day every speech was carefully written out, committed to memory, rehearsed and the manuscript often held by a prompter. I have never fully recovered from the bad effects of the habit thus acquired and although I have had many occasions since to speak in public I have never overcome the hesitancy in commencing what I had to say which I attribute to the practice of relying upon my memory alone. Preparation and full preparation are very necessary no doubt; even to writing out the speech before hand provided no deliberate attempt is made to commit it to memory. Notes of headings in manuscript are of course useful but I sincerely trust that the system of early days in the St. John's Debating Society has been modified in this particular. Any one who intends to adopt a professional life requiring him to address either courts or audiences should certainly practice at all times *impromptu* speaking upon any subject that may come before him even though he commences with a single sentence. The faculty of thinking on your feet, if you understand your subject, is just as easy as in a chair and is much more desirable to one not given to over exertion inasmuch as he is spared the manual labor of scratching it out in ink which to many who are not graceful penmen is anything but an agreeable task.

M. T. McMAHON, '55.

DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

THE Dramatic Association has not written its annals well. The records which the officers have kindly allowed us to examine are sadly defective, as the subjoined list will show. There is no account of plays between the years 1856 and 1870. And what is sadder still, the students of these lost years seem to have no recollection of the titles of performances. We have written to the star actors of the sixties and have received in answer only regrets that the years in question are so remote as to escape the memory of living men. However, we have done our duty, and we hereby leave the annihilation of fourteen great years at the doors of graduates of the sixties. Appended is the list of plays:

- 1856 Friday, July 11th, *Werner*, by Lord Byron; *To Paris and back* for £5; *The Inn of Abbeville*.
1857. Wednesday, Dec. 9th, *King Richard II.*; *The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve*.
1870. Rector's Day, *Heartwell* at Hamford, an original College Drama. Tuesday, Nov. 22d, *Handy Andy*.
1873. Rector's Day, *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; *The Critic*.
1874. Rector's Day, *Honesty the Best Policy*; *Nogo Dumps*, or *The Seller Sold*.
1875. Thanksgiving Day, *Macbeth*. Dec. 22d, *The Great Elixir*; *A Regular Fix*; *Our Rural Friends*.
1876. Dec. 22d, *The Seven Clerks*; *The Spectre Bridegroom*. St. Patrick's Day, *Robert Emmet*; *Number One Around the Corner*; *The Irish Lion*.
1877. Washington's Birthday, *The Seven Clerks*; *Temptation*. Rector's Day, *The Hidden Gem*. St. Patrick's Day, *The White Horse of the Peppers*; *Two Blind Beggars*; *Virginia Mummy*.
1878. Thanksgiving Day, *Guy Mannering*; *The Dentist's Clerk*. St. Patrick's Day, *Bombastes Furioso*; *Rent Day*. Dec. 22d, *Oliver Twist*; *Slasher and Crasher*. March 5th, *The Cross of St. John's*; *The Cousins*; *the Magic Music Lesson*.
1879. Thanksgiving Day, *Waiting for the Verdict*; *Caught by the Cuff*. Dec. 22d, *Never too Late to Mend*; *To Paris and Back* for £5. New Year's, *Robert Emmet*; *a Close Shave*. Washington's Birthday, *Robert Macaire*; *The Steeple Chase*; *The Artful Dodger*. Shrove-tide, *Oliver Twist*; *The Steeple Chase*. Rector's Day, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*; *Diamond Cut Diamond*. St. Patrick's Day, *The Heir at Law*; *The Irish Tiger*.
1880. Thanksgiving Day, *Identity or No Thoroughfare*; *Cox and Box*. Dec. 22d, *Henry Dunbar*, or *A Son's Love*; *A Sea of Troubles*. Shrove-Tuesday, *The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve*; *The Spectre Bridegroom*. Washington's Birthday, *The Iron Chest*. St. Patrick's Day, *O'Donnell Oge*; *A Trumping Legacy*. Rector's Day, *The Man with the Iron Mask*; *Slasher and Crasher*.
1881. New Year's, *The Bells*; *The Rascal Pat*. March 1st, *Damon and Pythias*; *Cox and Box*. March 24th, *Handy Andy*. Rector's Day, *Elma*, the *Druid Martyr*; *the Rehearsal*. Thanksgiving Day, *The People's Lawyer*; *The Yankee Pedler*; *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*; *Taming a Tiger*. Dec. 21st, *Temptation*; *Master Jones' Birthday*; *A Trip to the Moon*.
1882. Washington's Birthday, *King John*. St. Patrick's Day, *The Biter Bitten*. Rector's Day, *King John*. Thanksgiving Day, *Secret Service*; *Chiseling*. Dec. 20th, *The Golden Farmer*; *That Nose*.
1883. Rector's Day, *King Henry IV*. Thanksgiving, *Rob Roy*. December 22d, *The Three Thieves*; *Deerfoot*; *A Trumping Legacy*.
1884. Shrove-tide, *King Henry IV*. St. Patrick's Day, *The White Horse of the Peppers*; *The Irish Lion*. Rector's Day, *King Henry IV*. Thanksgiving Day, *Guy Mannering*; *A Very Pleasant Evening*. Dec. 22d, *Bombastes Furioso*; *Perdido*.
1885. Shrove Tuesday, *The Merchant of Venice*. St. Patrick's Day, *The Cross of St. John's*; *Siamese Twins*. Rector's Day, *The Merchant of Venice*. April 25th, *Rosithorn the Flower King*. Thanksgiving Day, *The Iron Chest*. Dec. 22d, *The Count and Secretary*; *The Changeful Man*.
1886. St. Patrick's Day, *The Hidden Gem*. Rector's Day, *Battle of Hallidon*. May 26th, *Battle of Hallidon*. Thanksgiving Day, *Sir Thomas More*; *Make your Wills*. Dec. 22d, *Scenes from Macbeth*; *Scenes from Brutus*.
1887. March 23d, *William Tell*. June 17th, *Hamlet*. Thanksgiving Day, *The Broken Sword*; *Sylvester Daggerwood*. Dec. 21st, *Scenes from King John*; *Scenes from the Rivals*.
1888. Rector's Day, *The Heir of Aescendune*.

DRAMATICS EIGHT YEARS AGO.

Editors of Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIRs:—Your request for something on "Dramatics" during my time at Fordham, reaches me in the midst of preparation for examinations. You can understand then, I think, how inopportune it is. I remember, however, how often I complained myself of the neglect and forgetfulness of old students, and now, during these last years, I have been agreeably surprised to see how effectually you seem to have aroused them from their lethargy, and how cordially they have responded once the ball was set a rolling. I feel, then, that I cannot refuse you entirely, and though imagining, as I suppose all your other correspondents did, that I could write up almost any subject better than the one you've selected for me, I will try to say something, rather than disappoint you.

I do not know whether Dramatics are thought as much of at Fordham now, as they were when I first went there. Towards the end of my course, I used to think that they did not occupy so high a place in the general esteem as they did at the beginning. Maybe I was right, for Fordham likings have broadened these last years. Baseball, though scarcely more practised, has become a more prominent feature in the house. Football has come in, and general athletics, of which there was hardly a sign, except immediately before Thanksgiving, has become an important item in each year's work. Maybe all these have, as I said, somewhat detracted from the interest felt in "Dramatics." At least it would not be a matter of great surprise if they did; but I've often thought, too, that my judgement was founded too much on my own feelings, that of course my interest waned from the time when in guileless (2d Division) youth I hung on the actors' lips, and when I was called to take a part myself, or do the still more disillusioning work of prompting or helping behind

the scenes. "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*," and "*Familiarity*," etc., you know, as a contemporary used to say.

However that may be, I can still distinctly remember with what an intensity of expectation I awaited my first play at Fordham. For weeks we had been trying to find out what it would be. The name of the play was supposed to be kept secret then, but somehow it always managed to leak out, to the great disgust of older members of the dramatics, who seemed to consider the secret as connected with the Society's dignity. One of the disadvantages of having 'a chiel among ye taking notes' is that this old custom has died out, for you seem to announce your plays some weeks ahead. To return we did not find out the name for certain, but we did get this far: though there were two copies of Guy Mannerling in the library no one on 2d Division, at least, had been able to get one for almost a month.

Thanksgiving night came at length, and our surmise proved correct. The distribution of programmes was then an event of the highest importance. It meant the solution of endless doubts and numberless guesses; the unfolding of long-hidden, much conjectured, oft-bruited bits of information that had been the theme of conversation for weeks. It meant, above all, the determination of endless bets from 'pie' to 'sass.' All this you've lost, it seems to me, by the new arrangement, but then, who can reasonably complain of that omnivorous curiosity, that invariably seizes a man once he is installed as editor, to see everything in print.

As I look back now through ten years, I almost wonder why every scene of that play is impressed so indelibly on my memory. Yet really there is little cause for wonder. Father Scully, I think, was moderator of the Dramatic Association, and this is itself sufficient guarantee of how well the play was produced. The cast was a magnificent one, such as I seldom, if ever, saw afterwards. Mr. Deane was in the title role, with Zeb Ward as Harry Bertram, Mr. Quin (now Dr. Ham) was Merrilies. Mr. Murphy (now Father Murphy, of Tarrytown, I think,) made an ideal Dandie Dinmont. Rodier Brown (poor Frank) was simply 'prodigious' as the old Superannuated Tutor. While fiercer Dirk Hatteraick was, I'm sure, seldom found than Larry McNamara, now the genial doctor. George Hill took the part of the Kidnapped Boy in the Gypsy scene, and sung enchantingly, I remember, the old song that is afterwards to help so much in unravelling the plot.

Now, candidly, is it any wonder I should remember my first play at Fordham so well? We seemed to have had a profusion of dramatic talent in the house that year. The Christmas play brought out some more of it. It was *Oliver Twist*, with Jimmy Fletcher in the title role. Jimmy was better in comic than in serious parts, and was inimitable as an Irishman—aye, or woman either; for who forgets his "Apples and Pears?" In the scene with the "Artful Dodger," on the road to London, he had an opportunity to come out, and it proved one of the most taking scenes in the play. His colleague, however, the Artful Dodger, taken by the present Mr. Clifford, S. J., was responsible for not a little of the fun that the scene afforded. Cahill took Fagin, and laid the foundation of an enviable reputation for serious parts that his acting in Sir Giles Overreach was to greatly enhance before he left us.

We thought that perhaps the next year might not prove

so successful for dramatics. Many of our most talented actors were about to leave us, and I remember discussing with Antonio Diaz (of whom I have not even heard for ten years), who would take their places. It is a problem I am sure that has puzzled many a one before and since, and yet somehow, in spite of forebodings, the new generation always proves equal to treading in its predecessor's footsteps, and not seldom succeeds in taking still longer strides.

It is the way with everything at Fordham. After all, compared with Yale or Harvard, or even Princeton, what little material you have to pick a ball nine from. At most a hundred students are eligible by age and size for positions while they have the pluck of a thousand. Yet you succeed in giving them a good struggle, and your ancestors, with less choice, did so before you. It is something that strikes every one, I think, who goes through Fordham. The best explanation is, I think, Frank Dowley's who attributed it to the constant tradition in the house that we should have actors and base ball players, and the consequent formative influence exerted on the spirit of the students as they go up the course. This is the legacy of one generation of Fordham students to the next, and those who have a reverent care for posterity must see that the bequest is made in its fulness. Unlike Horace, they must care:

Quid de me judicet haeres. Quod non plura datis invenerit.

I promise not to digress again *i. e.* if I can help it. We found, however, dramatics the next year quite as good as before. We had McDonough whose comic interpretations will, I am sure, long live in the minds of old Fordham students. His Dr. Pangloss, A. M. D. D. A. S. S., seemed almost unsurpassable, quite too, too, you know (hum, Oscar Wilde). Hoban (Tom) who was to prove a bright particular star in the Dramatic firmament in after years, was just appearing above the horizon, and Johnny Kinnelly was already beginning to be the favorite that he afterwards was to so many of us.

And so it was during all the years. Just when we seemed to have had an irreparable loss came an unexpected find to fill the place. So McGurk, now Father McGurk, was ready to step into McDonough's shoes, and they were not a bit too big for him.

Father McGurk's (pardon the anachronism) gesture was a whole comedy in itself. Not for its angularity or even peculiarity, but somehow from its profusion and the inimitable way he had of introducing it and making it express so much. Tom Barrett came near being a funny man but was saved by a Christmas vacation play, I think, and became one of our most talented actors in serious parts. Before the change came, however, his impersonation of an old man was always a taking bit of acting. A little before him had been the two Duffys, both of them good actors. Joe could put on a look of such unutterable confusion when it was necessary, that, only that the compliment might seem doubtful I would say of him as Mark Twain did of the 'Doctor,' 'that it came natural to him.'

Mr. Scully (now Fr.) had charge of dramatics during these years, and it can scarcely be told how much of the society's success was due to his pushing energy, his excellent taste and his wonderful faculty for management. Each year the public play proved a more decided success than its prede-

cessor had been. His last was 'Damon and Pythias,' and few plays at Fordham were ever more tastefully and artistically mounted, more perfectly acted throughout or with less of that unevenness that usually distinguishes amateur performances. He had good material and knew how to use it to the best advantage. He raised the standard of taste in the house and showed how much it was possible to do even with the limited means he had at hand. Towards the end of his term I think dramatics came near receiving a great boom—double stage, mechanical effects, etc., but fortunately it did not.

The two O'Briens were of course during this time our best actors, perhaps the best Fordham has ever had. Mr. Edward O'Brien's impersonation of the Iron Mask was declared by good critics worthy of the professional stage. It was certainly a most finished piece of acting. This made the expectations of his brother run very high in the house, and though his first appearance was under the most trying circumstances, he did not disappoint us. Mr. M. O'Brien made his *debut* in a Christmas play, in a part that had been given him only two days before, but we did not have to take this into consideration in our judgments of him. He proved to be at home on the boards and an agreeable surprise despite our high anticipations. He improved with practice, until at length, in '85, we had his Shylock. It was magnificently done, and visitors and friends alike declared that they had never seen it surpassed on an amateur stage. I remember watching closely the whole Trial scene, avowedly to criticise it. He had asked me himself, I think, and though I had

seen both Irving and Booth in it, could find nothing that I would have wished done differently.

Already, however, I've run far beyond the limits I set myself in the beginning of my letter, but the pleasure of recalling old times has proved too much for me. Yet, how much I have left unsaid. I have not mentioned Fr. Fargis, to whom dramatics in these latter times owes everything, who dared to give Shakespeare in spite of prophecies of failure, and succeeded so admirably. King John, Henry II., 1st and 2d parts, were real triumphs, and his wonderful efforts deserved the grand success they reaped. There was no end of improvements in stage and hall and he never seemed tired of laboring for us. I have not said a word of either John Aspell or Fred Williams, the life of many a play, and both magnificent actors. Who can forget John's character sketches or Oscar Wilde, or Fred's laughable songs and his wonderful additions to our glees. Finally, I have omitted Mr. Quirk, whose Merchant of Venice will long be a pleasant memory to those who saw it, and a model for posterity to follow. O'Malley's memorable rendition of Falstaff, and Frank Giddings, Butler, Creighton, Conaughton, Tom McManus, Dowley and a host of others. I've run on much too far already, so now you may do what you like with this. Change, omit, etc., at pleasure. I have had to write it hurriedly and know how full of faults it must be, but I cannot begrudge the time, it has proved such pleasant work culling the neglected flowers in the garden of Auld Lang Syne.

JAS. J. WALSH, 84, S. J.

COMMENCEMENT DAYS.



THE word "Commencement," as used now, seems to be a misnomer; but it had a real and appropriate meaning once. Like many of our college traditions, it comes from Oxford, where degrees were conferred at the beginning or commencement of the Easter term. By degrees the day was pushed forward to May and finally to June and July, but the name remained. In all the old colleges and universities the conferring of degrees was made an event of singular importance. According to the most reliable authorities, degrees, as they are now understood, originated in the 11th century; before this time the distinctions were of

masters and scholars only. Everybody has heard of the *trivium* and *quadrivium* through which candidates for Master's degree were obliged to pass. The Bachelor's degree is of later date, having been established in 1241 by Pope Gregory XI. The name comes from *bacillum*, a little rod, which was presented to the candidate in token of his liberation from the thralldom of the rod. The Bachelor exercised the office of tutor for several years before being admitted to the degree of Master, the conferring of which was made the occasion of much solemnity. The Chancellor, who always conferred the degree, invested the recipient with the badges and insignia, and admitted him into the fraternity with a kiss on the left cheek, using these words: "En tibi insignia honoris tui, en librum, en cuculum, en pileum, en denique amoris mei pignus, osculum: in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti." In this country much of the old time solemnity has been lost, and in some cases ceremonies of a pleasant character have been substituted; thus, it used to be the custom at Yale to confer a "wooden spoon" on the poorest of the graduating class. Still Commencement Day will always be a grand event. It has been so here from the beginning; indeed, if our elms were "talking" elms, they would unfold many a tale of youthful eloquence and proud relatives and happy, holiday crowds. We subjoin a few ac-

counts of past Commencement Days, taken from the *New York Herald* of many years ago.

The twenty-third annual commencement of St. John's College, Fordham, took place yesterday. It would be needless to say that an immense assemblage of ladies and gentlemen from this city and vicinity were present during the exercises; that special trains from town carried up their hundreds; that nearly every old graduate of the institution, with his friends and his friends' friends, were on hand, or that they took peaceable possession during the day of the lawn, the retreat in the woods and the shady nooks near that formidable Fordham river, concerning whose awful depth and mysterious influence over reckless students in summer months there are legends that would make one's hair stand on end or otherwise, for to do so would be to repeat an oft-told tale of former commencements. St. John's, in the old graduate's eye, is no small village school house, the sweetest reminiscence of which is a delicately-cut birch hung against a rickety wall, and that was wont to create great sensations at given periods; but it is to him a sort of homestead that recalls to his mind scenes fraught with memories of years spent away from the busy, bustling world; years that, were all brightness without a darkening tinge, years that viewed in contrast with his present toiling and struggling amid cares—anxieties and temptations his college life knew naught of—are looked back to as the happiest of his lifetime. Hence the reunion of the "ancients" in goodly numbers yesterday.

Overture. Discourse, "The Catholic Missionary;" Wm. J. Lenigan. Discourse, "Ireland's Triumph;" Wm. Mulheron. Discourse, "Evils of Ambition;" Wm. B. Eastin. Discourse, "Literary Influence;" Martin J. Fleming. Discourse, "Natural Sciences," valedictory; Nelson P. Banta. Masters oration, "Liberty of Conscience;" Joseph F. Mooney. Conferring of degrees. Address to the graduates, Charles P. Daly.

The medal awarded for the best biographical essay, was merited by Martin Fleming; next in merit, John M. Lucey, subject "Mary Queen of Scots." Donor for the present year, Major General, Quincey A. Gillmore, United States Army. The master's medal was awarded to Jas. A. Mooney for superior success in the past graduate course. Silver medals for proficiency were awarded Jas. E. Bobier, of the class of rhetoric; Thos. Donahue of the class of belles-lettres, and to Henry Shacte of classics. Prizes for having passed a successful examination on various works, were awarded to James F. Carey, John J. Brady, Charles M. Drake, Edward L. Loughman, Charles H. Isherwood, Edward Chapaton and Ferdinand Ficker. When the ceremony of distributing the premiums had come to a close, Charles P. Daly delivered the address to the graduates. After alluding to the surroundings of the college with its old elms and greensward, which, he said, recalled to his mind what he had heard of the grove of Academus, he threw out a few suggestions to the graduates about their future courses in life. First, they should on leaving college not abandon study under the impression that their education was completed, but should work and study never so little every day, that they might not only benefit themselves, but add something to the stock of human knowledge. "The distinction of those," he said "who are called self-made men arises from the fact that they continued to study and work as contradistinguished from those who think that they have acquired all that is necessary when they have gained their academic degrees." Secondly, good habits were better than good principles. There were many men who were fond of airing their consciences by the ample recognition or active exposition of principles, and who yet wanted the moral strength or lacked the ability to carry out their precepts in their daily life and actions, while other men were models of imitation who never troubled themselves with any theoretical notions upon the subject.

The twenty-fourth annual commencement of St. John's College, Fordham, took place yesterday at the college buildings, commencing at one o'clock p. m., and was a very large gathering. During the early part of the morning the threatening aspect of the weather made the graduates and friends of the college fear that the success

of the day would be marred by the weather; but towards noon the clouds, one by one rolled away, and the weather during the whole afternoon was all that the most ardent well-wishers of the college could desire, a gentle breeze moderating the heat and rendering the afternoon every way pleasantly adapted for the out-door meeting. The exercises were held on the handsome lawn in front of the college, beneath the noble elm trees which are justly the pride of the park in which the college is situated. A large platform had been erected, and a canopy stretching over head, which was intended to act either as a screen from the sun or shelter from the rain, under which a vast audience assembled.

Overture—Discourse, "Self Culture;" Thomas Mason, Music Discourse, "National decline," Richard S. Treacy; music discourse, "college memoirs;" valedictory, Alexander A. Cristadoro. Music discourse, "rebellion," James Flood, A. B. Music. Master's oration. "Progress," Martin Fleming, A. B. Music. Conferring of degrees. Address to the graduates, Rev. Richard Brennan, '54. The exercises commenced at half past twelve o'clock. Among the prominent clergy on the platform were:—Archbishop McCloskey, Bishop Lynch, of Charleston; Rev. Father McNiarnay, of St. Patrick's Cathedral; Rev. F. Woods, of St. Augustine, Morrisania; Father Couran, Father Quinn, of St. Peter's; Dr. McSweeney, of the Cathedral, and Dr. McSweeney, of St. Stephen's; Father Loizance and Father Daley, of the College of St. Francis Xavier; Very Rev. Dr. Waddams, Vicar General of the diocese of Albany; Father Driscoll, of Troy; Father Boyce, of St. Theresa; Father Moran O'Donoghue and others. Among the prominent citizens present were his Honor Mayor Hall, Judge Daly, Judge Cardozo, E. E. Benedict, Chancellor Pruyn, Chancellor Ferris, Mr. J. B. Haskin, Mr. Richard O'Gorman, ex-Gov. Lowe, of Maryland; Alderman Farley, and a number of others. The first discourse was delivered by Mr. Thomas Mason, on "self culture," and this and the whole of the discourses on the programme were very effectively delivered, and bore marks of much thought and careful preparation. It would be invidious to particularize any of the discourses. All the graduates acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable both to themselves and to the professors who have had charge of their education. After the discourses were concluded, the next was the

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Albert Cardozo, judge of the Supreme Court. The degree of Doctor in Philosophy was conferred on Matthew J. Elgas, A.M., of Buffalo, N. Y. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the following gentlemen: Martin Fleming, A.B.; James Flood, A.B.; John O'Rourke, A.B.; Thomas B. Connery, A.B.; John D. O'Connor, A.B., and Charles Phillips, A.B. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following students: Josh. A. McCreery, Michael P. Curran, Alexander A. Cristadoro, Thomson Mason, James E. Babier and Richard S. Treacy. The annual medal awarded for the best biographical essay was taken by Thomson Mason, the subject being "George Calvert, the First Lord Baltimore." The donor of the medal for the present year is Rev. Sylvester Malone, pastor of St. Peter's and St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn. Mr. Jas. E. Babier was next to Mr. Mason in merit. The Master's medal for superior success in the post graduate course was awarded to John O'Rourke. After the conferring of degrees the

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES

was delivered by Rev. Richard Brennan, of the class of 1854. Mr. Brennan, on coming forward, was greeted with loud applause. He said as he advanced through life he valued more and more the wise course of instruction which he had received at this his alma mater. The system adopted in the college of making the moral and religious training of the students of chief importance was a wise one. It was the system adopted by Christ when on earth, who aimed first at developing the moral and religious feelings of men. He often heard it urged that the college gave too much time to spiritual exercises, but he believed that such was not the case. He hoped that when the graduates left that place they would always support the system of religious training; religion was the only thing that

would fit a young man properly to discharge the varied duties and to bear the many trials of life.

The exercises were to have taken place, as in former years, beneath an awning within a grove of sturdy oak and beech trees in front of the buildings, but the dampness of the place and the heavy moisture of the atmosphere overhead interfered with the plan, and caused the wiser course of holding the exhibition within the spacious college hall to be adopted. The exercises, however, suffered no deterioration from this. The hall was sufficiently large to hold over three thousand persons.

1872.

The young aspiring students smiled and joked as if all were sunshine, while the gladdening faces of their more aged friendly visitors betokened a spirit of universal resignation throughout. On the arrival of the twenty minutes to twelve train from the city, a large number of visitors thronged the avenue leading to the college buildings, lined on either side with beech and maple trees, and smelling sweetly of the new mowed hay scattered on the surrounding lawn. The following distinguished clergymen were present: The Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey, of New York City; Right Rev. Bishop Persico, of Savannah; Right Rev. Bishop McNeirny, Coadjutor Bishop of Albany; Very Rev. Dr. Starrs, V. G.; Very Rev. Joseph O'Shea, S. J., President of St. John's College, Fordham; Very Rev. Bapst, Father Provincial of the Jesuit Order.

THE ORDER OF EXERCISES

was opened by the playing of the overture, a grand march, by the attendant brass band. Mr. Philip A. Meister then commenced the introductory oration, taking for his course philosophy in education, a subject which failed not to attract and rivet the immediate attention of the audience. Philosophy he set down as the completion of a liberal education and the sole basis of liberal studies, quoting Hamilton's words in one instance, who said: "Philosophy was the best gymnastic of the mind." His witty definition of metaphysics was much applauded. The young gentleman's effort was well received and his success crowned with exquisite bouquets.

Mr. William Ahearn's oration was on

"FAITH AND SCIENCE."

He showed the progress of the arts and science under the auspices of Christian principles to be superior to that of modern times, and proved the inability of reason to conflict with revelation. His discourse was pithy and well composed, and his delivery pleasing. He was applauded enthusiastically at the termination of his oration. Edmund A. Chapaton delivered the next oration on "Pauperism." Its origin was not of a material or physical nature, but was to be attributed either to the growing antipathy of the wealthy or the want of industry among the poorer classes. The fourth oration was delivered by Morgan J. O'Brien, of New York. His discourse was on "Materialism in Art," a subject of a very complicated nature. Chateauband's "Genius of Christianity" aided him much in his description of the beau-ideal. The young orator also delivered

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in a most pleasing manner, and was applauded several times at the conclusion of his meritorious effort.

DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS

was conferred on the following students: Edmond A. Chapaton, Detroit, Mich.; Edward D. Slattery, Rondout, N. Y.; Assim J. Cameron, Ridgewood, N. J.; Morgan J. O'Brien, New York; J. F. Carey, Brooklyn; John J. Brady, Fordham; William Ahearn,

Cork, Ireland; John B. O'Hara, Stapleton, S. I.; George J. Hahen, Cortland, N. Y.; A. P. Owens, Cincinnati, Ohio; M. F. Dooley, Hartford, Conn.; Ph. A. Meister, Sing Sing, N. Y.; William H. Hurst, N. Y.; M. J. Quinn, Fordham; J. C. O'Reilly, Rondout, N. Y.; M. J. Wallace, Albany, N. Y.; James McGary, Shortsville, N. Y.; Alexander Villancencio, Pichata, Ecuador; Peter J. Tracy, N. Y.; Arthur J. Marrin, Albany, N. Y.; Michael Montgomery, Longford, Ireland; John Gleises, N. Y.; John E. McGlynn, Boston, Mass.; Charles J. Isherwood, N. Y.; Graham R. Frost, St. Louis; A. Stuart, of Stonyhurst, England. The highest honors of the graduating class were won by Edmond A. Chapaton.

The following were the recipients of the prizes: Jules A. LeMoine was awarded the Master's medal for superior success in the post graduate course; Edmond A. Chapaton, A. B., was awarded the gold medal for the best biographical essay—subject, "Philip II., King of Spain"—the donor being Rev. Edward J. O'Riley, pastor of St. Mary's Church, New York; silver medals for proficiency were awarded to the following: In rhetoric, George E. Quinn; in belles-lettres, Horace K. Doherty; classics, Peter J. Curran. The silver medal for good conduct was awarded to John P. O'Brien. Peter B. Carlin, second division, won the second prize; and James A. Maher and James A. Jackson, of the middle division, won the first and second prizes; Daniel Cooney and James Coghlan, of the junior division, won the first and second prizes respectively.

After the lucky students were made the gladdened recipients of the numerous prizes, the Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey was requested to make a few conclusive remarks, which he did in his usual agreeable and flippant manner to the great delight of all present. He said he felt pleased to a most consoling degree by the delightful spectacle it was his happiness and privilege once more to witness. He meant the academic exercises of 1872, which had now so eventfully and successfully terminated. He rejoiced to see the young, hopeful band of graduates, *optimi spe pueri* so well trained in all the principles which will be likely to mould their minds and hearts

FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS AND FAME,

and which will save them from the quicksands of vice and wickedness so numerous in the ocean of life on which they are about to embark. They were going forth to take their place among the men of the world, and he doubted not but that it would be an honorable place; and that in honor and principle they would rival the distinguished men who had gone out of this institution, with their minds stored with knowledge, with principles, religious and moral, well defined and well fixed in their hearts and souls. Be assured in seeking success you are doing right. Let your aims, as the young gentleman who addressed you said, be high and noble, and remember that "he who aims high, reaches high, even though he may not reach as high as he aims." Better that you should fail in a cause worth struggling for than be successful in a dishonorable one. Go forth to-day with

"DEVOTION TO PRINCIPLE"

written on your hearts, and never betray what is noble and manly by sacrificing it once. Carry with you those lessons of truth and wisdom you have been taught in your Alma Mater and which have been so well reflected and defended in your oratorical efforts. The Archbishop concluded by congratulating the graduates and the faculty upon the auspicious event that had called them together.





EIGHTY-EIGHT'S PARTING MESSAGE.

THE class of '88, which is so soon to bid farewell to Fordham, numbered among its ranks some twenty-two members when it entered upon its Freshman year. That number has since been subjected to constant change, now increasing and now decreasing, till at the present time some sixteen would be graduates answer to the roll-call of the Class of '88. During the four years which its course has embraced, its history has been not a little out of the ordinary. In the matter contained in the curriculum as well as in the many sports which are so important a factor in college life, its members have won marked success. The list of its achievements in the latter line especially is a long and honorable one, culminating last fall when the class base-ball nine under the effective coaching of Captain Shea, easily won the first Class League pennant ever offered at Fordham. The pennant was presented with congratulatory addresses from the other three classes, to which Mr. Shea responded with a few happy remarks; and the highly-prized trophy is now decorating the walls of Library Hall, where it will long serve as a memorial to future generations of Eighty-eighty's prowess on the ball-field.

In general athletics Messrs. Shea, Gillon, Cushion, Kirby and Reilly have ably maintained the honor of the class. The latter gentleman especially won for himself unfading laurels by the masterly manner in which he won (?) the half-hour-go-as-you-please in the gymnasium on the 17th of March. Mr. Cushion, too, whom we seldom call Richard or Dick, by his abilities in the sprinting line, has kept up the reputation of the class in that line. It must be confessed, however, that the aforesaid gentleman can only hope to develop into a first-class runner when — steals a base.

During the four years which the class has spent within the hallowed precincts of St. John's, many amusing incidents have occurred. On one memorable occasion the class in Greek of the Sophomore year was reciting its usual lesson in one of Demosthenes' Olynthiacs, and Frank Eagan—everybody remembers "Professor" Eagan, was doing the translation in fine style. He went along all right until he ran upon a certain verb in the optative mood, which our professor, Mr. Mullan, requested him to parse. Without the least hesitation Frank replied, "Third person singular, imperfect optative." At this there was a roar of laughter at Frank's expense, the imperfect optative being, to most of the class, a new addition to the Greek grammar. Mr. Mullan pointed out his error, but Frank refused to be convinced. He insisted that he had seen the imperfect optative in more than one Greek grammar, and promised to bring one of them to class the next day; and the incredulosity of the entire class could not drive him from his position. At the next recitation, when everybody had forgotten all about the matter, Frank brought it up again, and, to the unfeigned surprise of all, exhibited

an old Greek grammar, printed in France during the seventeenth or eighteenth century which gave the "Imperfect Optative" of every verb. There was no disputing it; there were the words in plain black and white, "*Optatif Imparfait*." Then it was Frank's turn to crow and he made ample use of his opportunity.

The one general characteristic of the conduct of the class while in Fordham has been a total lack of pomposity, even in their Junior and Senior years when they might be supposed to clothe themselves with dignity, and, like Horace, drive off the common herd from their sacred enclosure. Whatever may be said against such a course of action, it cannot be denied that it has made life in Fordham pleasant for them. The individual characteristics of the members of '88 are so varied and withal so pronounced that a tabulated description would probably show them up best; such a table might be formulated something as follows:

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Characteristic.</i>
Amy.....	Unconquerable Suavity.
Berry.....	Oracular Insight.
Burke.....	Unhesitating Enunciation.
Cushion.....	Undying Loquacity.
Donlon.....	Irresistible Jocularly.
Fitzpatrick.....	General Urbanity.
Gillon.....	Perpetual Youth.
Hopkins.....	Musical Ability.
Howley.....	Recalcitrant Propensities.
Kerrigan.....	Eternal Quiescence.
Kirby.....	Easy Excitability.
McClintock.....	Sprinting Ability.
McGuire.....	Genial Good-fellowship.
Reilly.....	Dignified Immobility.
Shea.....	Utter Unfathomableness.
Simpson.....	Natural Gravity.

Anyone who doubts the veracity of the above table, can satisfy himself of its genuineness by a little observation.

As to the future of the members of the class of '88, there is the usual amount of uncertainty. Alfred Amy will probably devote himself to law, "not with a view to practice, you know," for Alfred has no need of that, but merely as a means of passing away his time. Messrs. Berry and Shea are likely to follow his example, the former because he is already a master of forensic eloquence; the latter because he aspires to the Presidency of the United States, and thinks the law the best means for compassing that end. Messrs. Donlon, Fitzpatrick and Reilly will probably be found underneath the roof of some school of theology when the leaves begin to fall next autumn. Mr. Kirby, following in the footsteps of Messrs. Amy, Berry and Shea, will study for the bar, and with the excellent start which he will receive, has every reason to hope for success. Messrs. Hopkins and McGuire will in all probability choose medicine as the field in which they are to achieve distinction.

Mr. Kerrigan will probably go to West Point, and thence

to some quiet Western fort. Nobody knows what the other members of the class will decide upon, and it is doubtful if they know themselves. But whatever position they may hold in the world, it is safe to say that none of them will ever be guilty of anything that will in any degree tend to tarnish the brightness of '88's escutcheon.

The time is very near when the class must say its last farewell to Fordham and all the hallowed spots that have been so closely bound up with the best years of our lives. Fair Fordham! the happy hours passed within your walls are too indelibly impressed on our memories for time or distance to efface. We must leave these pleasant familiar scenes, but we bear away with us a deep feeling of gratitude which it shall be our highest endeavor to cherish and keep alive. The faults we have committed were not of the heart. The knowledge and training and principles we take with us, all are due to grand, generous old St. John's. Farewell! Farewell!

'88! how vaguely distant seemed this glorious year of years!
All the intervening time was laden with a thousand fears,
Fears that every term would see us drop and sadly fall in line
With our youthful, beardless brethren of the class of '89;
Yet we weathered every tempest—now the haven is in sight,
And our eager hearts throb quicker as we near the harbor light,
Blessed light that gleamed the brighter when our course was
clouded o'er
By the thick Egyptian darkness 'xaminations always wore.

I was always slow and laggard at the beating out of rhymes,
I can say "Farewell" and feel it, I can dwell on happy times,—
My poor pen is slow to fashion words and phrases, true and terse,
Still I have the tender feeling, tho' it will not fit in verse;
Homely English suits the pen of him who sadly writes of home:
Farewell, then, old Alma Mater, in the ages yet to come
Be the same strong, tender mother, let your queenly presence
thrill

Every soul with high endeavor, every heart with honor still.
Farewell, now, the flowers are wearing their last bloom for '88;
Farewell—I can hear the printer's devil crying out "Too late."

TOCSAM, '88.



A TRIP (IN FANCY).

*"Dona praesentis cape laetus horae,
Linqve severa."*

WHAT with the vacation at hand and the weather taking a dreamy turn, one is inclined to indulge in continual reveries." So I mused as the afternoon class wore slowly on and we, the members, were bringing ourselves to untimely graves trying to fathom Demosthenes. How slowly time seems to pass while we are engrossed in Greek! Dear old Father Time! he wishes us to enjoy to our fullest capacity the fiery eloquence of the Athenian orator, for which we duly thank him. Well, to return—my thoughts during the remainder of that class ran somewhat thuswise. Now, we are going to leave the College shortly and we shall be absent for some time; what shall we do to make the holidays pass merrily? Here in truth I had a poser. What can, shall, or should we do? After profound meditation (I was attending to the lesson all the while) I cried out with that other Greek "Eureka!" We are about to end what may be called our *College* career; why not celebrate the event by a *trip*. A trip? Whither? Why, assuredly, to every city of prominence in this broad land, that can boast a member of our class. But by far the greater part of the class comes from New York. Never mind, I dare say we shall find cities enough to interest us for our summer vacation. So we leave New York City on the famous "Limited" for Chicago, which beautiful town we reach after a ride of, I should say, twenty-four hours. This city is honored in being the residence of our genial friend, J. F. C——, under whose guardianship we see and admire in a mild way all the sights. We first visit that magnificent!! triumph!!! of

architecture, the building containing in its gigantic! dimensions the Custom House and Post Office. Then the Chamber of Commerce is inspected, next the Exposition Building, and so we go the rounds, seeing everything and conscientiously putting three exclamation points after all our expressions of admiration.

We remained here for two whole weeks and sorry we were when the time for departing drew near. Still several other cities had to be seen; so we made the necessary preparations and soon were rolling out of the Union depot, direct for Albany, home of M. S——. Now the ride from Chicago to Albany is a long and tedious one. We therefore determined to make it pass merrily by recalling the memories of the past year in a literary *seance*. J. I. B—— began the exercises with a very learned disquisition on the Greek article and its use in the various dialects. After the essay some one facetiously remarked that J. B's knowledge of Greek was confined to the article, whereupon the facetious gentleman received a severe reprimand from D. K——, who is a great authority on the dead languages. The next part of the programme was a profound Latin essay by J. V. M—— on the manner in which the ancient Romans conducted the business departments of their college journals.

Then followed a Greek song by D. H——, in the stirring style of Aeschylus. Why! here we are in Albany on the morning of a hot July day. After recovering from the fatigue occasioned by our long travel, we proceed directly to the famous Capitol. We spend just twenty-four hours

in climbing to the dome, from which M. S—— points out to us forty-six States. While standing there by the side of the dome looking admiringly at Massachusetts, we resolve to descend and visit Boston and Worcester as soon as possible. H. C—— volunteers to show us the way to Worcester. After a pleasant ride we reach the little city, which we inspect in twenty-five minutes; everybody is charmed with it. We cannot bring ourselves to leave Massachusetts without visiting Boston; of course we have no representative from this city and there is danger of getting lost in the curved streets; but, then, every inhabitant of the globe knows Boston, the hub of the universe. So off we go. We recognize the State House at a distance of thirty-five miles or more—at least it can be seen at that distance.

After arriving in the city, we stroll leisurely about, through the Common and down to the South End grounds, where we see the \$20,000 battery lose a good game, seated, as we were, in the \$95,000 grand stand. When we had sufficiently admired the beauties of Worcester and the Hub, we took an express for New York, where we made arrangements for our passage to Savannah, the residence of J. I. B. Which of us can ever forget that voyage, for voyage it was; every passenger was afflicted with sea-sickness during the whole time.

However, the royal reception which we received in Savannah compensated in a measure for the hardships of the sea. Savannah is situated about eighteen miles from the mouth of the river of the same name on a beautiful hill, overlooking the river. Savannah has no world renowned!!! buildings, like Chicago, still it is beautifully situated and is a grand place for royal entertainment.

As we had already consumed eight weeks of our vacation we determined to proceed from Savannah directly to New York, *by rail*. Thence, after a few days rest, those who hailed from cities other than the metropolis, repaired to their respective homes; those living in the city determining to make a short stay at a pretty seaside resort, not far distant from New York.

The time soon arrived for us to be packing off to Fordham with high hats — here my reverie was rudely broken by the sound of the bell announcing the end of class. I have been wool-gathering all this time. However, to the whole college individually and collectively, large and small, I wish a vacation as happy to them in reality as our trip was to me in fancy; and in the name of '89, I hereby bid farewell to Latin and Greek grammar, exercises and authors.

Shade of Father Yenni's grammar, breathe upon me while I tell
How my heart-strings quiver sorely when I say the word "fare-
well;"
Bring the old-time inspiration that was wont to fill my soul
With prophetic gleams and visions of a far-off, longed-for goal,
Where, released from theme and grammar, I should wait expect-
antly
For the magic scroll with letters simply written "A" and "B."
* * * * *
I can say no more, good readers, such afflatus fills my breast,—
Farewell, Greek and Latin authors, be your names forever blessed.

KENYON FORTESCUE, '89.



FORECAST.

*"Eheu fugaces, Carum, Carmody,
Labuntur anni."*

THE class of '90 began its voyage of '87-'88 with a sturdy, confident crew. The canvas and rigging were in first-class condition, as is generally the case with a ship leaving port; but the ship that leaves the port is not the same in all respects as the ship that enters the harbor. Our figurative ship is no exception to the general rule, and what wonder! With Horace for Scylla and Sophocles for Charybdis and geometry planted between, it was no easy matter to weather the gale and steer clear of hidden rocks. In the language of old Horace, himself a partial cause of our shattered condition,

Et malus celeri saucius africo
Antennaeque gemunt, ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinae,
Possunt imperiosius Aequor.

Still we must confess that the voyage was a very pleasant one, and, to give up the metaphor, we became attached to Horace and Sophocles and Plato, in spite of our difficulty in discovering what they were talking about. Slowly, but surely the sonorous grace in Cicero's long periods and the strength of Demosthenes' eloquence dawned upon us, and little pregnant phrases from Horace found lasting places in our memo-

ries. Well, here we are, at any rate, on the eve of vacation. As I look back at the changes and chances of the past year and then into the uncertain future, I grow prophetic, contrary to the injunction of Horace: "Quid sit futurum, fuge, quaerere." Still since the inspiration is on me I prophecy, especially when I recollect that there are many heroes among us, who may be "illacrimabiles" and "ignoti," "quia carent vate sacro." I will, therefore, chronicle a famous meeting that takes place in the year 1900.

Just ten years had passed since commencement had driven me from my companions, who parted from each other with mingled feelings of joy and pain. All their doubts and uncertainties were ended, but with their close terminated those joys of college life and the ripened friendships that lightened our sorrows in misery or failure and redoubled our happiness in success. Many promises of uninterrupted correspondence were made, some, indeed, to be faithfully kept, others to be forgotten in the rush of the world or the duties of life.

I promised to write to several, who in turn were in communication with others, and thus we managed to know the whereabouts of all our classmates. I succeeded, sometimes with great labor on my part, in keeping my end of the line. In this way eight or more years had passed, and I still continued to hear a passing word of my old associates.

Many professions had been graced by their learning, and they had all succeeded in turning an honest penny from their business. One or two had left no trace of their situation, and many conjectures were hazarded of their positions and success. It was spread about that one owned a large cattle ranch in the West, and was thriving on the proceeds of that profitable pursuit. Another from head clerk had been made one of a prosperous firm, who were operating a large woolen factory in the land of absconders. Reports from these were sometimes few and far between, but whenever fortune lent her rainbow rays to dispel the momentary gloom that encircled them, a joyful note with all the grand details was dispatched to one of our members, who spread the glad tidings to us all.

Well, as I said, eight or more years had passed when it became a matter of frequent theme in our friendly discourse, how we could meet and see each other. One of us had written to his friend expressing the wish of beholding his face, and having a chat about old times. This desire seemed to strike his friend favorably and he in one of his letters to another reechoed the same sentiment. Thus I heard of it. Many plans were formed and suggestions offered and finally some one proposed a class reunion. The design seemed a happy one and it was resolved that in the summer of the first year of the new century the gathering should be held to celebrate the advent of the century and recall the memories and deeds of our college career. The land of mosquitoes and farmers was fixed upon for the rendezvous, that being the central and most available place for assemblage. After a skirmish, a convenient spot was found by some of our New Jersey classmates, and the cards were issued proclaiming the grand affair. All were warned to appear on the grounds as early as possible and in order that I might accomplish this safely, I started from my residence, the night before.

On that bright July morning I stood upon the grounds with

my hamper well stocked; for although everything was to be ready for us I prepared myself for a contingency. I found myself all alone and had a suitable opportunity to examine my surroundings without molestation. The place was about twenty miles from the metropolis and within easy reach of the railroad. A thick leafy foliage interwoven overhead sheltered the grove from the piercing sunbeams. The ground was smooth and even and well kept for a woodland spot. While I was surveying these different features of the grove, I was joined by our Jersey friends and greeted most warmly. A hundred questions were put and answered within a minute almost. We were yet talking when we descried several forms coming up the path towards the grove. As they approached nearer, we recognized the New York delegation and at their head the now famous comedian who had often during our college life provoked our laughter. Other familiar faces were marked, slightly changed in ten years, some roughly bearded, others daintily adorned with a slight moustache. These were heartily welcomed and the conversation was resumed, enlivened by the gossip of the new comers and the wit of our comedian who had not forgotten the art of exciting the risible side of our nature.

Our old-time companions were now quickly arriving one by one and all were growing merrier under the rush of memories revived by the sight and talk of familiar friends. About eight of the class of sixteen who were graduated, had come, when we beheld a carriage rolling slowly along the road from the station. We thought they were strangers in it, and we saw the horse working manfully while the carriage swayed to and fro, and we heard the springs creaking beneath the weight that pressed on them. When the vehicle halted at the edge of the grove and we heard two voices complaining and quarrelling. Immediately we recognized the tones and the recognition was verified by that petulant peculiarity of casting words from one to another which was the special delight of the vehicle's passengers during their college life.

One was a doctor now of high repute and had the record of *putting out* disease in every case by a well administered pill, peculiar efficacy being derived from the manner of curving the pill down the throat. The other controlled a large grocery store in his paternal village which had made wonderful strides in the decade just passed. The internal improvements were due mainly to the wise and potent influence of the portly Burgess, our friend the grocer, prototype of Sancho Panza. Both doctor and grocer had accumulated a large amount of flesh to add to their primeval hugeness which had forced them to hire a carriage at the village near the station to convey their bodies to the reunion. The cause of the complaints which we heard, was due to the fact that each wished to get out of the carriage first, but this move was objected to by both sides; for on either one's egress, the other would shoot up in the air and down again on his side of the vehicle; and the springs would be in danger of breaking with the depression caused by the weight. On our arrival and welcome of both we compromised matters by forcing the two to get out at once, one on either side. Even then in their eagerness both would have been thrown on their backs by the sudden recoil of the weighted springs, if we had not lent our assistance to steady the tottering bulks.

To prevent the pair from any more complaining and from

harming each other, we separated into two parties, each taking one of the monstrosities. I can assure all that the day was well broken, nay, shattered, in the words of Horace when such a pair lent their forces towards that effect. We controlled their aggressive spirits until we arrived at the spot where our lunch was spread. All restraint was then removed from the two belligerents who were in their glory and forgot themselves in the pleasing task before them. After the hearty repast was disposed of, we seated ourselves on the grass for another chat. Each one revealed and discussed his plans for the future. While yet we were speaking another form appeared making its way towards our grove. Every one wondered who could it be. Finally one of our more sharp sighted members having recognized the walk and person, informed us joyfully that it was one of our old college professors. We all sprang to our feet and rushed to greet him, the recollection of whose strictness, like a little rivulet ran tremblingly into the stream of remembrance that rippled in our memory from the font of his kindness and self-sacrifice. What a grand old time we had and how eagerly we plied our professor with questions about St. John's, when we found he was stationed there, where he had heard of our intention and thought to surprise us by a sudden visit. Our large friend, the doctor, inquired if all he heard about the glories won on the college diamond, was true. We learned then that the club surpassed all description of pen. The doctor, stirred by the memory of other days, proposed a game of ball on the grounds near by.

There were ten of us and five were chosen on either side while the Professor consented to umpire. The grocer and doctor were pitted against each other and pitched for their respective sides. This would have been hardly fair in our college days, but time had equalized matters and put them on a more even footing. Our tall associate who had increased at least three inches more in height during the decade now elapsed, played first base for the doctor's side; and our famous friend, whose attraction for a brilliant ball-player was

well known years ago, and who furnished the ball from the recesses of his pocket, filled the same position for the grocer's aggregation. We had but three hours to finish the game, for we wished to leave early. Owing to the fact that neither side had any out-fielders, the game was necessarily prolonged and we had finished four innings with hard labor when the game was called.

Both sides obtained the same score; for the strange fact happened that the only men who could be put out were the two pitchers, who were compelled to walk to their bases on account of their inability to run, and on account of the danger incurred if they attempted the difficult feat of moving faster than a walk.

So the game proceeded until these were put out three times. Happily for both sides there were but four men besides the pitchers, otherwise we would have scarcely played two innings.

We stopped the game, tired and hungry, and now my hamper played its part of the programme. Having finished the lunch we took up our bundles and slowly and sadly trudged to the depot.

Our friends whom we helped into the carriage were silent too; for the game gave neither a chance to extoll his pitching or victory. We arrived at New York and sorrowfully separated but still assured that we had cut a slice from that *solidus dies*, the remembrance of which would feed us for the rest of our lives.

Will we ever meet thus? I trust so, for the anticipation of the joy and good-will of the occasion please me even now.

But time will scatter us here and there, and the world's bustle and turmoil will force us to leave our homes, so that circumstances will decide whether we shall ever assemble in after years.

However collected or scattered, may Happiness cast her refulgent cloak over the Class of "'90," and may the downy furs of her genial garment protect the class from the storms and severities of life.

Wait, oh muse! inspire me gently, for my feelings move, along
 In the sad Spondaic measure, suited to a solemn song,
 I have shed some—perspiration—over Greek and Roman lore,
 Oftentimes I wished that Plato'd died one hundred years before
 He had got the craze for writing; oftentimes old Sophocles
 Made me wish the whole Greek language buried underneath the
 seas:
 Ah! but *now* I feel a sorrow polished phrase can never tell,
 When I utter with emotion that sad word of words "Farewell."
 Still it must be said. Then, farewell, Plato, Horace, Cicero,
 Whom we loved sometimes, and sometimes loved as foemen love a
 foe.
 Though you're dead and with your ashes many good deeds buried
 lie,
 Still your other works are extant; they at least, will never die.





A DREAM.

*"Per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium."*

ONE or two days before the June examinations, I sat at my desk in study-hall, giving a last finishing touch to our class programme. My Virgil lay open in front of me, on my left the Iliad reminded me of the many difficulties I had met and overcome in parsing Homer's puzzling dialect, while on my right was my Latin dictionary, the thumb-marked pages of which bore witness to my hard and constant work during the year. I had been poring over these remnants of classic erudition for more than an hour, when, feeling exhausted by my study, I began casting half-dreamy glances out of a neighboring window. Then, turning my attention to my class books, I could not help calling to mind the various events of the year—the many difficulties we had encountered in applying the rules of prosody, in scanning Virgil's melodious hexameters, in collecting the scattered limbs of a broken verse, or in composing our own quasi distichs, and a thousand other stumbling blocks scattered over a student's pathway. Meanwhile the day was advancing rapidly to its close, the summer heat had subsided and a murmuring breeze played among the leafy trees, while twilight began to gather over Fordham and its vicinity.

Within our own study-hall everything was quiet, and as no electric lamp lighted up the room, its time-honored walls seemed to inspire me with a feeling of drowsiness, which, as the darkness increased, totally overpowered my wearied spirits. In my slumbers I was suddenly transported to the south-eastern suburbs of Naples, and found myself wandering in the neighborhood of Mount Vesuvius. I was not journeying to any fixed spot, but roamed about carelessly at my leisure and turned my footsteps whithersoever the whims of my own mind prompted me to go. After walking for a considerable distance, I happened to catch sight of a circular sheet of water some thirty or forty paces ahead. Wishing to know something about it, I advanced towards the lake, and shortly after I stood on its banks. The pool appeared to be a mile and a half in circumference, or thereabouts, and from its stagnant waters was emitted a rather unpleasant odor, while the surrounding scenery was dark and melancholy, vividly reminding me of Virgil's account of Avernus, which I had been translating only a few minutes since. A cold chill crept over me as I realized that I was standing in the very vestibule of hell, "*atra janua Ditis*," as the Mantuan bard has put it. Though not a little terrified at this, I had courage enough to look about me; and doing so, I beheld on the opposite side of the lake, under a steep overhung with shrubs

and brambles, the opening of a subterranean gallery, which answered Virgil's description of the sibyl's grotto:

*"Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatus
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris."*

As my eyes rested on the gloomy cavern, I spied a mysterious figure issuing from the cave. Totally taken by surprise, I was stricken with sudden terror, and was on the point of taking to my heels, when the unknown personage called on me to stay and have no fear. His voice kindled a spark of confidence within me, though I seemed to be standing on pins and needles as I awaited his approach. He had a gracious, yet imposing, air; his outward garment consisted of a long toga, which fell over a well-proportioned body; his eyes, though considerably sunken, were uncommonly brilliant and animated, while his face was extremely pallid; but his aquiline nose, disfigured by a malformation, that gave it a resemblance to a chick-pea, struck me as singularly characteristic. I recognized the familiar features of Cicero; and overcome by enthusiasm, I shouted: "Hail, thou noble Roman! Hail, Cicero!" The venerable sage smiled at the warmth of my greeting, and shaking me by the hand, told me that he intended to make me acquainted with the classic soil which I was treading, as a reward for the earnestness which I had shown in studying the Latin and Greek authors. I could not but feel proud and pleased with such a privilege, and thanking Cicero for his kindness, I accepted his invitation. As we walked about in the neighborhood of Lake Avernus, my illustrious guide pointed out an oak tree at the entrance to a pleasant grove, and quoted for me the words of his great countryman:

"Species auri frondentis opaca Ilice."

Adding with a smile that he could see no golden bough shine through the branches, but that I, being younger and having a keener sight, might possibly succeed. Failing to see the golden branch, I remarked that Æneas had plucked it centuries before Cicero and I were born. The great Roman eyed me for a moment and then said with a look of triumph:

*"Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus; et simili frondescit virga metallo."*

I acknowledged myself silenced, while my illustrious companion laughed heartily and seemed to enjoy my defeat. I now became aware that in our ramble we had unknownly walked to the very mouth of the sibyl's grotto; and fright-

ened by the horror of the place, I checked my wandering footsteps, and bade my guide do likewise. He complied with my request, but asked me if I was not willing to explore the cave with him. To this I answered that I was in no way disposed to accompany him down to Hades; whereupon Cicero ventured to remark "*Facilis descensus Averno.*" Determined to pay him in his own coin, I answered,

"*Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.*"

Tully could not help smiling at this happy turn; but he assured me that my diligence in studying the Latin and Greek authors was a sufficient guarantee to warrant me a safe return from the regions of the dead. I hesitated for an instant, but upon Cicero reassuring me that I would incur no danger, I yielded to his entreaties, and, without more ado, we entered the dismal cavern. At first the darkness seemed impenetrable, but as my eyes became accustomed to it, I was soon able to discern the form of Cicero moving stealthily along a few paces ahead.

I was the first to break silence asking my companion how far we would have to walk before arriving at the Styx. He replied that the river was not more than two miles away. Shortly after I heard him say "Come, cheer up and tell me all about your classmates, etc." I answered that my fellow students had been hard workers more or less, great lovers of Cicero and of Virgil, but never particularly fond of poor old Dan Homer. A loud, hearty laugh rang through the cavern, and I shuddered to hear the echoes reverberating time and again through the long gallery. Cicero was ignorant of the fear with which the echo of his laughter had inspired me, and he asked, still laughing, how many were the members of my class. Upon my answering that in numbered seventeen, the Roman remarked, "An odd number, by the way, which reminds me of Virgil's famous phrase "*Número Deus impari gaudet.*" "Would you be surprised if you were to meet most of them in the Elysian fields?" To this question I replied that all my classmates had been honest and upright men, and that I could only rest assured that all had turned out well. "Would you, then, be pleased to meet some of them in Elysian?" "Most undoubtedly, I would." To my great delight, Cicero then informed me that we would pass through Pluto's realm into the Elysian fields, where I would meet my old friends enjoying themselves in right royal style. In the meantime we had arrived within sight of the river Styx, and shortly after we stood upon its ominous banks. Standing beside Cicero I awaited the appearance of Charon's boat; and was only too happy to leave behind me those melancholy shores haunted by the wailing spirits of the unburied dead.

A few strokes of Charon's oars landed us safely on the opposite bank. We now had to wade through a muddy road, which led us to a spacious den, where Cerberus, a triple-mouthed dog, lay guarding the entrance to the infernal regions. I stood aghast at sight of the terrible animal, and shaking like an aspen leaf, I clung to Cicero, who had paused a few paces away from the dog. Bidding me take heart, he smiled, remarking that it was a pity he did not have with him the sibyl's so poriferous loaf of bread. Thereupon I ventured to ask if a Fordham bun, which I happened to carry with me, would not supply the deficiency.

Cicero remained silent for a few moments, then slapping his forehead with the palm of his hand, he asked me for my Fordham bun, which, as soon as I handed him, he threw some twenty or thirty feet to the left of the cave. Cerberus saw it, and darted towards it, while Cicero, seizing me by the hand, rushed across the right wing of the entrance thus left unguarded. When we were out of harm's reach, I could not help expressing my admiration of Cicero's romantic feat, and was pleased to see that the illustrious Roman received my compliments with a smile of approbation. Wending our way through the midst of ghosts, we passed by the judgment hall of Minos, and a few minutes later came within sight of Pluto's palace. A gate of immense size, swinging on gigantic hinges and crowned by an iron arch, confronted the view and divided the infernal regions from the sunny fields of Elysium. As we approached the gate, it was thrown open, and, to my astonishment, we were suffered to pass unmolested into the regions of eternal bliss.

Then, indeed, a glorious sight burst upon my eager gaze; wherever I turned my eyes, I beheld verdant fields stretching far and wide, while everything seemed to breathe the air of happiness. As we moved along drinking in the beauty of the place, we saw tall and stalwart athletes contending for the wrestler's prize, and some running and jumping on the velvet lawns, while other still more cheerful beings were feasting on the plain. Suddenly our ears caught the melodious sound of sweet music, and charmed to hear the rapturous notes, we walked in the direction whence the noise proceeded. We had not walked far when we reached the outskirts of a dense and pleasant wood into which we plunged in search of the unknown musicians. Shortly after we arrived in a retired grotto where we saw whole legions of Apollo's chosen ones busily engaged in their own favorite pursuit. While I watched and admired their skill, one among them attracted my attention very much and as his face appeared rather familiar to my eyes, I ventured to question Cicero about him. My obliging companion merely mentioned his name to me, for no sooner had he uttered it than I ran towards my dear old classmate and shook him heartily by the hand. He recognized me immediately, and, drawing aside, we talked familiarly of our school days and of the fond recollections of our youth until we had fairly exhausted our theme. F. D.—had been the Mozart of our class, and was not less at home when translating the Latin and Greek authors than when running his airy fingers along the scale. By this time Tully had become weary of listening to the siren strains of the Elysian orchestra, and perceiving his impatience to depart, I bade good-by to my old class-mate, and leaving him to enjoy the society of such delightful companions as Beethoven, Mozart, Liszt and of many others whose names would require whole volumes to enumerate, we continued to pursue our journey through the bosky forest.

It was not long before we came to a second grotto inhabited by the most renowned tragedians and comedians of modern times, who had erected a stage for their own personal amusement and pastime. It happened that the leading actors among them had undertaken to represent Julius Cæsar, and we arrived a few minutes before the performance began. One of the select audience recognized Cicero, and bade us to take one of the front seats. To this we readily assented, and found our new acquaintance to be quite a use-

ful companion, for besides giving us other valuable information, he made us acquainted with the performers' names, which we would otherwise never have known, as no programme was to be had. From him we learned that the celebrated Keane, whom he justly styled the Byron of actors, was to fill the role of Brutus; that David Garrick, the friend of Dr. Johnson and "Nolly" Goldsmith, was to take the part of Cassius, while a certain J. G.—an actor of established reputation, was to tread the stage as Mark Antony. There was something in the name of J. G.—that seemed to savor of days long gone by and I wondered if he could be the same bright boy who used to sit near me in class and who could turn an English sentence with the same grace and ease that marked his acting upon the college stage.

Brooding over these thoughts and absorbed in the recollections of my school days, I was not aware that in the meantime the curtain had risen and the play advanced as far as the — scene in the — act. I now had ample opportunity to observe J. G.'s acting, and after watching his movements for quite a while, I came to the conclusion that he was the self-same youth who had represented his class on the Fordham boards. The performance was not half finished, when Cicero remarked that it was getting late and we must be going. Though I desired to see the play and more especially to have an interview with my old friend, I saw myself forced to comply with Cicero's entreaties, which I thought were reasonable enough. We took our departure and again set out to continue our journey through the woods. After walking for about a quarter of an hour we arrived at the extremity of the forest and within sight of a neighboring hill, which we proceeded to ascend. Having reached a spot where we commanded a bird's-eye view of the surrounding expanse of country, we looked down upon the plain below. As I gazed at the beautiful fields extending as far as the eye could reach, Cicero pointed to a stately beech tree far away in the distance, and asked me if I could spy a human form, surrounded by heaps of books, lying beneath its branches, and to all appearances deeply absorbed in reading. I looked searchingly at the spot, and on beholding the scene pointed

out to me, I could not help repeating Virgil's well-known line;

"Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi."

But who was the individual so taken up in the perusal of his books? Tully divined my curiosity, and told me that he was an old class-mate of mine, greatly fond of the classics, but who derived little or no profit from his reading, because he was so extremely prosy that he satisfied himself with the mere perusal of books, and was incapable of appreciating the beauty of their contents; but that he was nevertheless somewhat of a scholar, and was possessed of a vigorous intellect. "But, now," continued Cicero, "turn your eyes a little to the left. That other gentleman, resting in the shade of yonder tree, is also one of your class mates, who takes great delight in writing Latin distichs, and enjoys the intimate friendship of Ovid, from whom he has acquired a considerable amount of the grace and ease which the great Latin poet possesses. Not far from here resides another illustrious member of your old class, who, being a poet of fair renown, associates with the wonderful band known as the "genus irritabile vatum." Nor is he esteemed by his companions merely for his poetic talents, but also for his pleasant humor, which often affords them whole hours of refined enjoyment. Cicero was on the point of conducting me into the presence of the rest of my class-mates, who, he said, were amusing themselves playing with bat and ball in a neighboring field, when I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of the college bell summoning us to supper. So ended my marvellous dream of the happy destiny prepared for the worthy class of '91.

*Ah! our tears full fast and bring,—pure straight tears without alloy,
They well up as from a fountain, they are copious tears of joy.
It is sad of course to part with broken and unbroken verse,
But (your pardon if we say it) their companionship is worse.
In the words of good Aeneas, words of wisdom, words that fit
Our deep feelings at this moment—"meminisse juvabit,"
Yes, the memory of our struggles with the nouns that end in—ix
Will be like to balm of Gilead, when we get into a fix.
Homer Tully, Virgil, Sallust, farewell now, and sad farewell—
Some emotions are too sacred for a doggerel rhyme to tell.*

D. ARELLANO, '91.





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

JUNE, 1888.

Following in the footsteps of our illustrious predecessors and imitating their high example, we take occasion, here on

the editorial page, to say a parting word to our readers and subscribers. How shall we thank them fittingly for their kind words of encouragement, which came to us like blessed sunshine after rain. Even now their names and the delicate wording of their letters come unbidden to our lips. We can only confess that if success has crowned the labors of this year, it is owing in great measure to their encouragement. But we have not pleased all—who ever did? We have, moreover, displeased some—who has not? To our critics and to the critics of our brethren, the college editors, we in all humility dedicate the following:

BALLADE OF THE READERS AND THE RHYMERS.

O readers of poem and story,
O men of the critical mould,
Who make and unmake a bard's glory,
Your labors are easily told:
But scribblers of profitless ware,
But sowers who fruitlessly sow,
But builders of castles in air,
Your portion is woe.

O men of the masterful eye
To detect a small speck in the gold,
Who commend and denounce from on high,
Your labors are easily told:
But spiders who weave from within,
But authors in crude embryo,
But fishes *sans* tail-piece and fin,
Your portion is woe.

O Johnsons and Arnolds galore,
O critics, the new and the old—
(Heaven help us to some of your lore)
Your labors are easily told:
But Chatterton, Keats and the rest,
But flowers that fade o'er they blow,
But bardlets whom critics have blessed,
Your portion is woe.

ENVOY.

This ballade whoso mangle and maim,
Their labor is easily told:
But we who have written the same—
—The sentence is old.

* * *

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MONTHLY BULLETIN.

THE HEIR OF ASCENDUNE.

THE play produced on Rector's Day was a dramatized version of the historical tale of "Edwy the Fair" from the pen of the Rev. A. D. Crake and having for its object the illustration of the struggle between the "men of arms and the men of thought." In it we look back through the telescope of time and become actual witnesses of that long contest. Reading this play is like walking over an ancient battle field, silent and grass grown, but ridged with graves and showing still the arrangement of the troops that once struggled there in deadly conflict.

The life of Dunstan is closely interwoven with the ecclesiastical history of England. Few of us who have lived in comparatively quiet days can conceive the fierceness and violence with which that contest of might over right was carried on. All this conflict Dunstan saw and a great part of it he was. After being an object of unbounded praise among the monastic writers who alone, at that time, had the love and leisure for the composition of history, this man of surpassing genius, whose brilliant talents were excelled only by the sanctity of his life, has often been treated with unwarrantable harshness.

This play is intended incidentally to show the great ecclesiastic to the world in his true light. Not as many narrow minds would have us see him, a sorcerer versed in the black arts, a plotter after power, a man mighty only for evil, but as the master mind of his time, a zealous reformer whose cherished and only desire was to remove the deplorable scandal which had afflicted the church, and to see once more in England worthy successors to those saintly men who had first brought the Faith to her shores.

The character of the young king, Edwy the Fair, as portrayed by the author, is that of an impetuous youth who, although, through his youthful rashness, unequal to the needs of the time is yet brave as well as gentle, devoted to his friends, royal minded and true.

The other characters which are of primary importance are those of Redwald, Captain of the Hus Carles, a deep and almost unfathomable villain, the rival heir to Aescendune, Elfric son of the Thane of Aescendune, a naturally virtuous lad for whom Edwy has conceived a deep liking and persuaded to abandon a happy home full of religious influences for the court with all its attendant trials and temptations where he gave himself up, with his king, to a gay life of revelry, though we afterwards have the pleasure of seeing him return as a repentant prodigal to his home. Many pleasant things might be said, and said truthfully of the execution of the "Heir of Aescendune" but we leave the judging of its merits to those who have been fortunate enough to compose the audience. Its style and tone are irreproachable. We get the out lines of the story very fairly presented and the chief characters very adequately described. Some of the scenes are highly dramatic and possess a cur-

iously magnetic quality and are not easily effaced. The cast was well sustained throughout and although there were certain parts which might have been improved upon, the "Heir of Aescendune" can for many reasons be called a success.

The cast was as follows:

Prince Edwy, afterwards King of Britain.....	James G ary
Ella, Thane of Aescendune,.....	I. Bell Brennan
Elfric, the Heir, {	John E. Kelley
Alfred, His Brother, {	Sous to Ella.
Ragnar, their cousin, <i>alias</i> Redwald,.....	Master Walter Heffern
Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury,.....	Cornelius F. Orben
Father Cuthbert, {	John W. Heffern
Father Benedict, {	John C. McNeilly
	Two Monks.
Cynewulf, {	John P. Whelan
Elfgar, {	Chas. C. Marrin
Leofric, {	Nobles of Wessex. John A. Ryan
	John F. Farrell
Eadmir, {	William Callaghan
Guthred, {	Two of the King's body-guard.
	John H. Slevin
Oswy, {	F. Gaffney Taaf
Aulac, {	Serfs to Ella. Jos. P. Walsh
Oscar, {	Jas. P. McNally

Mr. James Geary is to be congratulated on his rendition of the part of *Prince Edwy*, a difficult character to play, and one that requires unusual tact to steer to success. He has one serious fault, however, in being somewhat stogy. He is steadily working himself to the front by his perseverance, and we have reason to expect great things from him, if he avoids the very natural faults to which he is subject. I.

Bell Brennan as *Ella, Thane of Aescendune*, was good, though perhaps not up to his usual standard of excellence. He did not act with that spirit which one has who has carefully studied out his part, who throws his whole heart and soul into it and becomes another being.

The part of *Elfric, the Heir*, was cleverly sustained by John E. Kelley, who deserves great credit for the plucky fight he made with that giant part. He was on the stage almost the entire time, but his strong voice held out well and he went through his long lines without the least show of lagging.

It would have been difficult to find a better representative of *Alfred*, Elfric's brother, than was Master Walter Heffern. He handled that character with ease and naturalness, and showed tenderness and power. The introduction into the play of the song which he so charmingly sang was one of the pleasantest features of the evening, and it was much regretted by the audience that, on account of the lateness of the hour, he was unable to respond to the hearty *encore* he received.

Mr. Cornelius F. Orben, as the passionate, dark-eyed villain *Redwald*, surpassed the expectations of his most sanguine friends. His was a part that demanded strong and forcible acting. The whole meaning of the play is in that character. If we do not get vengeance, vindictiveness, hate

—a true touch of character from him, the whole value of the play is gone. He gave that touch to it and did full justice to the part, although his occasional indistinctness marred a little the good effect his splendid acting and fine side-play would have made. Mr. John W. Heffern as *Dunstan* fortified the good impression he has always made on his hearers. He was, in our estimation, almost perfect in his part, though perhaps a little too sprightly for the composed and thoughtful King ruler. Yet we must confess that he acted the part admirably, and although it offered little opportunity for displaying spirited acting, it proved that he was not an actor of a single part, but could personate the character of a grave, saintly monk with as eminent success as that of an impetuous youth.

John C. McNeilly and John P. Whelan as Fathers Cuthbert and Benedict made two capital Monks and Messrs. Marrin, Ryan and Farrell rendered excellent assistance in the minor parts of *Cynewulf*, *Elfgar* and *Leofric*. They all three appeared nervous and anxious to finish their lines and be off. This fault, however, it is to be hoped, will soon wear away. Though only novices Messrs. Callaghan and Slevin comported themselves with the greatest ease and naturalness and showed, as did also Messrs. Whelan, Farrell and McNally, all debutantes, that the Dramatic Association could depend on them for future occasions. T. Gaffney Taaffe seized on the salient parts and did more than justice to the witty lines he had to deliver. The same may be said of Joseph P. Walsh and James P. McNally. While these three faithful scamps were on the stage the laughter never ceased.

F. J. WINGERTER, '90.

THE MAY DEVOTIONS.

The court never has, and probably never will witness such another ceremony as took place about the statue on the last evening of May. On the preceding evenings, the weather permitting, the grass plot within the walks was beautifully illuminated, First and Second Divisions gathering around and singing two or three hymns. But on the evening of May 31st the whole court was as bright with lights as at mid-day. Chinese lanterns were hung from building to building and geometrical figures were expressed in light so beautifully and appropriately withal, as to win the admiration of every one, except the devoted band from Second Division, who had planned the decorations. At 7.45 P. M. the divisions assembled as usual and waited a few moments for the arrival of the cadets. The volleys must certainly have been heard at Harlem bridge. After the salute of the cadets the whole assembly, Faculty and students, joined in chanting the Magnificat. Then Father Rector, from his place in front of the statue gave his last sermon to the students. We copy the following account from the *Freeman's Journal*:

The exercises of devotion in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by the students of St. John's College, Fordham, took this year a novel and most attractive form, and was in very truth the outpouring of the students' love. Instead of meeting in the chapel, the students every evening at 8 o'clock gathered around the beautiful statue of Our Lady in the court yard that separates the two divisions, to pay her their daily tribute of veneration.

The triangular grass-plot around the statue was decked with choice flowers and brilliantly illumined with candles and lamps,

each day arranged in some new device. The exercises consisted of singing and of a short prayer. The chorus of voices, as it rose in the still night air, reached the ears of distant dwellers in Fordham, and acted as a gentle reminder to many of Mary's Month, inviting them to lift their hearts to her and unite in spirit with the students' homage. On the last evening of May there was a most brilliant illumination as a grand *finale* to the exercises. Chinese lanterns suspended high in the air, and hundreds of burning candles, together with colored fires, made a most impressive scene of beauty. The cadets in uniform, and ranged in line in front of the statue, opened the closing exercises with several volleys of musketry; then a hymn was sung by the students, after which Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., late President of St. John's, and now Provincial of the New York-Maryland Province, addressed the students, and culled for them from their May devotions some golden maxims of conduct. An Act of Consecration to Mary was then read by the Vice-President, Rev. Father Cassidy, S. J., and thus was concluded the May devotions of 1888, which will abide with the students as one of the dearest memories of St. John's.

BASE BALL.

As all know, the career of the base ball nine has not been so triumphant this year as last. Many and various are the reasons given for the change of front. From our lofty watch tower in the sanctum we are peculiarly fitted for the work of noticing and measuring the changes and chances that happen below. We have had our editorial eye on the nine for the past month. We have listened to conjectures and plans with editorial patience, but we ourselves have ventured never a word. Now, however, that the time is ripe, we will proceed to explain. Whoever knows the science of base ball, knows also the chance of base ball. To-day a nine plays a remarkable game, judging from the printed score; to-morrow the same nine, in better condition, plays a wretched game. To make things concrete, take an example: The Rose Hills went down to Lafayette in good trim; they were beaten, 14 to 10; two weeks later a strengthened Lafayette team visited us and were defeated, 10 to 5. Another example: Lehigh comes up, and on our own good grounds wins by the score of 5 to 4: We go down to Lehigh and at the seventh inning the score is 13 to 1 in our favor. Now we do not mean to say that all games are won or lost by accident, but we do say that accident has a great deal to do with the winning and losing. How therefore can we decide on the merits of college teams? By their records in the long run. In a period of, say five years, chance will balance in loss and gain, and the result will be solid merit.

BLESSING OF STATUE AT ST. JOHN'S HALL.

On Sunday evening, June 10th, the new Statue of Our Lady at St. John's Hall was blessed with solemn ceremony. At 6. P. M. First and Second Divisions, chanting the Magnificat, marched down the avenue towards the church, where they were met by the cadets from the Hall. The whole body then wheeled into the play grounds. Rev. Father Cassidy performed the blessing, after which all entered the church, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

DECORATION DAY ENTERTAINMENT.

"The Merry Midgets;" or, "The Grasshopper and the Gobbler," an operatic extravaganza, presented by the students of St. John's Hall, on Decoration Day, was, without

doubt, one of the most delightful entertainments ever given on the Fordham boards. The time-honored hall was literally packed with the students and friends of the College, who must have greatly enjoyed the performance and admired the very creditable manner in which our liliputian friends acquitted themselves on this occasion. After some music by the orchestra, a tuneful choir from St. Francis Xavier's College sung a song, for which they received much merited applause. Master Edward Connell then recited the prologue in a very natural and pleasing manner. Immediately after, the curtain rose, and revealed a host of real, genuine grasshoppers standing in order on either side of their king, a corpulent, chubby-faced Sancho. At the feet of their oppressors sat the unfortunate midgets, who, after teasing the grasshoppers, were enslaved by them. We do not propose to enter into details, for it would take too long, but shall confine ourselves to a few remarks which we cannot conscientiously omit. Master Frank J. Byrnes, in the character of *Willie Winkle, a midget who teased grasshoppers*, covered himself with glory, his singing being especially praiseworthy. Master Hugh G. Gaynor, alias Mr. Grasshopper, *who sat upon the*

sweet potato vine and was gobbled down, and whose ghost afterwards appears, considering the bad state of his health, did remarkably well. Master Michael J. Reynolds, who took the part of *Mr. Turkey Gobbler, the murderer*—we don't blame him—of the *toothsome and slender creature*, succeeded in treading the stage with all the characteristic arrogance of a turkey proud of his feathers; but need we add, good readers, that Master Augustus J. Gallagher, *the grasshopper king*, looked as genuine a despot as any of the Bourbons. Perry's "Singing Lesson," by Masters Hoey and F. Gallagher, of St. Francis Xavier's, was undoubtedly worthy of the hearty encore which it received, while Master Eugene J. Lamb's recitation of "My Boy, in the Drill," also received a fair round of applause. Masters Clogher and Reardon carried off the honors of the gymnastic exercises; and in the drill of the rebellious midgets, we venture to award the prize to no one, as all did their parts perfectly.

In conclusion, let us tender Rev. Father Walsh our congratulations on the success of his enterprise for the benefit of the play-grounds of St. John's Hall.

A FRESHMAN.

A LETTER FROM OVER SEAS :

IN WHICH WILL BE FOUND MORE THAN LETTERS ORDINARILY CONTAIN.

Gentlemen of the Fordham Monthly :

YOUR favor of Feb. 10th came to me *a few days ago* ; which I hope will explain my failure to comply with your flattering request for a contribution "before March 3d." THE MONTHLY for February, which you mention, has not reached me. The reason of the delay is, that your letter was addressed to the Roman College; but the buildings of the Roman College have been "appropriated" by the Italian government, which has solved the "riddle of the painful earth" in a way eminently satisfactory to itself. So your letter and THE MONTHLY went there—we live across the way on a sort of Mount Nebo—and, like the preacher, who, when his hat, which had been passed around, came back empty, thanked the Lord that he got back the hat; so I am grateful for getting back the letter. THE MONTHLY has evidently been "appropriated"—one of the facts that tell so much more for the literary taste than the general honesty of the government.

Just now came addressed in the same hand THE MONTHLY for March which recalls me to my duty, and I sit down to send you a line—not *the* one though; this is a prefatory note, only intended for the private editorial eye. I'll begin it in a minute. I must do ("when you're in Rome," you know the proverb) as the Italian preachers, who first make the exordium, then sit down, take out their handkerchief, take a breath—among other things—and then launch into a stream of eloquence.

I will launch presently, as I see you have a corner for

"old boys" in THE MONTHLY. But before, (as this is all *sub rosa*) let me remonstrate with Mr. Arellano for saying Dante "had no head for politics!" that's a heresy; and as to Dante's being "moderately dressed," it always seemed to me from his portraits, etc., that he was rather overwhelmingly "dressed." And the mausoleum at Ravenna isn't a "mere tombstone," and—well I won't say any more, for the paper is *pars magna* of (what your modesty would not say in public) the very best college magazine I have met with—although I can hardly forgive him calling the medieval Florentine architecture "semi-barbarous." I wish we had more of that semi-barbarism in our own America. One thing more—Ask Mr. Taaffe not to be so hard on Mr. Spencer. I am quite sure he is not so very much down on the Greeks and "the beauties of the fine arts" after all. Mr. Daley's "Gaudia Veris" rejoices me. I was beginning to fear, looking through your pages, that for once the time-honored tradition was broken, that a periodical was published without at least one poem on Spring. Not only it rejoices—it inspires me. I send you another; not a Shakespearian—sonnet-form, but in the more ancient "*lay, ou plutost rondeau*" manner of Master, Francois Villon :

SPRING IN THE SANCTUM.

(After Villon.)

Spring!!! When Pegasus runs loose
Round Hellicon, thou'lt get small praise

From one whose mail-bag's packed with lays
And odes and ballads and the deuce
Knows all. The bardlet grows a nuis-
ance when thou smilest down the ways,
Spring!

And 'worse!—in thee, the ancient roos-
ter, phoenix-like, renews his days,
And figuring as spring-chicken, stays
More tough than Michaelmas goose,
Spring!

When there's a hiatus and three exclamation points, it signifies that the editor has indulged in as strong an ejaculation as is consistent with the character of a moral newspaper man. And now that I have evolved the above "lay" I find that the inspiration to write you something has oozed out like Bob Acre's courage at my finger-ends, and I must apologize for not being able to send you anything that can go further than the editorial eye.

However, I shall do better when you tell me more or less precisely what sort of contribution you want—what subject and how long or how short—all very important points. If there be anything hereabouts that you would like a few jottings upon, I shall be glad in my first moments of leisure to give you my own private impressions thereof. I was tempted to send you a few notes on "Grub Street," a hallowed place for all that have ever haunted Hellicon, or Parnassus, or Bohemia. Last summer I made a pilgrimage to it to pay my respects to the ghosts of the "poor-devil" authors who have made it famous, and if I should find any living ones there, to give a penny to Belisarius. In parenthesis, I didn't find any, there were only two people in the street, one an elderly person, so contented and sleek that he could not possibly have been a "literary feller," and the other, a young blade, on a spree, singing "We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do," etc. *That* settled his identity also. So I found no one. Still, I made some reflections. I don't send them to you, for a reason; it is this: I drew an inference from the odor of your note that allusions to Grub Street would not be appropriate. I think it is Mr. Grant Allen who says this world to some animals is not only a world of sights but also a world of scents. I belong, in a mild way, to that kind of animal. I recognized the delicate scent, which was still strong enough to overcome the fumes of villianous Italian tobacco. It gave me that sort of sensation of having been there before, which Plato uses for proving the pre-existence of the soul. It was cake! Just the odor which fills the desk and perfumes the papers of the young gentleman who rejoices—sometimes, as I remember, his friends do the rejoicing for him—in the possession of a pound-cake. If your delightful note came from the editorial *sanctum*, what strong intrinsic testimony that odor bore to the high prosperity of THE FORDHAM MONTHLY! I know something of editorial life in the Wild West, and I can tell you that there the editorial existence is not sustained by pound-cake. That's why I refrain from Grub Street moralizing, for, as Faulconridge says, prosperity has nothing to do with adversity.

But apart from the preponderance of cake in your *sanctum*, you have reason for self-congratulation. THE MONTHLY, as far as I can judge from the only number I have been

favorred with, is immensely superior to the other college papers. There is a certain artistic completeness about it that does you great credit.

You know I feel a sort of paternal affection for *The Monthly*, for I might have been its progenitor *in diebus illis*. We were very anxious to have a paper, but poor Fr. Treanor, who was then vice-president didn't take kindly to the project. Our character for law and order was not as high as it deserved to be with the authorities, and I think they imagined the paper would be a little engine of revolution; anyhow, they were not in favor of a fourth estate in these times, so David couldn't build the temple. It is a consolation to reflect that it could not have been done as well then as you have done it since.

I send you something to show my good will, and if you like malay verse forms, it's at your service, of course *anonymously*. I don't suppose you have any students of Victor Hugo in Fordham this year, still you may be acquainted with the

PANTOUM.

(A commentary on a poem of Tennyson).

"I stood on a tower in the wet
And an old year and new year met."

—Tennyson.

I stood on a tower in the wet,
Like another remarkable poet;
The thought sets me shivering yet—
It was very imprudent, I know it.

Like another remarkable poet
I tried it and thought it romantic;
It was very imprudent, I know it,
For the wind and the rain both were frantic.

I tried it and thought it romantic,
I don't think I'll try it again,
For the wind and the rain both were frantic—
I was very poetic then.

I don't think I'll try it again:
I find that romance doesn't pay,
I was very poetic *then*,
I was very prosaic next day.

I find that romance doesn't pay,
It begets the rheumatics and chills;
I was very prosaic next day
With a prospect of doctor's bills.

It begets the rheumatics and chills,
And worse still, a cold in the head—
With a prospect of doctors' bills,
When you're poulticed and packed up in bed.

And worse still, a cold in the head,—
It's the very essence of prose
When you're poulticed and packed up in bed
And when you must speak through your nose!

It's the very essence of prose
To have rain dripping into your shoes,
And when you must speak through your nose
It means a divorce from the muse.

To have rain dripping into your shoes,
 Within and without to be drenched,
 It means a divorce from the muse,
 For your once ardent flame gets quenched.

Within and without to be drenched,
 That's the cure for the bee in your bonnet!
 For your once ardent flame gets quenched
 When a very wet blanket's thrown on it.

That's the cure for the bee in your bonnet!
 It shows you how poetry's vain
 When a very wet blanket's thrown on it,
 And that's all the good of your rain.

It shows you how poetry's vain,
 How poets can tell taradiddles,
 And that's all the good of your rain,
 But it helps one to solve many riddles.

How poets can tell taradiddles!
 The thought sets me shivering yet,
 But it helps me to solve many riddles—
 I stood on a tower in the wet.

I suppose I should apologize for writing so wretchedly.
 I do. But time presses, and I couldn't write much better if I
 tried. With best wishes,

Yours very sincerely, '78.

[DEAR '78:—We accept your forgiveness by anticipation
 for printing this letter contrary to your wish. You intended
 it for the private editorial eye; now the private editorial eye
 has found immense pleasure in reading it, and feels a qualm
 of conscience (the metaphor grows mixed) at the thought of
 depriving our good subscribers of participation in the same
 pleasure. For your next letter take what subject you choose;
 all subjects, "at touch" of your pen, become interesting.—
 EDS.]

WISE WORDS FROM AN EX-EDITOR.

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly:

YOU may perhaps think that it has been through a want of appreciation on my part that I have so long neglected to avail myself of your kind invitation and privilege to see myself again in print in the columns of the MONTHLY. Such a thought would be an injustice to me. I write now to put into words a thought that comes to me on the sad occasion of the death of St. John's noblest son! Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, speaking of the late John R. G. Hassard, '55, has very truly said: "St. John's can, no matter what the future may bring it, have no greater achievement to look to than that it helped to make this noble man of genius what he was." And what he was is evidenced to the world by the many most beautiful tributes to his worth which have appeared in all parts of the land from the pens of those who had the best opportunities to judge of his powers as a critic, and man of letters generally, and of his character as a man. We all remember, and re-read with great pleasure, his charming little budget of reminiscences published in the MONTHLY of last year, and which is all the more precious now since it can never have a sequel from his hand. I trust I may be allowed to quote from it, because he has there written down a sentence which contains in one line a description of character which, we are told by those who knew him best, fits none so well as him. He is speaking of "St. John's" in the days of Father Larkin. "It seems to me," he wrote—the italics are mine—"as I look back at our life, that it was distinguished especially by good humor and high-mindedness. The students hated everything mean, and they could not bear a liar. Father Larkin's service to us was in the development of character. Perhaps nobody could tell just where he touched our course of training; but nobody who lived under him could doubt

that he taught us a hundred precious things not found in books. He moulded us. He showed us how to be *upright, honest, sincere, outspoken, brave, generous, courteous*; and if we did not all grow into true gentlemen, we learned, at least, to appreciate the virtues of that rank, and some of my classmates, I know, have never forgotten his lessons. I believe there was none of the students, from the youngest to the oldest, who did not owe him a great deal in the formation of character. That is the chief part of education; and Father Larkin excelled in it all men I have ever known." "Upright, honest, sincere, outspoken, brave, generous." Such was John R. G. Hassard.

William Winter, his associate on the staff of the *Tribune*, has written us a beautiful tribute in which we read: "He was a bright and gentle presence in the life of every man and woman to whom he was ever known. He lived a good life. He suffered patiently. He met his fate with humble resignation and firm composure. He set a noble example. He did his duty faithfully and well. . . . He was a devout man, rigid in his principles and exceptionally pure in his life; but he was invariably charitable, magnanimous and tender in his judgment of others. No human being was ever more quick than he to appreciate merit or to forgive frailty or palliate defect. He always meant kindly. He was much beloved. He is deeply mourned, and he will long be lovingly remembered."

This and like tributes are paid to him. The import of all is, that he was a man among men; such a one as Cardinal Newman would have picked upon as a shining example of his ideal gentleman. With all the noble qualities of the honest, manly character he united a sweet gentleness which made it possible to say of his criticisms as was said of the great Cardinal's controversies, that he put into them more of the spirit

of Christ than most men did into their prayers. The great living English writer whose years are in the sere and yellow leaf, and the quietly great American writer who has been called to his rest in the very blossom of his days, are two wonderful refutations of the very plausible saying that no man can stand up for truth boldly and effectively without making bitter enemies. Opponents, both had; enemies, neither. John R. G. Hassard was like John Henry Newman, too, in this, that in the very strictest meaning of words he was a true man. "His criticisms," we are told, "were absolutely honest"—a most precious tribute, and a most beautiful fact which will bear long pondering over in these days when much history and no little criticism is "a great conspiracy against truth;" when so many who should be "lights to the benighted" are more intent on promoting their individual reputation and belittling that of others than on spreading the reign of truth.

There is one mark of the true, honest gentleman which has been brought into public prominence lately in several instances. It was to notice some of these that I was prompted to write this letter. I speak of what our French brethren style the "*amende honorable*"—that manly public acknowledgment of an injustice or a wrong done by word or act which is oftentimes the only satisfaction it is possible to make. I have not used Mr. Hassard's name in this connection because he has never been obliged publicly to make such honorable retractation. His gentle carefulness in every line he wrote made this unnecessary. He once said to the leading Catholic publisher in America: "I have never written a line and I will never write a line to which I shall be ashamed to sign my name." And he was just as fearful of forming a rash judgment of men's motives and the meaning of their conduct as he was careful of his literary honesty. No one, however, who has gauged his character from the many earnest and sincere tributes of those who lived in his near presence or within the range of his influence can doubt that if he ever, in a moment of hasty forgetfulness, gave offence without warrant, he possessed abundantly the manliness which enables its possessor to freely make the *amende honorable*. Nor is this by any means an easy task. In all the list of words which human tongues pronounce, or pens of men indite, there is perhaps no combination to which it is harder to give utterance than this: "I was wrong." Pride—intellectual pride—is the last of all demons to be subdued completely; even by those whose endeavor is to subdue it first. And when a man has obtained such control over himself as to make it easy for him to say, in every case where the knightly honor of an honest gentleman demands it, "I was wrong; my judgment was in error:" and to willingly and gladly repeat this acknowledgment again and again, even before those of his own clientage—those who would fain believe he was *not* wrong—then he has progressed far in the path which leads to the perfection of manliness.

Very many of the readers of the *Monthly* will doubtless remember the example of this manly trait which was furnished us last year by the Irish patriot, Michael Davitt. I refer to his acknowledgment that he had done an uncalled-for wrong to Cardinal Simeoni by heated public remarks in New York. I do not recall the exact dates and other circum-

stances of the case, and I have mislaid my copy of his words of apology; but my remembrance of the affair is that his *amende* was complete and manly in the highest degree.

And now another prominent Irish patriot has done honor both to himself and the man against whom he had said things "harsh and cruel;" and harshness and cruelty are never *necessary* in man's dealings with man. Mr. William O'Brien was in Birmingham on last St. Patrick's Day. What follows I quote from a letter of the "Member of Parliament" who writes the London correspondence to the *New York Freeman's Journal*. "The welcome which was accorded to Mr. O'Brien on his visit to Birmingham must have been very gratifying to that gentleman and to the party he represents. Rarely in the history of Birmingham has such a demonstration been held in honor of a politician. A distinguishing feature was the crowd of leading men of all denominations—Catholics, Protestants, Quakers and Dissenters—by whom the chairman was supported; and as Mr. O'Brien rose to deliver his address, he received an ovation which was subsequently described by him as 'one of the most marvellous scenes of welcome and enthusiasm that ever thrilled the heart of man.'" In this same letter we read, concerning the main topic—Irish politics: "When the future historian of these eventful and stirring times comes to write his chronicle, one of the hardest tasks he will have will be to draw a faithful and complete picture of that strange bundle of animated nerves, known as William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*. It is not half a dozen years since he was overturning the stones of Dublin Castle and exposing to the light of public infamy the filthy, crawling vermin that formed such a congenial abode there. A little later he began that lonely duel with the Castle over Lawson's hanging juries, and the iniquities of Bolton's packed panel system. All this, too, under the Spencer *regime*; yet, on last Saturday he got up at Birmingham, and in the presence of 3,000 people assembled in the Town Hall to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, said of this same Spencer:

But my memory does remind and does rebuke me for having said harsh things, much more harsh and cruel things than were ever said of Mr. Bright, of another great Englishman—Earl Spencer. And Earl Spencer has taken the noblest vengeance that ever fell to the lot of man. For my part, so far as I am concerned, and I have never cringed to mortal man, I fought Earl Spencer as hard as any man living, and in the same set of circumstances I should fight him just as hard again; but I tell you candidly from what I have seen of Earl Spencer, from what I have known of Earl Spencer's career since he quitted Ireland, I would black the boots of such a man, and I would think it no dishonor."

The third instance has a touch of pathos in it. The picture is one that is always sad. The writer of bitter and resentful words stands before the open grave of his friend—suddenly dead—against whom the words were written, and whose dead ears cannot now hear the earnest words of self-accusing regret. The circumstances are well-known. Mr. Matthew Arnold contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* a paper on Civilization in the United States. The paper was kindly critical, but liberal, just, and, as was only to be expected from Mr. Arnold, refined in observation. He con-

ceded to us all that the sober-minded among us claim for ourselves—even more. He had words of praise for our political institutions; for the social condition and character of the people; for the chances of the earnest and industrious of our poor and what is sometimes called the common people to rise to eminence in every sphere; for the education and culture that abounds among us; and for the sweet charm of manners of the women of America. But because, forsooth, he did not believe that American newspapers had reached the perfection of journalism; because he couldn't forget his hobby, but while bestowing on us great praise for our material prosperity and social conditions, insisted that our civilization in the things of spirit should be measured with that of classic Greece; and because, our civilization, when so gauged by his measures, was not found and proclaimed by him, superior, a hueandery of angry criticism was raised against him. We have become so accustomed to our own boasting that we forget that we have faults, and we are unwilling to believe that an Englishman—no matter how well-meaning, and how well-fitted he be—is privileged to tell us of them. The most widely printed attack upon Mr. Arnold was that of Mr. George W. Smalley, "G. W. S.," the London correspondent of *The New York Tribune*, and a personal friend of Mr. Arnold. It was given general currency by the Associated Press, and was made the text for many another attack from the pens of those who could not plead the same excuse as "G. W. S.," for their heated criticisms of Mr. Arnold's paper. The English writer was pained at the tenor of Mr. Smalley's criticism.

"Arnold, himself (writes Mr. Smalley in the *Tribune* of May 8th), thought I was unfair to him, as I thought he was unfair to us. Perhaps, to some little extent, my dispatch seemed the more unfair, because of the office head lines. But with or without the head line, it would no doubt have seemed to him unfair. He saw for the first time the points he had made against us collected together, and the friction of each against the other sharpened them all. I sent him my dispatch as I was bound to do, and amid all the regrets which darken these last few days, it is a delight to know that his friendship for me remained the same. He wrote me as follows:

4 BUCKINGHAM GATE, S. W., April 13.

My Dear Smalley :—I don't think the "nice" Americans ought to take to themselves what I say about the shortcomings in the life of their Nation, any more than the "nice" English what I say about short-comings in the life of ours, but I was determined to say at some time what I thought of the newspapers over there and of the prevalent "greatest nation on earth" strain, and I am not without hope that it may do good.

I think you will end by judging this article of mine less unfavorably.

Ever truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The sentence or two which I have omitted are even more kindly in the tone to me than the rest, and I cannot print them. The rest of it I print for the pleasure it gives me to share with my friends at home this last message from him, and in justice to him. For the general judgment I formed and expressed upon his "Civilization in the United States" I cannot depart, but if there were a word in it which pained him

as coming from a friend, I would give anything to recall it.

There are many words which pain me as I look through all I have said—resentful words which add nothing to the force of the protest I wanted to make, but weaken it. I do not explain to myself how I came to use them, nor forgive myself for using them. If he had lived it might have been no great matter; a blow given or taken is soon forgotten. But never does the *irrevocable verbum* seem so hopelessly beyond recall as when the shadow of death has fallen upon him of whom it was said."

Mr. Smalley then goes on to quote passages from Arnold's letters to him which show high respect for American opinion. In a letter on his return from America in 1885, referring to something which had pleased him in the *Tribune*, Arnold says:

"To be sure, I have had so long a stage of what Dr. Johnson calls 'wholesome neglect' that perhaps notice and kindness in the end of my days will not spoil me. Kindness from you I have had always."

Mr. Smalley says of this: "I print the last sentence, because, alas! it reads to me now like a reproach."

I trust, Messrs. Editors, that you will forgive me for my long and frequent quotations in this rambling letter. I have copied the foregoing citations because they tell their own story better than I could. Nor do I think that any comment on them is needed. I do not doubt that the readers of the *Monthly* will find the same pleasure in reading of the incidents they tell of that I have enjoyed, and will feel the same encouragement to like manly action.

True manliness and proper conduct is ever admirable. Nor is that culture to which Matthew Arnold was so devoted to be despised. Of course, as Catholics, we know that it need not and can never be to us what it seemed to be to the English critic—his only religion. To us it can never be an end. But a means, it can and should be. It has always had its proper appreciation at St. John's, where the formation of character which, as Mr. Hassard has truly told us, is the chief end of education, has been aimed at first of all. For Father Larkin lives in his successors, who teach, as he taught, "a thousand precious things not found in books"—character, true refinement, real culture. With all my memories of latter-day "St. John's" still fresh within me, I take pleasure in saying, as Mr. Hassard said of the "St. John's" of his time—if I may be allowed to write myself down in the same sentence in which he is named—that "we were moulded there; that we were shown how to be upright, honest, sincere, outspoken, brave, generous, courteous; and that if we do not all grow into true gentlemen we have learned at least to appreciate the virtues of that rank." It is because of this appreciation that I have dared to write this letter on the occasion of the death of an elder foster-brother, and one of the gentlest of true gentlemen, trusting that the sons of St. John's who have considered that foster-brother's life and character, and resolved anew to imitate them, may also read, not without profit, of the instances I have referred to, wherein was shown that trait of the perfect gentleman which John R. G. Hassard possessed—none the less because he was not often called upon to exhibit it.

CHARLES A. WINGERTEN, '87.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 13th, 1888.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM.



COLLEGE journalism has become an established and recognized fact. It has a history, high traditions and a glorious prospect. These considerations moved us, some time since, to inquire into the history of college papers, but our materials were so meagre that we postponed the undertaking till accident or Providence should throw in our way something out of which we might form a thorough account. There is, we think, no college, young or old, which has not at one time or other possessed a publication either printed or laboriously transcribed. We, ourselves, have in our *sanctum*, several samples of the latter class, one of which is, in our eyes, a marvel of penmanship, and a treasure of youthful fancy. The *Goose-Quill* was a weekly publication of fifteen pages, established and closed in the year 1855. We read it often and at each reading we feel sorry that these "mute, inglorious" pages have, for want of a printer, reached so few readers. After the *Goose-Quill* came *The Collegian*, a venerable sheet, and then the *Critic*, and so on till '82 when *The Monthly* appeared. Verily a history might be written on these incipient attempts at journalism; for each of them has a history, known only to the editors, who dwell mysteriously behind unfathomable *noms de plume* and labored manfully for the amusement of a few fellow-students. So we are quite sure that every college has had its *Goose-Quills* and *Collegians* and *Critics*. Dartmouth lays claim to the first printed college-paper, the *Gazette*, started in 1832 and mainly supported by Daniel Webster, who concealed his youthful identity under the pseudonym of *Icarus*. After Dartmouth's *Gazette* comes the *Yale Record*, whose first editors are now great men, among others, D. C. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University. Shortly after these brochures the printing press seems to invade the college world. College journals spring up like the warriors of Cadmus—their name is legion. To-day they have an honored place in the U. S. mail, they remove the feeling of isolation natural to colleges, they gladden the hearts of a myriad of students. Now we are an ex-man, and though we do sometimes take an unwarranted pleasure in saying funny things of our western friends, still we are proud of our exchanges. We sometimes fancy ourselves visiting the *sanctums* and watching the editors at work. Of late we have been wandering about quite extensively, north and south east and west. We have concluded that it is more satisfactory to have system even in a fanciful tour. So on a beautiful June morning we get ready and take an express train for the *Xavier's* sanctum. We find the *Xavier* man busily engaged writing a letter to himself. After some persuasion he consents to accompany us; so, without more ado we take the day boat up the Hudson and in shorter time than the boat travels we are in the sanctum of the *Troy Polytechnic*. The editor receives us very kindly and even goes to the trouble of explaining to us in what particular way the "Polyisms" are funny; whereat we laugh and confess to him that for a whole year we had worked at this problem. We then broached the subject of the trip to the Polytechnic man; he readily approved of the plan, and grasping his solitary eye-glass and theodolite he started off with us. Traveling rapidly, we soon came within sight of Suspension Bridge, within the hallowed precincts of which dwelleth the *Niagara Index* man, a

veritable wivern whom we longed to lay eyes on. But *Xavier* positively refused to enter the sanctum until *Index* had come forward and made an apology, which determination we communicated through the key hole; there issued a loud and good-humored laugh from within, and forthwith the door flew open, disclosing the benign features of the *Index* man. There too, stood the "Table," a stout, time-worn mahogany heirloom. After a few moments spent in pleasant conversation, *Index* made ready to depart with us. It is determined unanimously to invade New England. We, therefore, take the air line for Trinity, where we find the pitcher of the base ball nine holding forth to his men on this thesis: a ball player cannot be a *dude*, neither can a *dude* be a ball player; whereat the short-stop grows uncomfortable. After a walk about the grounds we are introduced to the sanctum and to the *Tablet* man, who enters heartily into our scheme, upon assurance that our trip will be more successful than that of the nine. Away we go, direct for Williams, where we discover the *Williams' Weekly* man buried under a heap of manuscript; we rescue him, revive him, and take him along. Our next stop is at Boston College; on entering the *Stylus Sanctum*, we hear the editor singing, with great satisfaction, the new college song, for the composition of which he has given twenty-five dollars. With little persuasion *Stylus* is induced to accompany us. Next stop *Sunbeam*, Whitby, Ontario. Before entering the sanctum we caution *Niagara Index* to be on his good behavior. The exchange editress is busily engaged writing a rebuke to the *Tuftsian*. *Sunbeam* cannot be a member of our party. Whitby soon fades away, and, lo! we are in Pennsylvania—Swarthmore College—natural habitat of the *Phoenix*. The *Phoenix* man greets us with an invitation to join his new Press Association, but we insist on his joining our traveling Association, which he does after saying "good-bye," to the associate editress. Swarthmore and Haverford dwell side by side "Arcades Ambo." Sometimes they disagree upon the result of a football game, but otherwise their intercourse is altogether brotherly. The *Haverford* sanctum is just large enough to hold all our party. After a short rest we turn our faces Westward, towards Lancaster, home of *The Student*. When within five miles of the sanctum, we readily discern the very red cover of *The Student*. Everyone congratulates the editor on the late improvements in his paper; he, himself, smiles in return and then takes the *Stylus* man aside to explain away some passages in the article on "The Thirty Years War." What rumble and roar is this? Can it be the *Lehigh* cheer? Sure enough, it is. The *Burr* has gotten news of our coming and is preparing to receive us. As we approach Bethlehem we distinguish the form of the base ball manager waving his arms like a wind mill. As soon as all have entered the sanctum we rise to a man and give three cheers for good-natured Lehigh. Just here a dispute arises as to our next stopping place. We, ourselves, insist on Lafayette; but the *Burr* man declares that he is physically unable to climb the hill; whereupon we volunteer to carry him up. What a terrible hill and what a terrible burden! Still we walk on manfully and are rewarded in the end. The Lafayette man is engaged writing letters to the Alumni, we arouse him, make *Burr* shake hands with him, and then rest. Afterwards we are treated so hospitably that eternal friendship is pledged to Lafayette by each and every one of us.

* * * * *

Good reader, we have been one whole week on the prairies of Iowa, searching for Fayette College; the *Polytechnic* man has used his theodolite in vain. At last we give up in despair and start for Notre Dame, where the *Scholastic* tries to convince us that we are not in the Wild West; we look incredulous and take him along. After hurried, short visits to all the western and southern colleges, we conclude that it is high time to return to Fordham and scatter.

On our way back we take in Georgetown, where we find the editor of the *Journal* writing, by anticipation, a grand account of the coming centennial celebration. He is easily persuaded to join us.

And here we are in Fordham at last, one hundred strong. The *Sinctorum* is much too small; so we proceed immediately to the campus where seats have been arranged and refreshments prepared. Then we, the ex-man of THE FORDHAM MONTHLY, filled with eloquence at the sight, stand up and say: "Gentlemen! (cries: hurrah!) What a glorious sight! (very demonstrative cheering.) Shall such a gathering ever again grace such a field? (cries: yes! Of course!) We should be proud, (we are! we are!)—Here the noise becomes so loud that we, ourself, sit down and listen to entertaining speeches by *Niagara Index*, *Scholastic*, *Lafayette*, *Burr*, etc. After the speeches and refreshments we part with our good friends whose company we have enjoyed so much, whom we now bid a long farewell:

Notre Dame Scholastic, *Our Monthly*, *Academy News*, *Fayette Collegian*, *College Student*, *Kentucky Deaf Mute*, *The Student*, *The Troy Polytechnic*, *The Lafayette*, *The College Argus*, *The Crank*, *Ave Maria*, *Kentucky University Tablet*, *The News Letter*, *The Sentinel*, *Concordiensis*, *St. Joseph's Echo*, *The Atlantis*, *The Student*, *St. Viator's*

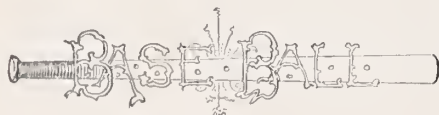
College Journal, *The Xavier*, *De Land Collegiate*, *The Sunbeam*, *Niagara Index*, *The Varsity*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *L'Etudiant*, *Haverhill Life*, *Association Notes*, *The Spectator*, *High School Bulletin*, *Swarthmore Phoenix*, *High School Journal*, *College Index*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *Irish Monthly*, *College Journal*, *The Stylus*, *The Burr*, *High School World*, *College Speculum*, *The College Messenger*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Institute Journal*, *The Western Maryland College Monthly*, *The Educational Review*, *The Academy Echo*, *Stray Shot*, *Chironian*, *Woman's World*, *University*, *The Writer*, *The Way Bill*, *High School Times*, *The Phisigma Magazine*, *University Argus*, *The Crescent*, *County School Council*, *High School World*, *The Academe*, *The Deltan*, *The Owl*, *The Cadet*, *Res*, *Academicus*, *The Classical*, *The University News*, *The Brunonian*, *The Oberlin Review*, *The Union Review*, *The Academy Monthly*, *St. John's University Record*, *The Irish Echo*, *The Old and the New*, *The Central Luminary*, *The Academy Belle*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Bay State Amateur*, *Embeonian Lassell Leaves*, *Oak*, *Lily and Ivy*, *The Hobart Herald*, *The Academician*, *Bellevue College Star*, *D. H. S. Items*, *The Volunteer*, *High School Stylus*, *Seminary Tatler*, *Peddle Chronicle*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Trinity Exponent*, *Woman's Magazine*, *Williams' Weekly*.

ORGANIZATIONS.



Lawn Tennis has grown very popular this year. The court has been moved to a more convenient locality, where the players have the advantage of being seen and applauded by both First and Second Divisions. The members are:

Amy, '88, President.	McNally, '90, Treasurer.	
Wright, '90, Vice President.	Kelley, '89, Secretary.	
Blun,	Honey,	McRae,
Callaghan,	Kirby,	Quinn,
DeBrackalaer,	Manning,	Straub,
Farrell,	Majos.	Whelan.



The Rose Hills of '88 have not been quite so successful as in former years. Still it is a consolation to know that defeat sits as well on them as victory. The record of games will be found in the supplement.

Blun, '89, President.	Keane, '90, Treasurer.
Kieran, Captain, 2nd B.,	Gillon, 1st B.,
Simpson, C.,	Carmody, P.,
Callan, 3rd B.,	Danaher, S. S.,
Sweeney, L. F.,	Clare, C. F.,
Orpheus, R. F.,	



Here are the names of the men who, in early autumn, left the campus on Thursdays "soiled with noble dust":

Kieran, F. B.	Gillon, H. B.	Danaher, R.
Carmody, C. R.	Reilly, G. K.	Mermoud, R.
Shea, E. R.	Hanrahan, E. R.	Cushion, Q. B.
Marrin, R.	Newton, R.	



The dark days immediately before mid-winter examinations were materially lightened by the efforts of the members of the Glee Club, for which we gratefully subscribe their names:

Shea, President.	Blun, Vice President.
Kernan, Secretary.	Howley, Treasurer.
<i>Soprani</i> .—Hopkins,	<i>Alti</i> .—Donovan,
Weir,	Marrin,
Callan,	McNeillely,
Kelley,	Blun.
Reilly.	
<i>Tenori</i> .—Heffern,	<i>Bassi</i> .—Orben,
Maguire,	Brennan,
Donnelly,	Howley,
Orpheus.	Shea.



The familiar strains of the single tune executed by the banjo men is still in our ears. Here are the names of the men who played the tune:

Blun,	Boylan,	Majos,	Callaghan,
Timpane,	Kirby,	Newton,	Hanrahan,
Gillon,	Simpson,	Fortescue,	McKeown,
Heffern,	McNally,	Wright,	Callanan.



The athletic meetings of the present year were remarkably exciting, several local records having been broken. More interest is being taken in running, a fact which will certainly tell in favor of next year's nine.

Shea, President.	Quackenboss, Treasurer.
Livingston,	Sweeny,
Fortescue,	Blun,
Newton,	McKeown,
Donovan,	Callan,
Mitchell,	Danaher,
Majos,	Orpheus.
Kieran,	
Carmody,	
Gillon,	
Reilly,	
Godfrey,	
Keane,	



The new Toboggan slide afforded so much amusement and healthy exercise during the winter, that we notice it here to the praise of the projectors of the scheme and the builders of the same.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

C. A. GILLON, '88.

THE great event of the month was the promotion of Rev. Fr. Campbell, president of the college, to the Provincialship of the New York-Maryland Province. Fr. Campbell leaves the college with the good wishes and regrets of all.

—At the reading of marks for May the whole college assembled in First Division study-hall, where, after the distribution of testimonials, a farewell entertainment was given Fr. Campbell. Messrs. Blun and Keane read addresses; Messrs. Orben and Heffern gave a dramatic selection; F. J. Donovan and J. Boylan presided at the piano. Fr. Rector responded in a touching speech.

—The tennis tournament is waxing more exciting every day. Wright and Kelley, and Blun and Kirby are leading, according to the latest bulletin.

—The electric lights are now in full blast all over the college. The improvement is very noticeable in the study halls. Under the gas regime the heat was sometimes insufferable during the latter days of June, a time when, in view of examinations, coolness is especially necessary.

—The Philosophers passed their written examination in *moral* and *metaphysics* on June 10th. Before this issue appears they will have given a public disputation in Latin before a large number of invited guests. Messrs. McClintock and Shea are the defenders: Messrs. Gillon, Hopkins, Reilly and Kirby are the objectors. The examination for the Hughes' medal took place on June 8th.

—Quackenboss, '89 and Livingston, '90 have lately been winning laurels in the athletic line. The former has received an invitation to join the Manhattan Athletic Association, while the latter took second place in the running high jump, at the meeting on Decoration Day.

—The Midget performance on Decoration Day brought to the college many old boys. Messrs. Giddings, Plunket and Hendricks were among the number.

—We learn from one of the Troy papers that E. McTammany, an old student, was married last month. John Aspell, M. D., '83, was best man.

—The cadets have been receiving the hundred-fold reward for their disagreeable winter drill. On May 29th, the officers visited Blackwell's Island, at the invitation of Commissioner Brennan,

whose son is 1st corporal in Company A. The day following they spent at "Montrose," the beautiful residence of Licut. Squiers.

—The closing of the May devotions on the evening of the 31st was a memorable occasion indeed. The court and surroundings were alive (if the expression is allowable) with Chinese lanterns and all manner of lights. The four volleys fired by the cadets sounded, in the still night air, like several violent explosions. Father Campbell's address at the end was very touching and appropriate.

—The June devotions to the Sacred Heart have been going on for some time. The apostleship of prayer is now thoroughly organized on all the divisions. On Sunday, June 3d, Mr. Mulry, S. J., local director, gave a sermon in the chapel, explaining the peculiar object of the devotion.

—Examinations begin on the 22d. The usual excitement prevails. The day fixed for Commencement is June 27th. Everybody is looking forward to it, and no one more anxiously than the inditer of "Fordhamensia," who now lays his pen aside and bids a long farewell to journalistic duties.

SECOND DIVISION.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

—Our sodality, urged on by the untiring spirit of its worthy Moderator, has been at work spreading the devotion of the Sacred Heart during the greater part of the year. It is needless to say that our efforts have been crowned with success and that nearly every student of St. John's is now enlisted in the glorious band of the lovers of the Sacred Heart.

—On Thursday, June 7th, Second Division Sodality held its third annual reception. Mr. Arthur Nicholson was received as postulant, while Messrs. F. McSorley, E. Bertier, A. Lopez, Thomas Burke and N. Kane, were enrolled on the list of actual members. After mass had been celebrated, Rev. Father Freeman, S. J., at the instance of our Moderator, addressed a few words to the Sodality in general but especially to those who had just been received as members. The officers of the Parthenian and of the Third Division Sodality were present.

—Early in June F. P. Donnelly '90 was suddenly called home to his step-mother's death-bed. Frank has the sincere sympathy of each and every one of us.

—Some time ago a base ball nine, hailing from the neighborhood of Harlem, came up to cross bats with the "Actives;" so they did, and soon found that they were no match for us. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 49—3.

—On Sunday, May 27th, the Invincibles played a match game with the Manhattans of New York City, and succeeded in scoring

another victory. The visitors were first at the bat, and the Invincibles' pitcher twirled the sphere very effectively, pitching ten balls nine of which were strikes. On the other hand the Invincibles batted in four runs one of which was earned. After the first inning, however, the game lacked that snap which rivets the attention of an audience and would have been entirely void of interest but for some sharp fielding on the part of the visitors and some heavy batting by our boys. The batting of Lauer, Hart and Cumer, and the fielding of Lalor and Daly are worthy of high praise. Appended is the score by innings:

Invincibles.....	4	2	1	2	2	1	1	0	x—13
Manhattans.....	0	0	2	1	1	0	1	1	x—6

Earned runs, Invincibles 3; two base hits, Laner; double plays, Manhattans 2; base hits, Invincibles 17; Manhattans 6; errors, Invincibles 5, Manhattans 9; struck out, Invincibles 7, Manhattans 20. Umpire, E. Weir; scorer, A. Clogher. Game called at 5:45 p. m.

—The long expected game between the Tyros and the Primroses was played on Thursday morning, June 7th, at the old Tyros' base-ball grounds. It was the small boys' game from start to finish, as Umpire Mr. Kieran favored the liliputs at every point. Only eight innings were played, and the score stood 23 to 17 in favor of the Tyros at the close of this inning. The feature of the game was Joe Faye's coaching. Should the Primroses undertake to play their rivals again, we would advise them to select an uninterested and impartial person for umpire.

—On Decoration Day the Auroras, of New York City, came up to play the Invincibles, and for the first time in many years the latter succeeded in shutting out a nine. At nine o'clock sharp a. m. our boys were out in their well-known base ball suits; and yet play was not called until half-past ten o'clock. The Invincibles opened the game, and by a single, a two bagger, two sacrifice hits and as many errors, succeeded in sending two men across the plate. The Auroras then came to the bat, but failed to score, being retired in one two-three order. The Invincibles failed to score in the second, and their opponents followed suit. In the third we added two more runs to our score; while for the visitors, Rowan, with two men out, managed to break the ice, reaching first on a single, but was put out attempting to reach second. The next two innings were blanks for either side; in the sixth, however, our boys managed to raise the score up to seven runs, while the visitors only succeeded in fanning the air in vain. The seventh saw the Invincibles' score once more and the Auroras defeated by a score of 8—0. At this juncture the dinner bell rang and it was mutually agreed to stop the game. Appended is the score by innings:

Invincibles.....	2	0	2	0	0	3	1—8
Auroras.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs, Invincibles, 2; two base hits, Carmody (2); base hits, Invincibles 10, Auroras 2; Errors, Invincibles 0, Auroras 7; Struck out, Invincibles 11, Auroras 15. Umpire, J. Fogarty, Scorer, A. Clogher. Time of game, 1:30.



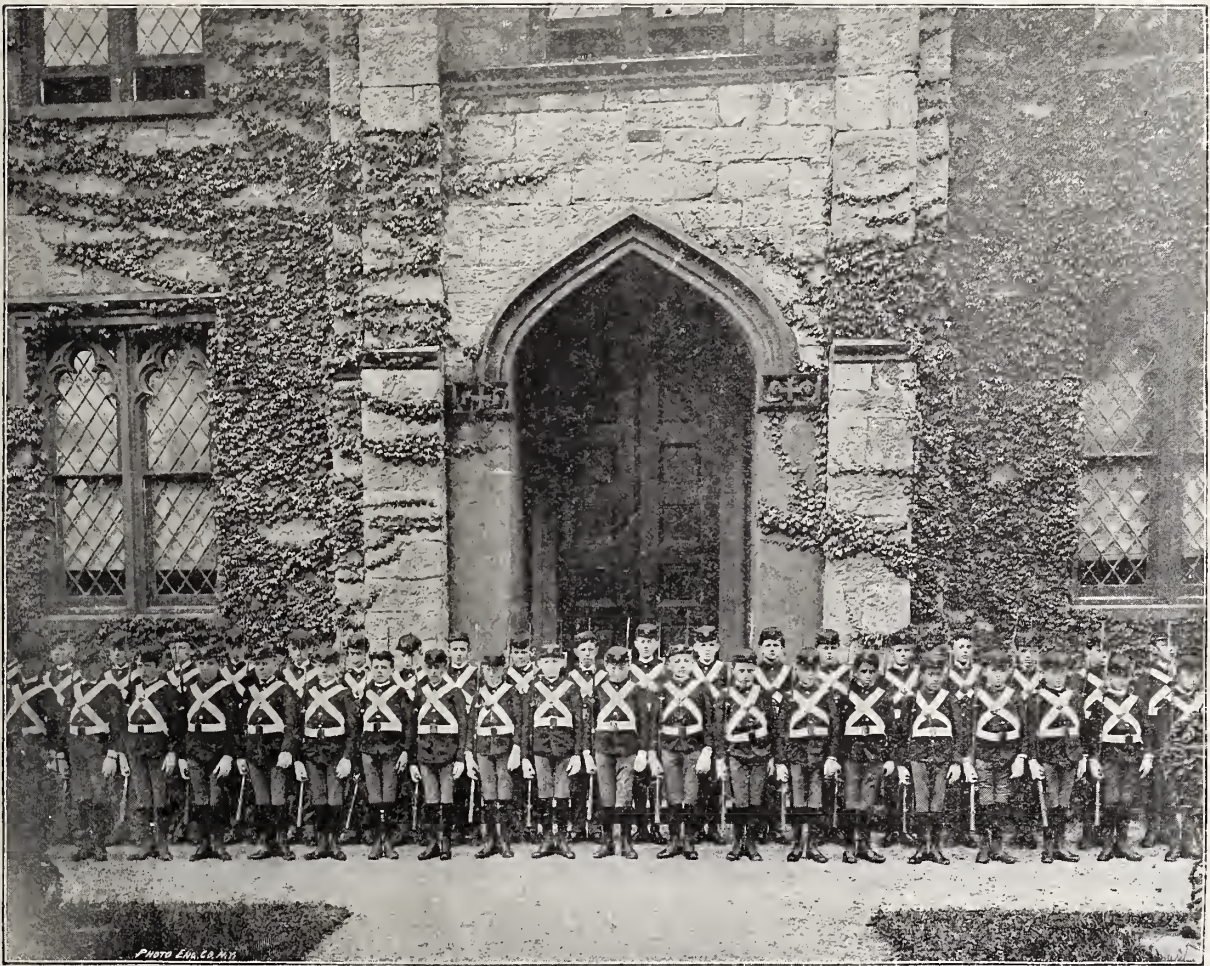


PHOTO L. H. M. 11



WHITHER, SUMMER?

WHITHER, Summer, with thy gladness,
Whither dost thou haste away;
Leaving all behind in sadness,
Fearful of the wanton madness
Of the cruel winter-day?

See the swallows southward flying,
And the lilies in the glen
Languidly and sadly sighing
As you pass away; and dying
Is the sunlight on the fen.

In the sunless, lonely bowers,
Out across the darkened plain,
Slowly droop the fading flowers,
Born of spring-time's early showers—
Passing with thy passing reign.

more began its attacks upon the liberties of the Colonists. The people were in despair. The only apparent means of relief had failed. Recourse was had to Carroll, and the great question that was agitating the public mind was put to him. "Since legislation has failed, to what other means must we resort?" "The bayonet," replied the patriot. The sequel proved the truth of his words.

His Catholic fellow-countrymen always had in him a defender of their rights. Though he was a patriot he never forgot the duty which he owed his church and many a time did he afford refuge to some fleeing co-religionists who even in free America was made a victim of the old inherited prejudices. Nothing perhaps would give a better idea of the esteem in which he was universally held than the fact that in Maryland where Catholics were not admitted to all the privileges of citizenship he was the regularly appointed representation of the people. It was he who championed their cause against Dulany, the hireling paid by the British to persuade the people that heavy taxes were a blessing, and it was he also who carried on the public contest to a successful issue.

It would be useless to go on relating the actions of Charles

Carroll. His deeds are too intimately connected with the growth and development of the country to need repetition here. The times in which he lived demanded of a man situated as he was a degree of courage rarely possessed, firmness as stable as a rock and caution equal to that of the wary Indian. Carroll was equal to the emergency. The contempt which was cast upon his fellow-Catholics did not prevent him from coming boldly to the front, participating in the councils of the embryo nation and giving the world a living example of a Catholic and an American patriot. Such is the character and such the deeds of a man whose ancestors were not among the passengers of the Mayflower but whose name is as closely allied to the Declaration of Independence as that of any other.

When peace was restored and the nation on its way to greatness, Carroll retired to his beautiful home, in the heart of his native state, where he lived to a good old age, the last of the great men who pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors" to stand or fall by the Declaration of Independence.

J. F. CLARE, '89.

A LETTER TO F. RUMKORF, OF CARLSBAD;

WHEREIN THE READER WILL LEARN SOMETHING OF THE GREENBRIER HILLS OF VIRGINIA.

MY DEAR RUMKORF: I have at last succeeded in getting myself to work on my long-promised letter. I have endeavored, in accordance with your request, to give you a description of this famous Virginia summer resort. Of course it is not yet so famous as Carlsbad, but in course of time I have no doubt it will outshine the slow old German place. After considering for some time the shape in which to put my letter, it occurred to me that the most satisfactory manner would be to give you a detailed account of a day's excursion here. Trusting that I may succeed in interesting you, I will begin.

The sun had not yet appeared above those lofty and noble mountains of Greenbrier when I jumped into my saddle and started for a long journey through the pathless woods and up the steep ascent of the mountains. The bracing air of the September morning, the pleasure which was sure to be found on such a journey, the pleasing aspect which nature herself bore, all made me anticipate a delightful time with no mishaps to mar the pleasure, and, with but few exceptions, my anticipations did not fail me.

By the time we reached the Greenbrier River the sun was in full sway, his glistening rays adding beauty to that already picturesque stream whose course, from day to day, lies right in the valley between the mountains; there it flows, that lovely sheet whose only song is of the beauty that surrounds it, whose only sigh is one of happiness as it murmurs past the fertile meadows which border its course.

We could not cross this pretty stream till we had given one last, enraptured look at the noble mountains, noting with enchanted eye the scenery which changed at every step nearer the river.

Only for the want of those ancient castles, my dear Rumkorf, I might well call the Greenbrier a rival of the famous Rhine, on whose banks we have so often sat together, you, with your profound treatise of philosophy, and I, with a gem of current literature.

At the suggestion of one of my companions, we again sprang into our saddles, and before long my good steed, Granger, had brought me to the hill which shelters the thrifty city of Lewisburg from all the molestations of the wintry storms, and allows only the soft zephyrs to creep in upon the peaceful inhabitants.

Now the subject of conversation changed from the rustic scenery which we had left behind us, and all were busy discussing about the future prosperity of Lewisburg, but not being able to withhold my curiosity any longer, I inquired as to the whereabouts of Lewisburg. "Over the hill," replied one of my companions. However, I knew all about Virginia miles, and contented myself with the thought that an hour's ride would bring us within sight of the famous old city.

At last we saw one or two houses in the suburbs, and immediately all of us shifted about for a good view before entering the city. Finally, having descended four or five hundred feet, we found ourselves in the city—such as the people around called it—consisting of a hotel, a few residences, a county jail, with standing room only, and that omnipresent institution, an undertaker's shop, the proprietor of which seemed to be vexed with the whole town, and on inquiring, he informed me that he had not waited on a customer for two years, and that Lewisburg was the slowest town on the face of the earth. I wished him better luck, and turned up Pump Street, where I met some old friends, whose appear-

ance, was, indeed, changed, but their hearts remained true and untouched by the hand of time.

Of course we were obliged to stay to dinner, and under that roof "Virginia hospitality" was at its height, and it was with feelings of regret that we once more mounted and headed for our destination, namely, "White Rock," a lofty peak of the Alleghenies, determined not to make any more halts, as the way was still long before us.

But the fates had decreed differently, as we discovered, much to our chagrin, for while we were moving slowly through the woods, the rusticity of the scenery suggested poetic thoughts to one of our party, and just as he had exclaimed, with the poet, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," Old Bruin put in an appearance—a large black bear with anything but truce in his eyes.

Instinctively both parties halted and viewed each other at a respectable distance, but Bruin, it seemed, wished to be more sociable, and advanced a few steps, when one of our fellow-travelers, overcome with fright, fired a load of shot at the unwelcome visitor. Of course the small shot served to infuriate the beast, and before we had time to load our pieces, the bear started a chase, and we, not wishing to be odd, joined in.

The pain and madness caused by the shot quickened the bear's speed, and it was all we could do to leave a small dividing line between. However, loss of blood told the tale, and old Bruin was forced to succumb. Immediately we halted and began a post mortem examination, rendering a verdict of suicide in the first degree.

When the excitement was over and we had deprived the bear of his hairy cloak, we turned our faces towards the sides of the mountains, with one companion missing; but it was generally believed that he had preferred to continue the chase, which was true; for, on reaching home, we found him, very inquisitive on the bear subject. He declared that his horse was going at such a break-neck speed that he thought it better not to check him, on account of which he found himself home before he could collect his terrified thoughts.

After arriving at the foot of the mountain, we tied our horses to the trees, and began the arduous ascent, making one step at a time and falling back three. Finally we reached the top, and, Franz, you should have been with us to enjoy the unrivalled beauty of the scene. There on one side were

the fertile meadows refreshed by the cooling waters of the Greenbrier or some tributary stream, and on the other were miles of rugged mountains, not so high as White Rock, and consequently admitting a grand view, and directly opposite us in a beautiful valley lay the White Sulphur Springs, that charming summer resort, the "Saratoga of the South," where hundreds upon hundreds flock, seeking the pleasures of Greenbrier. According to the register, last year there were three thousand guests, a number that can hardly be equalled in a place under one management. No sign posts need show the wayfarer the road to the "White," the characteristic odor of the sulphur spring having attracted the attention of travelers when at a distance of three or four miles.

For two long hours we feasted our eyes on the grand, sublime landscape which lay stretched out before us, but the shades of evening hovering about, warned us that it was getting late, and as we preferred making the journey under the light of day, we hastily turned towards home.

The journey down the mountain is considered by some more difficult than the ascent. It may be more difficult, but one certainly makes better time going down hill; in fact, one of our party traveled about half a mile down the mountain at an alarming pace, his feet touching the ground at every hundred yards. However, he managed to embrace a tree after his marvellous feat, and this stopped him considerably. All of us reached level ground safe and alive, and in a minute we were once more in the saddles homeward bound.

The ride home was very delightful; a full moon was shedding its silvery rays upon the peaceful country below, now wrapt in slumber, and nothing save an occasional hoot of an owl broke the stillness of the night.

The night air was very cool and agreeable after so long a jaunt on a warm day, and as our ride home was only a matter of a few hours, which passed like so many minutes, we once more found ourselves gathered around the sociable hearth, relating our experiences to an attentive audience.

I know, my dear Franz, that this is a long and tedious letter, yet the admiration which Greenbrier has won from me will never rest satisfied until written in words. This is my apology for such a long letter.

With best regards to the royal family,

I am, yours very truly,

ALAN G. BURROW, '90.

INSTAT AUTUMNUS.

Frugifer Autumnus, splendens velamine flavo,

Ecce venit, nobis gaudia multa ferens.

Vinea, gratuito flectens sub pondere fructus

Tangere jam falces ardet amore pio.

Cernit arator amans oculis undantia grana,

Sudoris tanti præmia digna quidem;

Colligit agricolæ natus jam gramina tenae,

Atque videns, gaudet, tam cereale solum.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

THE HOME OF EVANGELINE.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIR: I have lately passed some time in the vicinity of Grand Pré, the scene of Longfellow's beautiful poem, and I fancied that a description of the country, consecrated in literature, would not be uninteresting to you and your readers. I was the more anxious to write to you in view of the fact that a casual reader of *Evangeline* will invariably get a false notion of the topography of Grand Pré or Mines, as it is now called. I would invite the reader, therefore, to take ship with me at St. John's, New Brunswick, crossing the Bay of Funday, and sailing up past Digby, N. S., to the farthest extremity of the great bay. Here we are now in the Basin of Minas or Mines. And here, too, are we

"In the distant Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas ;"

Where

"Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley."

From our station on deck we have a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Immediately in front of us is a stretch of level land, somewhat sandy, watered by three streams, one of which is the Gaspereau, where the "British ships lay at anchor." To the left are low hills and on the right an elevation rising to the height of a mountain. This is Blomidon.

"And away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended."

Landing near the mouth of the Gaspereau, we walk leisurely up towards Blomidon and the hills to the North. The soil is, to all appearances, extremely fertile and in some places swampy, giving evidence of the fact that the river and the water in the basin often rise to unusual heights. No doubt some of your unsophisticated readers fancy that right here on the banks of the Gaspereau, *Evangeline's* house is still to be seen, and the forge of Basil the blacksmith, that still

"Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending
Rise from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment."

It is undoubtedly a cruel thing to dispel a pretty, youthful belief like this; still in the interest of historic truth, I must say that you would look in vain for Benedict's house, "firmly builded with rafters of oak," or the "smithy bursting with light." But to continue our journey. Following the course of the river we leave on our right the town of Mines, which some say is an evolution of Grand Pré. The beautiful stream flows down from the foot of Blomidon, and following its winding way we soon reach pine trees and hemlocks, which tell us that we are in the hill country. Looking ahead some distance we notice here and there clusters of venerable trees. Sure enough,

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, with garments green, indistinct in the twilight
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic."

* * * * *
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that
beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of
the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers?"

As we look back from our elevated station on the Basin of Minas and the few farm houses between, all the glamour of song vanishes like a mist at sunrise. But a deep, tender feeling rises in its place. British soldiery scattered the inhabitants of Grand Pré, and the hand of time has finished the work, in laying waste and obliterating the village itself. *Evangeline's* house is gone, and Basil's, and Father Felician's, "priest and pedagogue both, in the village." A happy community, with their long traditions and bright prospects, and pleasant homes, and sinless lives, has been blotted from off the face of the earth.

A short walk brings us midway up Mount Blomidon, whence we have a fine view of the surrounding country. Full in front of us is the Bay of Funday, an arm of the great Atlantic; to the left rests the sleepy town of Mines; to the right, the winding Gaspereau, with its tributary streams, and no where a trace or vestige of the forge or chapel or old Acadian farm house. While our eyes rest on this scene, we can readily fancy that,

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest."

It is worth the while to rest here for awhile on the mountain side and dwell on the poem which has immortalized this out-of-the-way place. Somewhere in the course of the story Longfellow says that one seldom meets an Acadian near the Bay of Funday in the land that was their birthright and patrimony. This is strictly true. In fact the little town of Mines abounds in Milesian names. Very, very rarely will you see a "Kirtle of Homespun" in these parts.

I have often wondered if there is any foundation for the poet's beautiful ending of the story, that *Evangeline* and Gabriel lie buried side by side in the "City of Penn, the apostle."

I cannot close this rambling, and, I fear, unsatisfactory sketch without transcribing a few of the closing lines of this beautifully tender poem.

"Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow
Side by side in their nameless graves the lovers are sleeping
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church yard,
In the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

—*Alumnus.*

THE JOYOUS HOUSE OF MANTUA ;

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN ACCOUNT OF THE MEDIEVAL SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL BOYS.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

IT has undoubtedly occurred to the reader of mediæval history that the schools of the Middle Ages must have had excellent curriculums to have trained such master minds as the golden age of Christianity can boast of and point to with pride. We presume, however, that he has not taken the trouble to confirm this, his opinion, by means of historical research ; and as we are restless busybodies, ever meddling with and intruding upon the affairs of our neighbors, we shall take the liberty to do the task for him, asking as our wages, nothing more than his pardon for our presumption.

Every age has its forte. The Middle Ages justly glory in the unparalleled degree of perfection which the study of the classics attained, in the same manner that this Nineteenth Century of ours boasts of doing everything with the rapidity of lightning.

In order to have method in this little paper, we will first dwell briefly on a famous mediæval school, known to all readers of history, and then say a word about the courses followed at mediæval schools in general.

At the time of which we write the Gonzaghi held rule in Mantua, and it was greatly owing to their liberal patronage of the arts and letters that the little school of the Casa Giojosa eclipsed the fame of the thousand other academies that then flourished throughout the whole of Italy. Called the "Joyous House of Mantua," it certainly deserved the title, for its surroundings were rich in woodland scenery, in groves, waterfalls, streamlets and lawns, beautifully laid out, where the schoolboy, book in hand was allowed to roam at will. The forest abounded in game, and hunting parties, in which the reader of Cicero and Plato often showed himself as capable of taking the part of Nimrod as of Crichton, were by no means unfrequent. Dancing, fencing and the manly art of self-defense would likewise leaven the rather tedious lectures on Plato and Aristotle. In short, the Casa Giojosa was a paradise, blessed with the learning of the ancient Academy at Athens.

Victorino da Feltre was at this time the director of the "Joyous House." His was a noble and whole-souled nature ; and, though the school was especially intended for the children of the Mantuan nobility, he contrived to make the poor also sharers of his godsent affluence. In those strange times, when every pedagogue viewed the renown of his comrades with a jaundiced eye, not a single voice was even lifted to near the good repute of da Feltre ; and lecturers on the ancient classics deemed it an honor to teach the elements of education at the "Joyous House" of Mantua. While Victorino made every endeavor to delight and amuse his pupils, he at the same time took care to banish from their midst whatever was akin to luxury, to repress coxcombry in dress, and to make of them refined young men, as ready to take up arms in defense of their country, as to take part in the social pursuits of life. Though he had few if any equals in learning, he especially excelled in training the hearts and mould-

ing the manners of all the young people who had the good fortune to approach near enough to him to feel the beneficial influence of his character. What Victorino taught by word of mouth was echoed by his actions, for shortly before his classes opened, he was always to be found in the hospitals of Mantua administering by word and purse to the wants of the sick and distressed. His charity knew no bounds, and we read that the good Marchioness Gonzagha once complained that he would never keep anything given to him by his friends, because he had no sooner received it than it went to satisfy the needs of those poorer than himself. And let it be said to Victorino's credit that although he has not left a single line upon any subject to be remembered by posterity, he *is* remembered and will be, so long as there shall be people in this world who hold dear the memory of those who have devoted their lives to the welfare of our race.

This illustrious man was on intimate terms with Guarino, a scholar of much learning, and consequently a lover of the ancient classics. Guarino tells in one of his letters that during a visit to his friend at the Casa Giojosa, Victorina presented to him the youngest son of the Duke of Mantua, who recited two hundred Latin verses of his own composition. Young Gian Lucido described the pomp with which the Emperor Sigismund had been lately received by the inhabitants of Mantua with such exquisite grace as to win the admiration and applause of the great scholar. Guarino furthermore tells us that his friend's young pupil had added two theorems to the geometry of Euclid—something admirable and more than praiseworthy in a boy of fourteen. Nor was Lucian the sole genius at the school, for his sister Cecilia, likewise a pupil of Victorino, was renowned throughout Italy for her acquirements, and afterward devoted her rare talents to the service of God, entering a convent of poor Clares, founded by her mother at Mantua.

To return to the immediate subject of this paper, we will now endeavor to give the reader a fair idea of the course of studies pursued at the little academy in Mantua by giving him a glimpse at the life led by students in nearly all the schools of the Middle ages. We shall venture, however, one or two words on the subject of class rooms and other minutiae, before we come to speak of what was done and studied within them. As a general rule, at the monastic schools the lectures and recitations were held in the cloisters. These meagre apartments present a strange and interesting contrast when compared to our modern lecture halls and class rooms, fitted out with all the comfort which luxury is capable of supplying. The strong and hardy constitution of the French and Gothic mediæval schoolboy was unaccustomed to study in class rooms furnished with patent stoves to drive out the winter's cold ; and it was not until the fifteenth century that school rooms came to boast a boarded floor. Let the student of our times go back a few hundred years in imagination and peer into a mediæval lecture hall, thronged with its host of tenants, seated on wooden

benches, and with half frozen fingers, taking down the words that drop from the lips of the professor; and tell us whether such unparalleled zeal for learning is not worthy of the highest praise. As to the discipline of the schools we may safely say that it was *moderately* and *reasonably* severe. The eyes of superiors kept constant vigil over the students, and in the school-room the master's seat commanded a bird's eye-view, so to speak, of all his pupils. At times, however, this strict surveillance must have relaxed, for we gather from various chronicles that not unfrequently the students carried on a little fun, during the temporary absence of the prefects—something by no means uncommon in our own day. The rod, which under the form of the ferule afterwards, became the badge of the bachelor of arts, being presented to him with much ceremony on taking his degree, was the right arm of the disciplinarian. Scholars entered school at the early age of five or six, and were first taught to commit to memory scattered passages from the Scriptures and specially from the Psalter, so that one who abandoned his studies with only a small knowledge of them was said to quit school *decurso psalterio*.

As will be seen from the following illustration, the mediæval school-boy was more or less familiar with the office of the Church. A certain monk, by the name of Levitius, returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, proposed to build a monastery near Mont Albancta. While he was reconnoitering for the site of the future edifice, he saw a young scholar, with a bundle of books under his arm, approaching him; and for some unaccountable reason Levitius asked the boy if he was able to sing. Having received an affirmative answer, the monk bade the boy sing the first song that should occur to him, resolving within his mind to place his future monastery under the patronage of the first saint whose name the young student should happen to utter. After a moment's thought, the boy intoned the antiphon, "*Veni Electa Mea*," which he sang very sweetly, much to the delight of Levitius, who afterwards dedicated his monastery to the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary. The scarcity of books made learning by rote a common and even necessary mode of studying in the Middle Ages. Nor were the liberal sciences neglected amid the care and attention devoted to the foregoing branch of education. The study of these was divided into two classes, the

trivium and the *quadrivium*, which respectively included grammar, logic and rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. This division is pithily expressed in the well-known lines, which we will not venture to translate, for fear of hurting the *amour propre* of our learned reader:

Gram: loquitur, Dia. vera docet. Rhet. verba colorat,
Mus. canit. Ar. numerat. Geo. ponderat. Ast. colit astro.

As soon as a pupil had learned to read and write, he took up the Latin grammar of Donatus of Priscian, if he were lucky enough to have a book at his disposal. The majority of them had to fall back on the oral instruction dictated by the teacher and their own private notes of his lessons and lectures. It is well ascertained that rhetoric and the explanation of the classics were taught orally, rules and examples being learnt by means of dictation and frequent repetition. Having acquired a pretty fair knowledge of Latin nouns and verbs, with a cursory view at syntax, boys of nine to twelve years of age began to study primary Latin books, reading the Fables of Æsop and also the poems of Christian authors. After they had managed to break the backbone of Latin construction, choice passages from the writings of Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, Persius and Horace, but especially of Lucan and Statius, were placed in their hands; and these were soon followed by Cicero's orations, Quintilian and the Latin version of Aristotle. Arithmetic and geometry were never taught in a very creditable manner until the genius of Gerbert, in the tenth century, opened a new era for these important branches of mathematics. This dry study was also somewhat enlivened by the genial turn so characteristic of those times. In order to render the study of mathematics more attractive, they made arithmetical puzzles and propounded them to the pupils. Our limited space allows us to quote but the following: "An old man met a child. 'Good day, my son,' he said, 'may you live as long as you have lived and as much more, and thrice as much as all that put together, and then if God give you one year more, you will be just a century old; how old was the boy?'" Having already become too garrulous, we will stop ourselves short, hoping that our learned reader will be kept busy with the solution of this mathematical riddle until we impose upon his forbearance again.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE *Academe*.

St. John's College has grown from the unfinished house with six students to a great university, calling for the whole use of nearly a dozen great buildings and catering to the educational needs of hundreds of young men. With all its interesting and picturesque features, its rustic quiet and scholarly atmosphere, it is only twelve miles from the City Hall of New York. This proximity to a great city is of undoubted advantage to an institution of learning, although, according to the rules of the College, New York might be nearly a thousand miles away, for the students are not permitted to visit it excepting upon special permission granted

by the faculty with the consent of the parents or guardians of the students.

The College has had fourteen presidents including the present incumbent, Father Scully. The most famous among them was Cardinal McCloskey; but no administration has passed without being marked by success and progress. As one approaches the institution, going up a winding roadway from the station, he comes to a lodge, or gate-house, at the entrance to the grounds. At this point the College buildings are almost entirely concealed by trees. This gate-house was built by Father Thebaud, in 1862. It was he, also, who

planted the elms that line the avenue up to the main entrance. The road was built of granite quarried upon the College property, and two of the important College buildings have been built from the same material. St. John's Hall, one of the most imposing buildings in the College grounds, was for many years the seminary of the diocese. It is now devoted to the use of the younger boys of the institution. The Church of Our Lady of Mercy is situated at the right of the Hall, and in its way is a magnificent example of ecclesiastical architecture. Its splendid ornamentation and fine qualities, which are at once sacred and artistic, are due to the untiring enthusiasm of Archbishop Hughes, the founder of the College. The mound which marks the burial-place of those who fell in the battle of White Plains is just back of the church. In front there stands a group of ancient elms, beneath the shade of which the graduates of the institution have harangued attentive audiences on commencement days for nearly half a century. If one goes out from the Hall at the rear, he enters a garden and vineyard. Beautifully finished walks extend across and around the grounds, taking the visitor from one building to another, and from many points, during an excursion along them, one may catch magnificent views of the heights and all that expanse of scenery which makes Fordham the pleasantest suburb in the immediate vicinity of New York.

St. John's College is conducted upon the recognized Roman Catholic model, so that instead of the miscellaneous array of buildings consisting of dormitories, lecture halls and laboratories, as in the usual American or Protestant university, there is a systematic arrangement of buildings for the use of the students according to their stations in pursuing the studies of the curriculum. There are buildings for the first, second and third divisions of the students, besides the science building, the church, St. John's Hall, etc. In the first division the seniors are located, being usually boys of nineteen years and upwards; in the second are found those whose ages average from sixteen to eighteen, and in the third, those from ten to fourteen. Each division is kept entirely separate from the others. The dormitories are in the upper stories of each division building. Among the incidental features of the college are a reading-room, in which the principal dailies and magazines are kept on file, a gymnasium, and a billiard-room, and every kind of facility for outdoor exercise. A new department of the college is located in the scientific building where all the apparatus necessary for experiments in chemistry and physics are supplied. Besides this, there is a museum rich in thousands of mineralogical and other specimens of scientific research. The college has two libraries. The principal one contains twenty thousand volumes, many of which are rare and of

great value. The secondary is generally known as the boys' circulating library, and contains five thousand volumes, in which all kinds of literature are represented. Among the authors noted in a cursory inspection of the library are James Fenimore Cooper, Lord Lytton, Cardinal Newman, Hazlitt and Matthew Arnold. Almost all the rooms are lighted by electricity supplied by a dynamo in the science building. The rooms are heated by steam, the pipes being conveyed along subterranean passages to the various divisions.

Little need be said, in writing of a recognized university, concerning its curriculum. To be a university, it must supply instruction in all branches of knowledge with which a well-educated man must be familiar; but in turning from the physical aspect of St. John's College to its mental, it is worth noting that everything possible seems to have been done to encourage study. It has not been left to the students to organize their own societies, but the faculty has taken pains to establish associations that must be of the greatest benefit. Most striking, perhaps, among these is the St. John's House of Commons, a debating society modeled after the English Parliament. Father Scully, the president, says that this model was taken because the work in it will prove to be more of an incentive to reading, ability to take part in the debates being necessarily based upon considerable research and knowledge of the subject in hand. There is also another debating society, founded upon the American Congress, and called the St. John's House of Representatives. The members of this society are the students of the English course. One of the professors of the College is the moderator, and the other officers are chosen from the students. In the House of Commons, the officers are not only the Speaker and clerks, but members of the cabinet, following in this the model as set by Parliament. Only three cabinet officers, however, are represented in the St. John's House, namely, the Prime Minister, Home Secretary and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Besides these, there are three sodalities, the Parthenian, affiliated to the Roman Prima Primaria, under the invocation of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the patronage of St. Aloysius. This is made up of students in the senior division. Last year it had seventy-five members. Another is the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, under the invocation of the Holy Angels. This sodality is made up of students of the middle division, and it had fifty-two members during the last year. The third is also called the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, and is under the protection of St. Stanislaus. The members of this sodality are the students of St. John's Hall, and the membership is limited to twenty-five.





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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OCTOBER, 1888.



THE Class League Pennant was won on last Sunday by Classics!!!

The old boys on their return found the college unchanged in all save the Faculty. They met a new President and Vice-President, with seven new Professors. Fr. Rector, though unknown to the present generation of boys, is, nevertheless, affectionately remembered by many generations of former students. Fr. Quinn can hardly be called a new comer; he has simply returned to us after an absence of a year. Of last years' Faculty, we have learned that Fr. Cassidy is president of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, and that Messrs. Quirk, Collins, Gannon, McQuillan and Prendergast are at Woodstock pursuing their theological studies; Messrs. Coyle and Weber are teaching in St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y. City. Fr. Hanrahan's countless host of friends will be surprised to learn that he is at present stationed in Troy. His connection with the col-

lege, extending through a period of thirty years, made him an oracle in matters of college history, and a link between the distant past and present. Good wishes will follow him to Troy from all quarters of the country.

We have heard that the Alumni Association proposes erecting a statue of Archbishop Hughes in the middle of the college lawn. From the nature of our information we are safe in saying that this is not a mere plan destined to dwell in peaceful theory. Even at this early period we hail the day on which the statue shall be unveiled. The heart of the Archdiocese thrills yet at the mention of Archbishop Hughes' name; so that the news of a statue being raised to his honor, here in the college which he founded, will be welcomed by all classes of Catholics.

We have heard that Rev. E. F. Slattery is making strenuous efforts to organize the Alumni Association on a thorough plan. The worthy President of the Association has our best wishes in his good work, and will have our hearty support whenever he shall see fit to call on us. Looking over the last Triennial Catalogue, we find many names that do not appear on the Alumni list. These, we are sure, would readily join the brotherhood if they were advertised of the fact that such an organization really exists. But just here occurs a great difficulty for the officers of the Association; the addresses, in detail, of very many graduates are unknown. Now, our subscribers among the old students would do the Alumni officers a great favor by sending to us the correct addresses of graduates or former students whom they may know. Therefore, graduates and old students of St. John's who, scattered over this broad land, read THE MONTHLY with great pleasure and some little profit, stir yourselves before our November issue. You were wont to wield a mighty ashen bat with the utmost ease. Can it be that your arm now grows weary with the weight of a little pen?

The number of names registered this year on opening day was very creditable. There is an increase of ten or fifteen on last year. Of course it is somewhat late to extend a greeting at this time, still, notwithstanding etiquette and the rules, we venture to yield a happy editorial smile to all those who have flocked about the old place for another year. And first and before all, to the Philosophers, whose arrival on Wednesday, Sept. 14th, caused so much good natured excitement. We can wish them no better fortune than that their presence will always cause such excitement. And, after the Philosophers, we extend a grand welcome to the whole body of students whom, with feelings of great disinterestedness and brotherly regard, we advise to subscribe for THE MONTHLY.

REMINISCENCES OF A FORTY-NINER.

MR EDITOR: Does your paper circulate in the other world? If so, one can even write and be sure of interested readers.

Of those who can ascend the stream of time for forty years and speak of dear old St. John's as it then appeared, but few indeed are left; and that few, how changed from the eager boys of yore!

Your correspondent first saw the college grounds in September, 1847.

At the preceding commencement a student had graduated whose memory was very dear to the school. He was, in fact, held up as a sort of standard by which to compare and determine the merits of others. Many long years afterwards while attending Supreme Court at the capital of Ohio, I met this famous student as the venerated Bishop of Columbus. The mention of St. John's was all sufficient to call out the warmest greetings from his reverence.

We spent many happy hours in recalling persons and localities so dear to both. Father Thebaud, Father DuMerle, Father Ligouais, Father Daubresse and many other good priests, would have blushed to hear the terms of praise and affection with which they were mentioned. Dearly beloved and venerated Bishop Rosecrans! I left him standing by the massive walls of the grand cathedral he had erected. "*Monumentum ædificavisti*," I whispered, rather than spoke. "Hush," said he, "these are the works of God; men must not intrude any claim of credit for them." A few days after and he had gone to his reward.

Some day I will write you of Bishop Rosecrans as he appeared in his later years—not now.

Entering the class room in 1847, one first encountered a pair of flashing blue eyes, full of fun yet very kindly in their light. Can it be that the irrepressible Merrick of those days is the same Reverend Father who recently sent you so grave and interesting a communication? "During study hours to-day," said Father DuMerle in his chapel lecture one evening, "I noticed that Mr. Merrick was watching me very closely. Perhaps he thought I had a novel hidden under my desk and intended to report me to the President." And then the head Prefect gave a long lingering look over his spectacles at the young gentleman in question. That was all; but from that date, no doubt, one student, at least, discarded yellow covered literature.

Upon one dear friend of those days time has failed to make any change. Brave and sturdy Father Keegan! One who sees him now, sees him as he was in '49. God bless him! May he live a hundred years, and who would want him to change?

Of the Reverend Fathers who presided over the destinies of St. John's in the forties, who can worthily speak in a rapid sketch like this? While Father Larkin impressed us by his wonderful eloquence, Father Ligonais by his saintly character, Father Murphy by his boundless erudition, as he seemed to be familiar with everything in the whole range of literature; there was one who combined a thousand influences in one, and each influence was lifelong! What sufficient tribute can be paid to Father Dubresse? He impressed us as one who had faithfully devoted the energies of a wonderful intellect to the solution of the great problems of life. He had studied harder, looked deeper, seen better and clearer than we could ever hope to do into the vexed questions, the mysteries and the doubts that assail us; and after all his study deliberately became a saint. Those who saw him, so kind, so simple, so gentle, would never dream of the stern, inflexible bearing of the Professor when condemning false theories in the class room. It was then that the true majesty of the man asserted itself in spite of him. Quibbles and sophistry he detested. Truth, absolute truth, must be the student's standard—he must find it, look at it in the daylight, live by it and die by it.

It was the rare privilege of the Botany class in 1848 to have Father Thebaud for Professor. He led us frequently on long excursions through the fields. Never a weed, flower, shrub or herb, that he could not name, classify and describe its properties. In all my wanderings a strange flower or plant calls up the thought of Father Thebaud, and the wish that he were present to be consulted.

Since leaving the college, the engrossing cares of professional life have kept me almost a stranger to its portals.

Correspondence with classmates gradually died away and one by one they have nearly all gone before me to the great Beyond. A few of us still linger, but the number diminishes year after year. We soon shall be re-united all—when, where and what will that meeting be?

H. H. DODGE, '49.

Perrysburg, O., Sept., 1888.



MONTHLY BULLETIN.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S SILVER JUBILEE.

ON Wednesday, September 19th, was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of his grace, the most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York. The services were held in the beautiful new cathedral of St. Patrick, on Fifth Avenue, and consisted of a solemn pontifical mass, and two addresses; one on behalf of the clergy of the diocese, delivered by the Rev. A. Donnelly, and the other on behalf of the Catholic Club of New York, read by Mr. Hildreth Field. Nearly all of the clergy of the city were in attendance and many bishops and monsigneurs from the adjoining dioceses. Representatives from all the principle religious orders were also present, clad in the garb of their order; and as the long procession filed slowly out of the sanctuary into the upper part of the church, it made a scene long to be remembered. The services were long and impressive and concluded with a solemn *Te Deum*. The music was especially fine, and the chancel choir of boys was in pleasing accord with the cathedral quartet.

Among the representatives of the Jesuits on the altar were the Rev. T. J. Campbell, Provincial of the Order, and the Rev. J. Scully, President of St. John's College.

After the mass the archbishop received a delegation from the college consisting of Messrs J. Clare, '89; C. Livingston, '90; F. Donovan, '91; R. Carmody, '92, and D. Dowdney, Eng., '89. At the archiepiscopal residence, where an address was read by J. Clare, '89, his grace responded in a few pleasing words, thanking the delegation for their kindness.

* * *

THE RETURN OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

Wednesday, September 12th, witnessed the return of the class of Philosophy, an event anxiously awaited by the students from the opening of the college on September 5th. One would not need to possess a very sharp ear to realize that this was an event of some importance, for as the darkness was closing upon the ancient town of Fordham, and the proverbial Fordham toad was beginning its nightly tune, a sound as of distant thunder awoke the echoes of the peaceful hamlet, and carried along through the night air was borne up the lawn until it reached a knot of students collected under the shady trees of first division. Some said that it was the Fordham campaign band out for an airing, but others denied this on good grounds; however, all doubts as to the origin of the disturbance was soon set aside, as the familiar sounds of the college cheer now distinctly reached us. The cheer was returned with interest and repeated until the arrivals had nearly reached the end of the lawn when they were surrounded, and such hand-shakings and plying of questions ensued that the brethren confessed themselves quite weak when liberated. I was standing a little removed from the crowd, an interested spectator, when lo! there emerged from the confusion—do mine eyes deceive me? the member from Albany with cane and shining hat. Who now advances? 'tis Stamford's stalwart representative with a son of Goshen

following closely in his wake. It was reported that the latter gentleman had eschewed baseball in favor of theology; this rumor we are happy to contradict for the present, at least. And now Chicago's representative advances, staid and solid as of yore, as if conscious of the importance of the city whose reputation he upholds, closely followed by the gentleman from the classic sands of New Jersey. And now we grasp the proffered hand of Worcester's athletic representative and likewise greet the musical son of the South, while the heavy-weight delegate from the metropolis brings up the rear.

'91.

* * *

MASS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The formal opening of the scholastic year took place on Thursday, September 13th, when the mass of the Holy Ghost was offered up by Father Rector in the parish church, in presence of all the students. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Slattery, President of the Alumni Association. Father Slattery spoke in a spirited manner of the futility of our attempting any important action through life without first craving the assistance of God. Among other things he said that this was not only required for our spiritual but even for our temporal welfare, and in nothing was it so necessary as in our studies, and therefore we should ask the Holy Ghost to enlighten our understanding and shed upon us His abundant graces that we might be more fitted to cope with the difficulties of the coming year.

F. J. D., '91.

* * *

BASE BALL.

The usual interest in college base ball has already begun, and the boys are looking forward to the future of the Rose Hills. There is every reason to expect that this year's team will equal that of any former year and that they will do excellent work upon the diamond next spring.

Some of the old members of the nine are still in the college and there is good material from which to choose players to fill the vacant positions. It is expected that there will be harmony in the team, and that every member shall hold his position on his merit and abilities as a ball player. Lynch will probably train the team this winter.

J. C. Mc N. '90.

* * *

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The first meeting of the St. John's House of Commons was held on Sunday evening, September 23d. The reverend moderator, Mr. Kelly, S. J. presided and Mr. Plunkett was chosen secretary, pro tem. The object of the meeting was to choose officers for the present term. There was considerable discussion in regard to eligibility of rhetoricians to certain offices, but it was finally decided by a vote of the house that philosophy should have the speakership, that the clerk

should be chosen from rhetoric and that the members of either class should be eligible to the other offices.

The result of the election was as follows: Speaker, John F. Clare, '89; Prime Minister, John W. Heffern, '89; Home Secretary, Joseph P. Walsh, '90; Foreign Secretary, Henry Quackenboss, '89; Clerk, Jas. J. Keane, '90. Acceptation speeches were made by the newly elected officers and the reverend moderator made a few graceful and very appropriate remarks on extemporaneous speaking and impressed upon his hearers the necessity of practice in order to excel in this form of oratory.

J. C. Mc N. '90.

* * *

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House of Representatives, held its first meeting on Sunday, September 23d. This society is modelled on our national House of Representatives and its membership is confined to the English course. Each member chooses a state whose interests he defends. Bills are prepared as at Washington; all discussion, however, is in public and not in private committees. The result of the election on Sunday evening was as follows: Speaker, D. J. Dowdney; Clerk, L. J. Callanan; Minute Clerk, Charles Kelley; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. F. Mermoud; Ushers, J. Stuart and D. Manning. The society promises to do good work during the coming year. The Congressional Record will be put on file, and the State Papers from Albany will also be at the service of the members. We trust that the boys in the English Course will avail themselves of all the advantages rising out of an organization of this kind.

* * *

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN CLASS.

Rev. Fr. Rector has made some material changes in the management of the French and German classes. Hereafter there will be three classes in these languages, beginning with the Third Grammar boys and ending with the members of Classics and English Belles Lettres. Heretofore French was taught as a branch of the regular classes; in future it will have distinct teachers and separate hours. From the latest accounts these classes are full to overflowing.

* * *

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society held a meeting on Thursday evening, Sept. 27, for the purpose of selecting officers. The result of the election was: Pres., Jas. F. Blun, '89; Vice-

Pres., Henry Qhackenboss, '89; Sec'y, John W. Whalen, '90; Treas., Williard W. Wright, '90; Stage Man, John C. McNeilly, '90; Prop. Man, T. Gaffney Taaffe, '90. The Reverend Moderator, Mr. French, S. J., addressed the Society and spoke of the prospects for the present year. T. Gaffney Taaffe read the following resolutions which were adopted by the Society.

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to the Almighty dispenser of all things to remove from our midst our late worthy fellow member, James Clare, whereas the close friendship that existed between the deceased and the members of this Association render his loss the greater, therefore be it,

Resolved, That this Association express its sincere and heartfelt sorrow for the loss of one who in his short term of membership had so endeared himself to his fellow members; and be it

Resolved, That this Association tender its sincere condolence to the afflicted relations of the deceased, and its earnest sympathy in their affliction, and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the minutes of the St. John's Dramatic Association, and that a copy signed by the president and certified by the secretary, be published in the next issue of THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

(Signed.)

JAS. J. BLUM, *Pres.*

JNO. W. WHALEN, *Sec'y.*

* * *

FOOT BALL.

Foot Ball has been set going on the three divisions. Second seems to take lead in enthusiasm. On Oct. 3d the whole division was out on the field. There was much noise and more fun, but with what side victory rested in the end, we cannot say. The First Division eleven has been organized for some time past. A challenge was sent to Trinity; as yet no answer has been received.

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ST. JOHN'S HALL.

Our readers will remark that the notes from St. John's Hall are wanting in this number, through no one's fault, however. Let not the suspicious fancy that there is, in consequence, no news to be gotten from St. John's Hall. The improvements begun last year are steadily progressing. In fact the surroundings have taken on so new and pleasant an appearance withal, as to justify us in saying that the wilderness and waste places have bloomed and blossomed like the rose. The fountain to the rear of the building is already in working order, and the grass plots about the statue and walks have sprouted just in time to be nipped by the first killing frost.



COLLEGE WORLD.

THE exchanges are coming in slowly, as is natural, considering the great labors of the season, through which the college brethren have just passed. There is no hint of life from the great West, except from Notre Dame, whence comes *The Scholastic* once every week, be the weather fair or foul. *The Speculum*, too, deserves a prize for regularity. *The Central Luminary* (Kansas City) has either gone out entirely or is preparing another elaborate article on *Cats*. We miss *The Student* (New Orleans), with its choice bit of poetry on the cover, a bait, no doubt, for the unwary recipient, to entice him to open and read. However, we know the difficulty which new editors find in getting out a first issue; in fact, we ourselves, are just now toiling at a solution of this difficulty. In whatever *Sanctum* therefore, a disconsolate editor is racking his brains for matter, on that *Sanctum* our sympathy falls like a line of light. This, of course, will be a source of great consolation to the aforementioned disconsolate editor.

The July-August number of *The Owl* (University of Ottawa), was lying in wait for us on our return. We are safe in saying that it is an uncommonly good issue, but to go the length of saying (with *The Owl* editors) that it is the best number ever issued by a college paper would be decidedly unsafe. *The Owl* is not quite a year old.

Johns Hopkins will probably be removed to Clifton, just outside of Baltimore, in accordance with the will of its founders.

Columbia now offers instruction in Sanscrit, Zend, Pehlevi, Hebrew, Biblical, Aramaic, Syriac, Arabic, Assyrian and Ethiopic.

Among the scholars of all nations who were honored by the doctor's degree from the University of Bologna, were the following Americans: James Russell Lowell, David Dudley Field, Professor Adams and Professor Agassiz.

Of the fifteen students sent by the Government at Siam to receive professional training in England, four are young women.

Dr. Ravelli, the founder of the Kindergarten system of education in America, and for many years prominently connected with the work of prison reform, died at Pittsburgh, Pa., Tuesday, aged 80.

Further discussion upon Mr. Gladstone reveals the fact that he was flogged only once at Eton, for refusing to give away a school-fellow who had got into trouble.

His Holiness, the Pope, has granted the Belgium College a sum of one hundred thousand francs, the interest on which will be used for the maintenance of seven students who will study for the priesthood. Two of the successful candidates must be selected from the diocese of Malines; the five others to be obtained throughout the rest of the world. Out of the two candidates of the diocese of Malines one of them must have attended the Louvain University and followed the philosophy of St. Thomas.

A few years ago, a well-dressed, fine-looking stranger called on Prof. Packard, of Bowdoin college, and asked permission to look over the college buildings. The professor courteously showed him all about the institution, and when the stranger went away he left his card, on which was the name Henry Winkley. A short time afterward the college received Mr. Winkley's check for \$40,000 with which to found a professorship of Latin, and now upon his death the college receives \$20,000 more.

Out of 162 college base-ball games played, Yale has won 117 and lost 45. In foot-ball, out of 86 games played, Yale has won 81.

On Mount Lincoln, Colorado, at a height of 14,296 feet above the sea level there is a meteorological station conducted by Harvard.

The first baccalaureate sermon ever delivered at Columbia was preached last commencement.

Pao Yun, president of the Pekin Academy, China, is translating Shakespeare into Chinese.

Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia hold entrance examinations in London and Paris.

The Japanese Government has issued an order that English be taught in all Japanese schools.



FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

HIGH water mark—210 boarders and fifty day scholars.

The men who are to train for the Rose Hills have already been selected. No definite positions will be assigned till next spring. The candidates are working with might and main.

Livingston, '90, has nearly completed all remote preparations for the Fall sports. The track is in good condition. The ground for jumping is being refitted. Quackenboss, '89, is improving on his record of last year.

The return of the Philosophers was made the occasion of a very exciting scene. First and Second Divisions had taken their usual position at the corner of the main building, waiting for the arrival of the 6:30 train. In due time a faint cheer was heard from the neighborhood of the depot. This was enough. The college cheer was then let loose. When the Philosophers reached the turn in the avenue, First and Second Divisions made a rush for them. Thereupon ensued a scene altogether indescribable.

The Rhetoricians are making a raid on the solid literature of the Library. The officers report that two shelves of essays and disquisitions have disappeared.

The visit of the Archbishop on Sunday, Sept. 23d, was made the occasion of a great display. The Cadets met his Grace at the depot, whence they escorted him to the college. At his departure the whole college assembled about the front porch. When the Archbishop appeared, Thos. A. Daly, '91, stepped forward, and read a graceful tribute in verse, from Second Division, after which Master J. McCall presented a beautiful bouquet in the name of Third Division.

On the afternoon of Sept. 23d, our old friends, the Spartas, played their first game with the Rose Hills. The inevitable Broderick was on hand. The game resulted in an easy victory for the Rose Hills.

The House of Commons held its first meeting on Sunday, Sept. 23d. Business was gone through very satisfactorily. The new officers made short and appropriate speeches of acceptance.

The class games are progressing with unprecedented interest. Thus far Classics leads. The game between Rhetoric and Philosophy will be memorable in the annals of Base Ball. Twelve great innings were played under a clouded sky, amid tremendous excitement. Philosophy finally succeeded in scoring the winning run.

As yet no officer has been detailed in place of Licut. Squires, whose term expires about the middle of October. There is some talk of drill and uniform being made obligatory on Second Division.

We have just received information of the first donations toward defraying of expenses for the statue of Archbishop Hughes. Rev. J. Hughes, of Mott Haven, an old alumnus, has sent in the magnificent sum of two hundred dollars. Father Hughes is a worthy name to stand at the head of the list.

At a recent meeting of the Parthenian Sodality the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing term: Prefect, J. J. Keane, '90; First Assistant, F. J. Wingerter, '90; Second Assistant, F. J. Donovan, '91; First Lector, D. R. Kieran, '89; Second Lector, H. C. Quackenboss, '90; Secretary, Allan G. Burrow, '90; Treasurer, W. H. Feely, '92; Musical Director, J. I. Blunn, '89; Sacristan, P. F. McLaughlin, '92; Councillors, Jno. F. Clare, '89; J. N. Aylward, '89; Jos. P. Walsh, '90; Louis A. Mejia, '89. Mr. Mulry, S. J., has succeeded Rev. Father Freeman in the office of Director.

The surveying class has just begun work. As is natural, the members are anxious for the time when they will be able to do extensive out-door work.

The elocution classes have been in operation for the last week. Mr. E. O'Brien, '82, is in charge of First Division; Mr. J. McCormie, a graduate of St. Francis Xavier and at present teaching here in the English course, directs the Second Division class.

Livingston, '90, has chosen the men who will compose the football team. In view of the good work done last year, much will be expected of this year's eleven.

The officers on division have been limited to the following: *Base Ball*.—D. Kieran, '89, Captain and Manager; J. J. Keane, '90, Secretary; J. P. Walsh, '90, Treasurer. *Reading Room*.—D. Arellano, '91, President. Officers: P. J. McLaughlin, '92, and J. Mejia, '89. *Billiard Room*.—President, Willard Wright.

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SECOND DIVISION.

The number of new boys this year on Second Division is not so large as last year. There has been a great exodus of the older boys to First Division.

Our Study Hall and Billiard Room have been repainted and repapered; the tint of the paper is very attractive.

There's a rumor afloat among the boys that Second Division is to be formed into a separate cadet company, drill and uniform being made obligatory.

The base ball team of this year promises to be a great success. The Invincibles have been reorganized, with T. Daly as Captain, for a second term.

The boys, lately promoted from St. John's Hall, have formed themselves into a nine and their chief ambition is to defeat the Tyros. They have made one unsuccessful attempt.

D. Arellano, our former famous pitcher, brought over a nine from First Division last week, certain of winning an easy victory from the Invincibles. However, his hopes were doomed to bitter disappointment, as the Invincibles, with little or no exertion added score to score, till the game grew tiresome.

On Thursday, Sept. 20th, the St. Francis Xavier College nine came up from the city to cross bats with the Invincibles. The game was beautifully played by both teams. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 5 to 1 in favor of our boys. McCann, short stop of the Invincibles played a fine game. T. Daly distinguished himself at second; his home run in the seventh inning was the feature of the game. McKowan is doing very well at first.

All the division officers have been assigned. They are as follows:

Billiard Room.—Pres., M. Lennon; Vice-Pres., T. Daly, Sec., E. Wier; Treas., T. S. Reilly.

Reading Room.—Pres., Robert Wooley; Vice-Pres., R. Dooley; Sec., T. Durkin; Treas., J. Brady.

Base Ball.—Pres., Arthur Hart; Vice-Pres., T. Cushing; Sec., T. Daly, Treas., T. Burke.

On Thursday, Sept. 20th, the first meeting of the Sodality was held, and the following officers were elected: Prefect, M. D. Lennon; First Assistant, T. S. Riley; Second Assistant, Richard Dooley; First Lector, J. Brady; Second Lector, J. J. Reilly; Secretary, T. A. Daly; Sacristan, T. Durkin; Musical Director, Chas. Scott. Mr. Hollolan, S. J., is our Director.

On Tuesday, Sept. 24th, a nine came up from St. Catharine's Parish to play the Invincibles. In the beginning the game promised to be very interesting; but in the third inning the Invincibles found the ball and batted it all over the field. At the end of the game the score stood 12 to 1 in favor of our boys. As both nines felt vigorous, it was decided to play a second game, in which the

score was very close, resulting in a victory for the St. Catharine's boys. The boys from St. Catharine's field very well, but they could do nothing with J. Reilley's curves. In the second game Hart pitched, with Tom Burke behind the bat.

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OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

Judge Bermudez, of New Orleans, '62, paid a visit to the College some time ago. This was his first visit in twenty-six years.

Rev. J. O'Rourke, S. J., whom hosts of Fordham remember as a student and professor here, was ordained at Woodstock in the early part of September.

Farther O'Reilly, S. J., for many years professor of rhetoric here, is at present teaching at St. Peter's College, Jersey City. He has called several times since the beginning of the year. Very few of his old friends remain.

Gen. McMahon, '55, entered his nephew, M. McM. Ramsay, on opening day. The General preserves his soldiery bearing unchanged.

Rev. J. C. Keveney, S. J., '72, has been assigned to the faculty of Georgetown College, D. C. Father Keveney's connection with

the College covers the better part of fifteen years. His numerous friends among the students of recent times, and the graduates of former years are always glad to hear of him.

J. A. Corbit, '86, recently made a retreat of three days at the College, preparatory to choosing a profession.

D. C. Watts, '85, spent two or three days with us last week. He will enter Columbia Law School this year.

J. McGuire, '88, has joined the faculty in the capacity of professor in the English course.

C. E. Simpson, '88, has secured a fine position in the law firm of Howe & Hummel. G. C. Kirby, '88, has entered the office of Judge O'Brien.

Rev. P. O. Racicot, S. J., rector of the Theological Seminary at Woodstock, and former vice-president of St. John's, is here for a week or two making a retreat.

It is given out as certain that the exercises of this year's retreat will be conducted by Rev. Father Halpin, S. J. The mention of Father Halpin's name always recalls pleasant memories to Fordham students.

Very Rev. Father Provincial has paid us several short visits since the opening of schools. He is always welcome, to those especially who passed three happy and profitable years under his presidency.





Praise of Winter

LAUS HIEMIS.

PRAISE be to Winter, whose wild song
I hear in echo shrill and strong,
By winds at evening borne along.

Praised be his power and blessed be
His iron hand on land and sea,
Wasting the fair earth utterly.

He chasteneth, but never kills,
He sits upon the frozen hills
And blows a mighty breath that fills

The land with health; no poison'd wind
May roam the valley unconfined,
Or sustenance or shelter find.

Then praised be Winter, whose wild cry
Comes charged with tenderness to me,
Sweeter than mother's lullaby.

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

FROM a cursory reading of your last issue I was much pleased to find that you have a department reserved for letters on literary subjects. To all people of literary tastes, difficulties arise now and then which they take pleasure in communicating to their friends, whether, for instance, Shakespeare is the first of poets, and the like. Now I myself am no exception to this general law. I am often puzzled to get at the reason why the tastes of young men, now-a-days, run wild after such writers as Conway, Howells and Stevenson, whom I know by name, but, I thank God, in no otherwise. I have had the hardihood once or twice to essay the reading of a modern novel, wherein I found nothing but misty sentimentality, as if the writers were at pains to express some wild idea which they themselves did not understand. Truly, had such writers lived in the time of Pope, they would have found place in his *Dunciad*. From my reading of the elder poets and wits, I had framed to myself this canon of literary writing, to wit: that it be clear and that it give a true reflection of nature, whether in the heart of man or in the world without. Now these writers have no right sympathy with exterior nature; they love not in a healthy way the pleasant song of birds and the beautiful light of heaven and the coming of spring and the music of rain drops. In a vain attempt to artfully improve nature, they do falsify it. And when they ascend to that higher nature, which is nothing more than the yearnings and aspirations common to every human heart, they would seem to find nothing therein but blank despair; wherefore they incontinently whine in a sort of minor key, much resembling the nocturnal cat. From all this it is easily seen what false notions of life and nature these writers do infuse into young minds, teaching them to look on life fantastically and askew, as Sir Thomas Browne has it; whereas they should regard things merrily and trustfully, not repining when some things seem awry in nature and in life. Now, gentlemen, I could go on to great lengths enumerating the strange vagaries of these moderns, their fantastical manner of twisting a sentence, that thereby they may be accounted original writers, and the like. None of which vices can be found in those elder literary virtuosos, John Dryden, to wit: and the writers of his time. They indulge not in sentimental mistiness, nor cause the reader soreness of head in arriving at their meaning. They have a grand manner of expression in comparison of which modern writing dwindles into youthful trickery of style! But, gentlemen, I fear by this time you have set me down as an unconvertible old fossil, which same I am in this matter of writing, for I had rather lie fossilized in that noble company of sane writers, than bloom luxuriantly in this modern field of literary madness.

CHICAGO, October 25th.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

I have been subscribing for your paper for some years past. A young man who had been a student at St. John's for several years was kind enough to show me a copy of the monthly. I was so pleased with it that I subscribed immediately, and ever since I have read it with the greatest interest. But there is one thing which I miss: a column devoted in some way or other to the natural sciences. My young friend tells me that you have excellent facilities at your college in this line. Why not represent it in your paper? I am not a deep student of the physical sciences, but I do like to see the results of physical research. I think that Proctor's popular science lectures are sufficient to civilize a nation. Perhaps you will not agree with me in an opinion which I have entertained for years, namely: that there is more pleasure and poetry to be gotten from an interesting treatise on a physical subject, than in all the sentimental philosophizing which issues from Old and New England. At all events I would like to see your paper, excellent in all other respects, excellent also in its scientific department.

AN OLD READER.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

Dear Sirs:—Some time ago, while reading a clever article on George Eliot's novels, I came upon an opinion which puzzled me considerably. The writer admitted George Eliot's *Positivism*, which, I am told, is another phase of atheism, yet he affirmed that no touch or suspicion of atheism can be found in any of her writings. Now I am no judge in this matter myself, and as I would like to be informed in regard to it, I lay the difficulty before you and your readers. It certainly seems strange to me that a professed Positivist should in none of her writings give expression to her belief. Of course, I understand that in novel writing an author is to give the opinions of his characters, not his own: still no man can hold a peculiar doctrine without letting it creep out in his writings. By giving some attention to this matter you will oblige

Yours very respectfully.

X.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS OF LAST MONTH.

Mr. JOHN RIDDLE:

Gentle John.—Your communication to Mr. D. W. Blackmore must have been a source of great happiness to that famous author. The fact that he has given you a taste for solid reading is a real triumph for him. We are empowered to answer your objections to some portions of his book.

Your remarks concerning the Doones are very just. It was certainly gratuitous on the author's part to introduce religion at all. Still what Mr. Blackmore thinks or says about Catholics is a matter of very little importance. We do not favor your opinion in regard to the ending of the novel. We think that John Ridd's visits to court bring out in strong contrast the healthy life of the country and the artificial existence of the city. John Ridd always returned from London with an increasing dislike for the empty show of court and the wild, headlong life of the great city. We are glad to see that you use some thought even in your light reading.

TO THESPIAS :

Good Sir.—Your question is a very difficult one to answer satisfactorily, owing to the conflicting opinions which great men hold on the subject. Horace's precept, "si vis

"If you wish me to help"
me flere," etc., refers primarily to Dramatic action, but learned men in all times have agreed in making it applicable to literary writing. Now it seems possible to us that an actor may be so skilled in his art as to feign a passion which he does not really feel, and so perfectly withal, that an audience hearing him will be moved to tears. So also in writing, an author may have such command of language as to be able at will to raise all manner of emotions in a reader. And in this especially lies the *art* of writing, to copy nature so perfectly that the art will be taken for nature. In regard to your lady authoress from New Hampshire, who experienced all the pain of her distressed hero, we can only say that her art must have been very perfect since she herself was deceived by it. She goes far ahead of that painter of old who represented grapes so truly that the birds came and pecked at the canvas. In one case foolish little birds were deceived, in the other, a lady authoress from New Hampshire.

IN THE WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

I.

OF A TOWN CALLED JERRYVILLE.

F. G. WINGERTER, '91.

LAST summer when the sultry heats of August had continued many days, when raged the dog star and beasts of burden panted and gave up the ghost, when brain work was a most intolerable task and even reading became a bore, at the earnest solicitation of some friends, I started out in search of recreation. First I thought of the Polytoisbœn Sea. Then my heart turned with fond affection towards the majestic Ohio. Again I longed to tread once more the hallowed soil of old Virginia, but at last determined to breathe the fresh mountain air of my own native state I set my face towards the Saratoga of the South—White Sulphur. What is that I hear? Greenbrier will soon become a genuine "Hawthorne" do you say? No, dear reader; though eminently worthy of a fuller description, I will not tire you by speaking of it now. My pen is yet too inexperienced for such a theme. Bear with me for a time and you may, perchance, learn something about the people who live in the region of the razor-back hog. After spending two delightful weeks among the fair and sun-kissed Greenbrier Hills with those cheery friends, I set out towards the interior of the State, to the hunting grounds and lumber camps. After many hours of dusty travel, partly by rail, partly over the rough mountain paths, charmed with everything except the stony roads and the snakes, at the witching hour of eventide, we reached Jerryville, a rather sleepy old village on the Kentucky border.

But first a word in praise of the country we passed through. It is one of the most beautiful regions on God's beautiful earth. The deer and the bear have roamed there from time immemorial. As we rode through the mountain fastnesses,

it was easy to fancy the time when the forests through which we were traveling were the scene of strife and blood-shed; when the war whoop of the savage rang through the valleys and echoed among the hills, and their unerring arrows flew among the thick branches! It is a wild place even now. You may travel for miles and miles without seeing the faintest sign of a human habitation. What must it have been fifty years ago! The axe of the lumberman and drowsy hum of the saw-mill are now heard in many a wild spot that once was haunted by the woodland nymphs alone. For hours and hours we rode through the silent forest. About us and above us towered mighty pines and poplars whose roots had been grappling for ages, strongly and more firmly among the seams and fissures of the gray hills, and in whose branches many generations of century-living eagles had built their nests and taught their young to soar far into the depths of the blue heaven.

Jerryville is one of the quaintest and most original towns I ever visited. It apes no other. There is such a delightful air of repose about it. There is something strange or piquant at every corner. The inhabitants, too, are certainly something unusual. They are even more original than the old town itself. The first person I met was the landlord of the Good Cheer House. I see its faded brown sign even now swinging lazily to and fro. He was hospitality personified. A corpulent old German, with a round, benvolent face, bald head, double chin and a merry twinkle in his eye, he appeared an ideal tavern keeper. He was prompt at the door when we rode up—didn't send a substitute: bowed out and shook hands with us all and then gave us the news of

the day and talked in a free and easy kind of way as if he had known us and our fathers and grandfathers before us. He was hearty and cordial, and his broad, full face never wore anything but a pleasant smile. He put himself and his household at our disposal at once. He showed us the town, and after we had sauntered through, about and around it, he went away in the hills with us, where we loitered with our guns and rods until sun-down. All this he seemed to regard as a duty imposed upon him by his character of landlord. He even gave us his history and told us he had fought in the Prussian war. What a pity there are not more of such landlords, even if it were made one of the essentials that they weigh at least two hundred pounds and that laziness and good nature be absolutely indispensable. How different such a class of landlords would be from the diminutive, waspish, weazel faced class of beings who only look at the business of hotel keeping; who wring and twist the money out of you as coolly and as cunningly as a Chatham Street Jew, who estimate how great an imposition you will stand before making an uproar, who never give the faintest smile because they are under no obligation to do so, who, in fine, act as if they had a dead mortgage on all the human flesh under their roofs.

Mine host's wife, however, was built on an entirely different plan. Like her better half, she had that rotundity of person only found among easy good liver, but as the darkey hostler said, 'she done don't 'low any flies to congregate on her so she don't.' She was a perfect whirlwind. Her temper was decidedly of the tartaric acid kind. Her voice could be heard above the confusion around giving directions to one and a piece of her mind to another. She was the landlady beyond all doubt and no one else. Better die than doubt that. I was sitting up in my room one morning at the window, waiting for the great brass gong which is rung at certain canonical hours to summon me to the noon day meal, when she unknowingly gave me a taste of her quality. "Johnsing!" screamed she, at the top of her lungs, "Now Johnsing, you great booby you! what in the name of Massy-sakes are you about? No fire! no wood! no water in! How in the name of created nature do you 'spose I can get dinner. Furiation alive, why don't you speak?"

"Sally Biggs! I say Sally Biggs! come right here this

minute! Go down cellar and get a junk of butter, some milk, the cheese and then I say, Sally Biggs! Sally Biggs! go out to the barn and—run! run! quick! you careless hussy to the store, the pots are boiling over!" and so she went on hour after hour until the meal was prepared. But I must say that she spread a table that would have done honor to Delmonico's best French cook. I need not tell you about the good-for nothing fellow, usually accompanied by a gun and a fishing rod, with which he supplies the wants of the hotel table, the brawny blacksmith with his shirt sleeves rolled up, always smoking a pipe and tiring you with questions, the large bull dog that lies out in the dust lazily snapping at the flies, and those nameless other loungers that usually infest a tavern: you have no doubt often seen them yourselves, but I would like to tell you about a few characters you don't meet in every village now-a-days. The one that amused me most was the village philosopher. His name was Dave Turtle. As he was seldom occupied he could be found at almost all hours of the day, except at meal times, 'cross the way in the general shop, one of those establishments peculiar to small towns, where molasses, tea, tobacco, and other creature comforts are sold, talking to the proprietor, an honest, good-natured little man, somewhat aristocratic in his notions and averse to the Democratic habit of spitting tobacco juice on his floors. He is one of the first persons you hear about on reaching Jerryville. He is the pride of the village. What Dave doesn't know isn't worth knowing. Mine host told me that he could talk on any subject within reach of the human mind. He is a walking encyclopedia. If any one has any doubt about anything or is in search of information of any kind he always has recourse to Dave Turtle. Although only an humble painter he is a member of the school board and the leading man in the Hook and Ladder Company. Many stories are told of his prowess in debating. Even the schoolmaster sinks into insignificance beside him and the barber quails under his very glance.

But just here I discover that I have reached the limit beyond which this rambling paper must not go; it is too bad, still the laws of journalism are inexorable. Old Dave Turtle must retire to the background or to his favorite seat in the grocery store till next month, when, perhaps, I may introduce him again.



THE EPIC OF ARTHUR.

J. A. DUNN, '91.

EVERY nation has its traditions handed down from sire to son, gaining a little in each successive generation until every tradition so mingles with others, that to the majority of people they become a mere collection of tales and fables hopelessly mixed and fit only to be forgotten. But when a master mind takes upon itself the evoking of a connected narrative out of these chaotic topics, if, to a careful knowledge of his subject a vivid imagination is added, then the result is good, and where before no beauty or grace was to be seen, now all goes bright and pleasing under the influence of real poetry. Such at least is true of Tennyson's Epic of Arthur. Out of the old tales, some written, some traditional, with the aid of his genius he has fashioned the great epic which establishes beyond question his reputation as a poet. Disregarding the mere versification, with its peculiar mannerism and perhaps too marked cadences, in the matter itself, we see a conception that is truly practical treated in a poetic manner. It is not a combination of characters alone, not an analysis of the caprices of any or several individuals, but a sublime drama, involving, at the same time, the noblest and the most wretched of humanity, in which the weak are struggling against the strong, the innocent against the guilty, the unbroken against the broken faith, and, strange as it may seem, the noble against the criterion of nobility. Through the whole runs such a nicety of detail that one would think no tradition was left out, but it is nevertheless true that out of the many tales about the subject only the best are introduced.

Arthur is the national hero of ancient England, mythical, perhaps, but still a hero. A hero in the best sense of the term; not like the Greek and Latin heroes, a mighty slayer of men, a valiant huntsman, or even a philosophic ruler, but the better parts of each united to make up a single great man, who towers above his fellows as an oak above the cedar bush. From the almost innumerable stories and writings about Arthur, the poet has placed before us the Grand Christian king who seeks to make a second terrestrial paradise out of his realms, who seeks to

"Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live."

Himself the personification of purity and true knighthood, he selects for companions of the round table knights of pure and honest character, ever ready to imperil life if necessary to relieve distress or punish injustice.

Probably of all the Idylls of the king that one is best which sings the sweet tale of Enid. It is one of the noblest pieces of narrative in Tennyson. What can be more beautiful than the picture of the ruined Castle of Yniol? There the knight

"Look'd and saw that all was ruinous.
Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern;
And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,

And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers.
And high above a piece of turret-stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy stems
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove."

And the fair maiden who acts as common servant rather than that a guest should serve himself. Then the brilliant wedding of Prince Geraint and Enid at Arthur's Court, and the happy life they lead. Halcyon days are these amid kind friends of scrupulous honor and integrity. When the Prince takes his wife away from the Court and dooms her to the rough life of travel all for the sake of avoiding an evil only suspected, then the tale really begins. To be sure the reader wearies of the groundless suspicion of the grim, sullen knight, his taciturnity and harshness; but if his motive be considered, a picture will be found of a man who, virtuous himself, has suddenly become aware that his fellows are not as honorable as he. His bright dream of happy days, his vowed allegiance to the king, the brilliant assembly of the round table disappear and become as remote objects that once were but now are not; he "grew

Forgetful of his promise to the king—
Forgetful of the palace and the hunt—
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament—
Forgetful of his glory and his name—
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares."

He must keep Enid from the taint that he fears has crept into the court of Arthur. He flies from the shadow of evil. When in his sullen mood he forbids her to speak to him, she obeys until danger appears, and she warns him then. But her motive is mistaken. Her lord believes she considers him too weak or timid to face danger, and grows more sullen than before.

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at his very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world,
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!"

She continues to obey his most unreasonable demand, and when the end of the delusion comes, when he hears her refuse food until her lord recover from his wounds, or if he dies until she goes with him, the difficulties and injuries she has borne set off to greater advantage the intrinsic beauty of her soul. He realizes his mistake. How noble is that self-denunciation,

"Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man;
Done you more wrong; we both have undergone
That trouble which has left me thrice your own;
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt."

The old life recommences. Another Eve she, another Adam he, but no fall to mar the happiness of their Eden.

MacCauley has said that only in a primitive people can poetry exist in its highest degree: for poetry, to be successful, must inspire belief in its every part, and in primitive people things weird, grotesque and supernatural find ready belief. Tennyson, however, has come as near it is possible in modern times to real poetry according to MacCauley's ideal. The scenes he describes, the incidents he relates are influenced by powers as mysterious and supernatural as any of the gods in Homer and yet we can almost imagine them

real and quite natural. The situations he makes are so ably presented that one takes them as matters of fact. But the characters are the strong points, the result of true genius. No medieval bard could conceive such a soul as Launcelot's, noble, base, honor mixed with evil yet honor apparent. Geraint is another peculiar personage, with his gloomy silence, his noble heart. His sense of duty smothering all other feelings; at times we admire the man, and always sympathize with him. These creations leave no doubt as to the power of Tennyson. No man could conceive such characters and not be a master of his art.

AUTUMN'S COMING.

J. A. RYAN, '90.

JUST like the mist that rolls from off the seas,
And landward whirls in dense and thickening clouds,
Bright mellowing Autumn o'er the western leas,
Comes stealing, decked with gay and gandy shrouds.
At first her breath upon the trees she blows:
So rich and ripening is the warming blast,
That every little leaf bright golden grows,
And takes on hues that seem too fair to last.
Then mid the fields of tall and waving wheat
She wanders like a phantom or a shade,
And softly fondles with caresses sweet,
Each stalk and stem, each ripening ear and blade.

A WONDERFUL MANUSCRIPT AND THE CONTENTS THEREOF

DISCOVERED IN THE CANDY SHOP.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

THE PLACE WE BUY CANDY, GINGER
WHERE WE GET BOOKS, STATIONERY, ETC.

IT was the memorable 2d of April, in the year of grace, 188—. At daybreak, and throughout the early part of the morning, gloomy clouds hung threatening overhead. Notwithstanding these forebodings of a rainy day, the Rose Hill nine, elated by an unbroken series of victories, and cheered by the encouraging shouts of two hundred lusty Fordham throats, marched down the college lawn to take an early train for Hartford, there to measure bats with their friendly rivals in Base Ball, the Trinity boys.

What with the liveliest element of Fordham away, and a cloudy and sultry day before me, I grew wearily idle towards evening, and betook myself to the candy shop for the want of something better to do. There I began to rummage among a few scattered heaps of antique volumes, the most remarkable, though by no means the most attractive, inhabitants of the place. Lifting tome after tome from its sequestered nook, I chanced on an odd-looking, musty memo-

randum book, the startled ghost, as it were, of some former student of St. John's. Blowing the dust from off its sere and yellow cover, I opened it, and read on its title pages, "Class Miscellanies." I waxed exceedingly curious, and drawing a chair I sat down for a thorough perusal of my strange manuscript.

No sooner had I started my research, than my eyes fell on the following lines written in red ink, indicative of the passions that must have swayed the author when he wrote them: "I don't know, and I don't care, what my companions think of this place, but I have been here these last three years, and upon my word, I wish to heaven I had never set foot within the college gate. During the coming term I propose writing a sort of diary, which I hope will some day fall into the hands of an unfortunate like myself, whom it will fire with the feelings that now move me, and lead him to regain his liberty." I could not help smiling at the complaint and the

illusion of this grumbler; but, hoping to find some reason, or rather excuse, for the poor fellow's discontent and misery, I turned over three or four leaves more of the strange diary, whereupon I met the following:

SONNET WRITTEN ON FIRST LOOKING INTO OWEN'S HOMER.

(AFTER KEATS.)

"On puzzles mathematical much thought
Have I bestowed, much perspiration poured
O'er Latin idioms, until I bored
My way through them; against Greek have I fought
Until my cranium all overwrought,
Became a den with rebel madmen stored;
Yet never Homer's muse had I abhorred
Until in Owen's book good sense I sought:
Then felt I like a too-bold traveler
Who, straying in dense woods, has lost his track;
Or quasi theologian arbiter
For heresy stretch'd on a Spanish rack,
Which broadens all his limbs, as Homer's verse
Has broaden'd all my wits!—ah! sad reverse!"

At this I not only smiled, but I burst into a hearty laugh. When, however, I had given full vent to my merriment, I concluded that, after all, our sonneteer had a slight, if not a very justifiable cause for his sorrowing. As regards the intrinsic merit of his sonnet we will venture one remark alone, leaving our readers to form their own opinions of the rest. The author speaks of shedding much perspiration over Latin idioms—so have we—until he *bored* his way through them, that is, his perspiration did; undoubtedly his mind may never have grasped the rhyme and reason of a Latin idiom, and it is not at all improbable that the drops of sweat pierced through the paper on which they fell, as tears have furrowed cheeks! But enough of this; let us push on our research which, to say the least, is waxing highly interesting. Hello! here is another sonnet! Verily our friend must have had a craze for versifying in this metre!

"THE POETASTER."

(BY ONE.)

In perspiration's flowing gown bedight,
With Dantean wrinkles on his brow impress'd,
With wand'ring eyes and countenance depress'd,
Beneath the glimmer of a candle's light,
A poet (?) mused on visions wondrous bright!
Out of the window he the stars address'd,
But they, at this affrighted, onward press'd.
He sigh'd, then thus harangued the quiet night:
"Thou patroness and mother of dark crime,
Would that my lungs could mutter!"—here he stopp'd,
And slowly scratched his head for want of rhyme.
In vain he thought, then tired, his goose quill dropp'd,
And cursed the night, the stars, all but himself—
He lies in bed; his *verse* in yonder shelf.

This, no doubt, was our friend's own experience; and judging from the first part of his sonnet, he must have been as much *pressed* for rhyme as the hero of his poem. However, who dare deny that the tenth line is an improvement on Tennyson?

Hastily glancing over some two score pages, our attention was drawn to this Latin letter, somewhat Ciceronian in its way, written no doubt as a class exercise; for we cannot conceive how a gentleman of our friend's character and natural disposition could be prevailed upon, unless by necessity, to pen a few lines in the Latin tongue. The quaint epistle ran somewhat in this way:

Fordhami, Pridie Kalendas Octobres: Edwardo Ludovicus salu-tem dat: Tuo quidem rogatu pauca nostro de collegio ad te con- scribere audeo. Fingere animo non potes, Edwarde, quam misser- rima hac in schola vita mihi videatur, quippe cum non is sim qui litteris vel mathesi dare operam possim. Quid? quod p̄st meip- sius memoriam ne semel quidem librum ullum aperui? Quid? quod adhuc unquam me corrigendi nullum propositum habeo? De hoc autem alias, veniamus ad rem. Age, ut alia omittam, primo in schola die de illis locutus est magister in quibus hunc annum elaborare debemus. Ille quidem homo indole jucunda placenteque videtur; dixit enim Latina Graecaque linguis uti familiariter facilius esse quam a trunco labi lubrico. Quod mun- quam ego re probavi, igiturque nec credo, nec concedo, et mini- mum tentare volo; lubrico enim a trunco labendo potest fieri ut pes vel etiam caput frangatur [quod dii a nobis avertent] Ego quidem praetermittam, et facile patiar sileri, plurima alia ne forte tui patris veniant ad aures et in te ferulam conferas. Omnia hac in schola nescio quo pacto me omnino fatigant—non solum pueri, et magistri, immo vero etiam lusiones ipsae. O felicissimum diem cum ex hoc afflictionum loco proficiscar eumque ex vinculis Cicero- nis operum et caeterorum auctorum Graecorum Latinorumque dis- cedam. Haec habui isto de collegio quae dicerem, ad quod utinam unquam pervenias ne ea quae ex me audisti re expertus probare possis! Vale, amice! Cura ut valeas! Vale!"

After reading the hard words that this worthy gumblar uses against Fordham in his Latin letter, we were not at all surprised when perusing the following satire, if it may be so- called, on scarcity of newspapers in Fordham at the time:

"Dear Friend Jack:

It is by no means an easy task to write a letter—a *letter*, mind you—and post (not the letter, no) the one to whom we write it on subjects of general information. For a letter, you know, must be concise and to the point; yet striving after conciseness, we must not become obscure; nor should we wax bombadic by spreading our- selves, as Horace says. Well, here I am between two fires; in trying to avoid scylla I'll fall into Charybdis. Come what may, I'll speak out as best I can. You ask me for information on current events, that is, on what is going on in the world outside. Now, as I am not at all stingy with my knowledge, I'll share it with you, my dear Jack. It is but seldom that a newspaper steals its way into Fordham. From the few that have succeeded in doing so, however, I learn that some time ago this glorious country of ours had a mis- understanding with her neighboring sister, the Republic of Mexico. Matters grew hot; we Americans, or the Mexicans, I don't know which, flung down the gauntlet; the other side took it up; and lo! the dogs of war were let loose. General Winfield Scott took com- mand of our armies, and had about as much trouble in making the Mexicans take to their heels as he had some years back in making Monsieur Black Hawk respect the white men. Our valiant Mars captured Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, gained the great battles of Cherebusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec; and crowned his magnificent achievements by entering the Mexican capital, where he gave the stars and stripes to float the sky. About other matters. I have nothing to say just now. Hoping, therefore, to have satis- fied you somewhat, and assuring you that two or three months hence I'll have more news.

I remain, yours truly,

E. O'TRIGGER.

Turning a few more pages, we experienced great astonishment and no less pleasure upon our reading the following: "At last the year is all but spent, and I find myself at the threshold of summer vacations. I look back on the past ten months, and ask myself, What have I done during all this time? Why, I have done my best despite my repugnance for study, which is being gradually supplanted by an ardent zeal for all profitable occupation. What has brought about this unexpected change in me I am at a loss to know; but I have broken the backbone of Greek and Latin, and, what is still more, of laziness itself. In a word, I have sown my wild oats, and next year, with the help of Him who has aided me this year, I hope to reap a great harvest. Now for a good vacation!" Desiring to know whether our friend had kept his resolution and realized his hopes, we again turned over a number of pages, and lo! the result:

September 15, 18—Vacations over. Once more begins the daily college routine, no longer wearisome, but even pleasant to me, I am sailing before the wind.

These few words gave me a pretty good idea of our friend's application to and success in his studies. But who will imagine the amazement with which I read, scarcely believing my eyes, the following distichas on winter written by our former sonneteer:

INSTAT HIEMS.

"Quam pulcherrima nox extendit pallia nigra!
Quam tacite regnat muta sopore sola!"

Ece! supra pinos ascendit roscida luna,
Sponsa velut limen connubiale subit.
Navigat illa polum stellis circumdata claris,
Conjiciens radios arva superque nemus.
Atris in silvis his lugens audio flamen,
Nudos per ramos carmina triste canens:—
Heu! Jacet autumnus prisens moriturus anhelans,
Tempora dum cingit moesta cupressus amans.
Frigida Bruma venit multis comitata procellis,
Exitiumque minans fronte feroce sua;
Involvetque nivis mox terram funebre tegmen,
Regna tenens Boreas sceptraque dura gelus.
Attamen exultat gemmâ stellante corona,
Imperiumque suum cive placente modo—
Christus, spes miseris, mortales induit artus,
Terraque fit coelum, digna domusque Dei;
Angelicusque chorus stabulum descendit ovile
Carmina quaeque canit terra volutat ovans."

After perusing them several times, I felt I need ask no better guarantee of their author's triumph over his whilom difficulties. But what is all that shouting going on outside? Without more ado, I left my strange manuscript, and ran out into the play-grounds, where I learned that a telegram from Hartford, announcing that up to the third inning, victory was declaring for the Rose Hills, had filled St. John's with excitement and jubilation. I could not but yield to the tide of popular merrymaking, and soon forgot all about my remarkable diary until a few days ago.

DAVID ARELLANO, '91.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Oh, hoary-headed, ever changing Time;
How tireless is thy world encircling wing
That bears alike wild Winter and fair Spring;
How solemnly, where mantling ivies climb—
Thy voice soft swelling from yon belfries' chime
Tells out our lives. November mists still cling
To Earth. Haste on thy flight, O, Time! and bring
Glad Yule-tide with its bells that ring in rhyme,
And fill the open hearts of all who hear
With thoughts of Christ, who, loving lingers near.
So, though it bring me nearer to my grave,
Haste on, O, Time! 'twere better far to be
For one bright day to this true joy the slave,
Than live in others an eternity.

T. A. DALY, '91.

Bleak Winter! Iron ruler of the year,
Whose seat of power is the frozen north,
Whence darkling rush the whirling tempests forth.
Thy awful coming fills the world with fear,
And pales, at noon-day, all the sun's warm light;
And mother earth is wrapped within her shroud
Waiting for burial; the winds moan loud,
And feeble man looks on and dreads thy might:
And yet I love the Winter; and I love
To hear the dismal music of the blast,
To see the fleecy clouds of snow fall fast;
For they direct my thoughts to things above,
To times when angels heralded the birth
Of Him who comfort brought to men of earth.

J. J. GEARY, '91.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '91.

OUR exchange list has begun to assume its wonted proportions. Our friends of last year, are fast falling into line, and although we still miss some familiar names, yet a goodly heap has already accumulated, and awaits the scrutiny of our editorial eye.

The *Brunsonian*, "from the depths of some divine despair," sends up a mournful wail about

"A dreary dream that haunts him through the lonely midnight hours,"

(Alas!)—and continues with the following agonizing intelligence, which harrows our inmost soul:

"O'er me creeping, while I'm sleeping, in the solemn hours of night, Ever comes that awful vision, ever comes that sorrowing sight," etc., etc.

We can heartily sympathize with our suffering fellow-journalist. We were once sorely afflicted with night mares ourself.

The *College Journal* (Georgetown), for October, although tardy in coming to hand, is a welcome addition to our list. This number contains, among other interesting matters, an entertaining and very readable account of some reminiscences of Father Pye Neale. Many of our contemporaries would do well to emulate the tone of the *College Journal*.

The *Chevron* reaches our table, redolent with the doubtful breath of some unknown muse, whose inspiration has materialized in the form of a pathetic effusion, rejoicing in the classic title of "The History of Buggs and Squednik." We would recommend to the callow poet (?) of the *Chevron* that he cultivate a closer acquaintance with the fair-haired goddess before he presume too much on her patience.

The *Academician* (Canandaigua), in its column of witticisms, sagely advises the general public, in case it does not succeed, "to suck eggs." We respectfully bare our editorial head in the presence of this astute remark. We have been carefully reared and have been always taught to respect old age. This affords us an opportunity to vent our opinions on the subject of old and decrepit jokes of this nature. Revive them about every twenty-five or thirty years, so that each succeeding generation may benefit by the superfluous wit of their fathers.

The news comes to us through some of our exchanges that the publication of the *Boston Stylus* is to be discontinued this year. We hope this is not the case, as the *Stylus* has always been a welcome visitor to our Sanctum.

Hamilton's fair journalists are on hand again with several very good articles. We are glad to see we are not forgotten in that quarter at least.

The *Oak, Lily and Ivy* has a very readable article, entitled "A Citizen." In the course of the essay this sentence is found: "The ideal citizen of Milford," etc., etc. The ideal citizen of *Milford*! The ideal citizen of this great and glorious nation would sound well. But the ideal citizen of *Milford*! You might as well write about the ideal citizen of *Possum Hollow* or *Pike County*.

There is an excellent article in the *Trinity Tablet* on Hamlet. "Mand Sley," the writer, has certainly a very masculine faculty of condensing thought.

The *Stonyhurst Magazine* for July is up to its usual high standard. The essay on "Reading," by William Hibbert Ware, is worthy of Homer's box of polished cyprus wood. "P. C." contributes fine Tennysonian stanzas of high, original merit. We do not like the frequent use of the compound epithets. They raise in the imagination compound pictures which tend to confuse ordinary readers. Compound epithets do very well in sonnets:

"Fly darkling down the skies of utter west,
Prone into seas where steep in sunset smiles,
Shimmer in languid light our happy isles,
Leaning like clouds on ocean's purple breast."

Very beautiful. Something of what Ruskin calls the *false*. A sort of poetic-chemical experiment made on the "happy isles." The "happy isles," forsooth.

Maurice F. Egan, late editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, has accepted the professorship of English Literature in Notre Dame University.

The first baccalaureate sermon ever delivered at Columbia College was preached last Commencement.

When Anthony Comstock recently lectured at Princeton the students, with a considerate regard for his feelings, drap'd the statue of "The Gladiator" with a bifurcated garment of red flannel.

More than thirteen hundred members of the University of Cambridge are opposed to the admission of women.

The students at Ann Arbor have petitioned the legislature to prohibit the sale of liquors within five miles of the University.

Of the members of the Cabinet, Fairchild and Endicott are graduates of Harvard, Whitney of Yale, Dickinson of Michigan University, Vilas of Wisconsin, and Garland of St. Mary's College. —*Ex.*

Of two American students in the Royal Naval College, England, one obtained first place at the recent general examination, and the other fifth place. In brains as in most else America leads. —*Ex.*

College journalism originated at Dartmouth in 1800, with Daniel Webster as one of the editors. After a space of nine years the "Literary Cabinet" was established at Yale, followed shortly afterwards by the "Florid" at Union and "Harvard Lyceum" at Harvard. —*Ex.*

President Cleveland and Cabinet will attend the centennial celebration of Georgetown College.

COLLEGE YELLS.

Harvard—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah! Harvard!!
Yale—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah! Ya-a le!!
Columbia—Rah, rah, rah! C o l u m b i a!!

Dartmouth—Wah, hoo, wah; wah, hoo, rah! Dar-d d-Dartmouth!! Tiger.

Princeton—Rah, rah, rah; s s s t, boom, ah-h-h!!

Rutgers—Rah, rah, rah; bow-wow-wow!!

Union—Rah, rah, rah; U-n i-o-n, hikah, hikah, hikah!!

Williams—Will iams, Will-iams, Will-yums, yams, yums! Williams!!

Bowdoin—B-o-w d-o-i-n! Rah, rah, Rah!!

Cornell—Cor-nell! I yell, yell, yell! Cornell!!!

Hamilton—Rah, rah, rah, Ham it-ton! Zip, rah, boom!!

Amherst—Rah, rah, rah! Am herst i-a!!

Wesleyan—Rah, rah, rah, rah; Wes ley-an-a! Rah, rah, rah!

Madison—Zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Madison!

New York University—Rah, rah, rah, N. Y. U.; siss, boom, ah!

Lafayette—Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo rah; tigar! Lafayette!!

Syracuse—Hip, hoo, rah; hip, hoo, rah; Syracuse! Syracuse! Rah, rah, rah!

Brown—Rah, rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah! Brown!!

College City of New York—Rah, rah, rah; C. C. N. Y.!!

Wooster—W-o-o-ster! Bang!!

University of Tennessee—Rah, rah, rah-rah-rah; Bim, bim, boom-boom-bah! Rah, rah, rah rah rah!!

Allegheny—Alleghie, Aleghie; Rah, boom! Allegheny!!

Pennsylvania College—Rah, rah, rah, rah; Penn syl-van-yah!

Tufts—R-r-rah; Rah-rah, rah, Tufts!

University of California—Hah, ha; Californiah! U. C., Berk-ec-lee! Zip, boom, Ah!!

Dickinson—Hip, rah, bus, bis; Dickinsoni-en sis! Tiger.

Boston University—Boston, Boston, bub-a-bub-a-bub; Boston Varsity, Varsity; rah, rah, rah!!

Rensselaer University—C o l-l-y, rah! rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah, Rensselaer!

Swarthmore—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; Swarthmore, Swarthmore; hoo rah!

Trinity—Trin i ty! Trin-i-ty!! (ad libitum.)

Racine—Ra, Ra, Ra-cine!

Our Own—Rah! Rah! Rah! F-O-R D-Ham! Ham! Ham!



PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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NOVEMBER, 1888.



THE following address was handed us by a member of the Faculty. The paper on which it is written was white, some forty years ago, but the tint has changed long since to the sere and yellow:

Mr. Andrew C. Smith, Mr. Sylvester Rosecranz, Mr. Peter McCarron:

"GENTLEMEN:—I am commissioned by the Faculty of St. John's College to hand to each of you a diploma of Bachelor of Arts. This diploma is the solemn and authentic proof of the favorable judgment which the Faculty of this institution, after due examination and mature consideration, have formed both of your intellectual capacity, and of your moral conduct and principles. By these documents which are public by the authority from which they emanate, by the object they have in view, and by the circumstances under which they are handed to you, we stand committed before the world, unless by the rectitude of your future conduct and steady application to your respective duties, you justify our decision.

"For, gentlemen, let me impress upon your minds that by asking for and receiving the academic honors, you enter into a solemn and public engagement to show yourselves worthy of the distinction which is conferred on you. This distinction is conferred upon you, not in our name, but in the name and

by the authority of the Republic, and to the Republic, both we and you are responsible. If the Republic invests us with a discretionary power to decorate with these distinctions those whom we judge worthy, it expects and it has a right to expect that they should show themselves on all occasions, in word and in deed, friends of law and order, defenders of truth and justice, supporters of sound morality.

"Receive your diploma of Bachelor of Arts, and remember the engagements which you contract."

We cannot discover who it was that conferred the degrees in '47. The document, in consequence, loses some of its interest. If there is any one still living whose memory goes back to that early date, he will confer a favor on us by giving us some information on the matter.

Nothing has been heard yet about this year's course of lectures. Recalling the success of the lectures during the past two years, we trust that the good custom will not be given up.

The Holy League is now firmly established among the students. It is certainly a great honor to be the first Catholic College in the country in which the devotion is regularly organized. Running over the different pious organizations we regard it as altogether probable that an apostle should rise up from amongst us before many years have passed. There are the sodalities on all the divisions, the Holy League and the Holy Childhood, superintended by Mr. Joe Faye, of Second, who by this time must be the happy possessor of some five hundred baptized Chinese babies.

It has been a cause of surprise to the librarian that so few literary works have been taken out of late. The department of literature is, without doubt, the best in the library: indeed, it would be difficult to find a better collection in any college library. And yet its books seem to be the least patronized. The librarians would respectfully suggest that a printed class list of books be drawn up from the catalogue and put in the hands of the students. This method would save time for the librarians and insure a thorough course of reading to all the students.

It has been given out semi-officially that hereafter monthly marks will be read in presence of all the students in First Division hall, and that after the marks something in the way of a class exhibition will be given. This plan will, we think, meet with the approval of all parties.

We have received during the past month from Messrs

Benziger Bros. several charming little volumes. The lives of the *Saints* and *Blessed* of 1888 are written in an attractive, concise style, and the material make-up is equally attractive. Messrs. Benziger Bros. are doing work of which any Catholic may justly be proud. In binding, topography and general enterprise, they are no whit inferior to the large publishing houses of this country and England. It was formerly the belief among Catholics that better books and better bargains could be had in Protestant houses; we are happy to say that this condition of things is passed, owing, in great measure, to the enterprise, artistic work and generous devotion of Messrs. Benziger Bros. (New York, Cincinnati and Chicago).

was written by our gifted co-laborer in the journalistic line Mr. J. C. Heffern, '89. His name was omitted through an oversight.

What are we going to do for a Christmas number? The Board of Editors are anxious to get novel suggestions. The editors of last year gave the public to understand that Christmas was henceforth to be regarded as a sort of gala day for THE MONTHLY. This was an official utterance and we are not at liberty to depart from it.

We invite the attention of our readers to the pleasant reminiscences sent by Mr. Peter A. Hendrick, '78. '78 was a great class, and Mr. Hendrick worthily represents it.

The opening poem in our last issue, "Whither Summer,"

OUR MAIL BAG.

OUR MAIL BAG has had a long, lank appearance for the past few weeks—like one who does not get proper nourishment. This emaciated condition of our old friend goes right to our editorial heart. The whole blame rests, of course, with the old students, to whom the Mail Bag looks for support; on them, therefore, be the shame of having reduced our plump, corpulent friend to the consumptive shadow of a mail bag. By clever manipulation of a dark lantern, we succeeded the other day in extracting the following communications.

READING ROOM, 2d DIVISION, *October 25th.*

Dear Editors:—It was reported the other day that three persons had accomplished the unheard of feat of sailing over the Bronx falls in a flat bottomed boat. Gentlemen, is this true? If so, it is a deed in which every past, present and future student of St. John's should glory. A few years ago some one rolled over Niagara Falls in a barrel; but what is a barrel compared with a flat-bottomed boat? It is nothing, gentlemen, absolutely nothing. And, besides, three persons! How they must have embraced each other in their terror, as they swept down into the infinite abyss! Oh!

[The report is partially true. After diligent investigation into the matter, we discovered that the boat did in reality go over the falls, but reversed, so that the bottom was seen where the top is naturally supposed to be. Two of the occupants of the boat, not wishing to be themselves reversed, calmly walked out into the falls. But the third, recalling that heroic utterance of Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," clung to the frail craft, and the craft in turn clung to him. Now some three hundred yards down from the falls there is a huge rock—*immense dorsum*—as the poet says, which arrested the flight of the fated vessel; thereupon, Mr. B. looked cautiously out from under the stern, and seeing

the coast clear, made a bold dash to windward, reaching land in the marvelous short space of half an hour. Here he shook himself, an eminently proper action, considering the circumstances. Immediately thereafter he sought the College, where our reporter is said to have met him. *Reporter.* Did you or did you not go over the falls in a flat-bottomed boat? *Mr. B.* Yes. *Reporter.* What were your feelings at the moment when the yawning precipice stared you in the face. *Mr. B.* I went over backwards to avoid the sight. *Reporter.* I notice that your clothes are moist. *Mr. B.* The spray—you know—the spray. I'm going down towards the Infirmary now.

[The fate of the others was altogether too tragical to be described in a single number of our paper. We reserve it for our next.—Eds.]

FIFTH AVENUE, Friday, Oct. 26th.

Messrs. Editors:—The other day I stood in front of 1st Division building, nerving myself to the task of climbing to my room on Fifth Avenue. Three several times I moved towards the door and thrice I stopped to give myself a little extra rest, as I am naturally of a feeble constitution. During this state of indecision my mind was at work devising plans how to reach my room without going through the *Excelsior* act. All on a sudden a remarkable idea flashed across my mind. I communicate it to you out of no desire to display my own inventions before the world, but simply as a benefit to humanity, at least to that portion of it riding on Fifth Ave.

[We publish the foregoing portion of this letter out of regard to the writer; but really his plan or invention is diametrically opposed to all the laws of Physics and Chemistry. We have consulted authors on the matter, and may safely inform the writer that no chemical order is strong enough to lift a well developed man up to a fifth story. See the analytical chemists *passim*.—Eds.]

BRRE

A VOICE FROM '78.

Editors Fordham Monthly.

Your request for a letter giving incidents of college life during my school days at St. John's has called up so many remembrances that it seems almost impossible to compress all that crowd my mind into a column or two.

I remember a Latin poem which Father Cunningham once gave us to translate, beginning:

"O Schola, quae primos meliori tempore vita
Annos fovisti; tandem tua septa reviso
Barbatus! menti quam multa recurrit imago!

How many pleasant mental pictures will be recalled to the mind of any graduate of St. John's by a request such as yours to me—pictures of a baseball field, or of the Campus on a field day of the Athletic Club, or of class-rooms and comrades and professors! Of course the Rose Hills are the central figures. I suppose that every College generation thinks it produced the best Rose Hill nine in the history of the College. But I appeal to any member of the Class of '78 to bear me out in the statement that the Rose Hills of 1876, 1877 and 1878 were great ball players. "There were giants in those days." Any one who ever saw Murphy catch Markey's or Doyle's in and out shoots, bears in his mind the memory of great baseball days. As I glance over the names of my associates upon the Rose Hill nine I am tempted to cite Shakespeare's words, modified to suit the application, "You will not look upon their like again." Quinn, Casey, Mooney, Murphy, Johnny Steward, Jova and Doyle are names that will be ever fresh in the minds of Fordham boys of their day. They were not only ball players, but they were students; and they not only won every game that they played during three years, with two exceptions, but they were first in their studies, and were among the best of Fordhams' students.

I presume that to-day, as in my day, the rule holds good, the better the athlete the better the student.

I wonder what has become of the old antagonists of the Rose Hills—the Harlems, whom they defeated time after time—the Athletes—the Osceolas—the Witokas—the Arlingtons, and the others. Princeton and Seton Hall, Yale and Wesleyan are playing yet, and, I hope, are being beaten by the Rose Hills as in days gone by. And the Jaspers! Enough has been written about *that last game* to fill columns of college history. Though we resolved in those days that never again would there be a game between the Jaspers and the Rose Hills. I am sure I express the feeling of all the old, boys when I say that I'm glad the old difference between the clubs is now only a memory of the past. I hope that for years to come there will be many games between the two clubs, and that the best club (the Rose Hills, of course), will win.

Although the ball players in my time were "The choice and master spirits of their age," still the "literary fellows" were men of great importance in the college world. Deane could not catch a base-ball if his eternal happiness depended

upon it. O'Malley, McSweeney, Wilstach, were types of the mental athletes of my time. McSweeney, since a Roman Doctor, and but lately dead, will be recalled by every one of his time as an example of brilliant mental ability. Deane, whose perennial smile was proverbial, will recall, as will hundreds of others, a proposed duel, which, had it been carried out and either of the participants been mortally wounded, (?) might have resulted in serious (?) consequences. I do not mean to say that we fought duels in our time, but we talked of fighting duels.

I suppose that the Athletic Society is as vigorous now as it was fifteen years ago. On Thanksgiving Day we held the winter games of the Association, and so great was the interest in the contests, that hundreds of people from the city attended. To show that I am not altogether wrong in praising the past, I would call attention to the fact that at least one record was made in my time which is still the best record, namely: the record for two standing jumps.

I notice that the students have been lately busily engaged in class games. In my time the class of '78 played against the house, and, if I am not mistaken, '78 was successful in winning the championship in the years of '78, '77 and '76. Steward, Xavier, Murphy, Casey, Hamell and I were members of that class, and were also members of the Rose Hill nine, and with the aid of Deane's smile, and O'Malley's innocence, and Billy Sullivan's philosophy—(Dear old Billy, he is dead now), we were able to score victory after victory.

College elections were a source of very great excitement for us. There was no interference by the faculty. The "House Ticket" representing usually the higher classes, was opposed by the ticket called "Vox Populi." Of course promises of every kind were made by the managers, and I believe, that of seventy-five persons who would vote either ticket, at least seventy-four would expect an appointment as "supe." to the ball nine, or "rubber" in the billiard room. By the way, next after the presidency of the baseball association the office of "supe." was most eagerly sought, because no one was allowed to accompany the nine on its expeditions into hostile territory except the president and two "supes."

The excitement culminated in the election of 1876, when the supporters of the rival tickets paraded nightly, with torches; speeches were made, and all the incidents of a political campaign were enacted upon the college campus. The torches were provided by Judge Shiels, an old Fordham boy, and were taken from the ample supply of Tammany Hall.

One night, when the supporters of the rival tickets were parading and cheering their candidates, the enthusiasm grew so great that it had to be "let off" in a mild collision, in which nothing, however, was broken but some college rules. The next morning Father Racicot announced that he himself had elected the officers for the different societies, and read out their names. That ended the elections during my time in Fordham.

John McNamara and McEvoy knew more about "behind the scenes" of a college theatre than any other person in America. Through their efforts largely the Dramatic Society attained a splendid reputation. Colligan, Joe Myers, Frank Casey, McLoughlin, McNamara, Geo. Hill, Hallihan, Reynaud, Frank Brown, Crowley, Zeb Ward, and Professors Mace and Simon were always ready to lend their aid in producing any play from Macbeth to Nogo Dumps.

I remember one play which was always popular, called "School Days at Fordham." Another play, written by the class of which I was a member, called "Sealed Lips," attained considerable college celebrity. Public entertainments were frequently given and helped to fill the treasuries of the Ball Club and the Billiard Association.

During the winter months the time was passed in playing billiards and checkers and in the gymnasium. Each division held its own billiard and checker tournaments, and suitable presents were given to the victors.

I must stop or I will exhaust your patience. I would like to say a word of our old professors—Father Racicot, Father Treanor, Mr. Casey, Father Ryan, Father Costin, Father Doucet, Father Cunningham, Mr. Plante, Father Finnegan, Mr. Quinn and a host of others, whose kindness rendered our lives so happy at Fordham in the old days. But space forbids.

"O utinam possim dignis celebrare magistrum
Laudibus; at frustra conantem ridet Apollo."

P. A. HENDRICK, '78.

*"O would I were able to honor the
master with worthy praises: but I
laugh at me trying in vain!"*

AN ANCIENT MEMBER OF THE FACULTY INTERVIEWED.

FOR the past two years the old students have supported us constantly and nobly in the way of reminiscences.

They have made THE MONTHLY entertaining not only to every one who has had any connection with the college, but to every one, without exception, who reads the paper. Other colleges following in our footsteps, are beginning to devote much space to college history and traditions.

With a view to giving our contributors among the alumni a rest, and as a pleasant variety, we propose in this and the next number to get some recollections from old members of the Faculty.

The pioneers among the students and professors are fast passing away, and if we delay much longer, there will be no one left to save the memory of old times from utter oblivion. The oldest and best known of the very old professors still at the college is Father Doucet, with whom we spent a pleasant hour some time ago getting surreptitious information about the *forties*.

"You came here in '48, did you not, Father?"

"No, in '46; Father Thebaud was President at the time, and Father Du Merle, Vice-President."

"Do you remember how the surroundings looked at that time; I suppose the village of Fordham had not yet put in an appearance."

"The only house within sight of the college was Dr. Powell's mansion. The railroad had just been finished as far as Fordham, and an excuse for a station stood just in front of the college lawn."

"Was the *Huckleberry* horse car line in existence then?"

"Oh, no! it was built long afterwards. It was called *Huckleberry* very appropriately. Years ago the drivers had the habit, I hear they have it still, of running off the track several times during every trip. While conductor and driver were leisurely employed in settling the difficulty, the passengers amused themselves with picking huckleberries."

"Do you remember the students of that time?"

"Most of them I can recall very distinctly. There was

'Dr. Sweeney,' so-called because he wore very learned spectacles, and Gray and Gus. Thebaud. Thebaud is the only one living who was a student before the Jesuits took charge of the college. He was mail-carrier, a very important office in those days. The nearest post-office was at West Chester, five miles from here. One of the trustworthy boys had the privilege of driving over with the mail twice a day. Bishop Rosercrans, even as a boy, gave promise of great things. When he had been consecrated Bishop of Columbus, during my rectorship, I invited him to come on and give the address to the graduates. On arriving at the college, he expressed a wish to take dinner with the boys in their refectory. So I accompanied him. During the dinner he made a beautiful address. After dinner we walked out to the playground, where a number of the boys were playing hand ball, a popular game at that time. The Bishop, who had been a good hand ball player in his time, joined the boys in the game."

"You were, of course, acquainted with Judge Dodge, who contributed a fine paper to our last issue?"

"Pompey Dodge? oh, yes. It is wonderful how little some people change. Judge Dodge addressed the graduates a few years ago. I met him and found him the same Pompey of '47 and '48. Then there was Vicar General Keegan, a class-mate of Dodge's, and as excellent a young man as ever passed through the College."

"What were the peculiar sports in those days, Father? You had no base ball, I suppose."

"No; base ball was introduced as a distinctive Fordham game some years later during my presidency. Foot ball was very popular then. I think the elevens of those days could not have been beaten, 60 to 0. On holidays during the summer months we used to explore the whole country round. In those days a walk of twenty miles was not considered much. The terminus of our walks was frequently High Bridge, where we hired boats and rowed up towards Spuyten Duyvil, where the Harlem meets the Hudson. I remem-

ber very distinctly a long walk which I took just after I had come to the College. As I was altogether ignorant of the surroundings, I allowed two or three of the boys to lead the way. We walked on briskly till we reached the Sound at Port Morris, where we hired boats and started off for a little row. Somehow or other I got the locality mixed up, and being somewhat anxious about the time of day, I undertook the directing of the squadron. I noticed with some astonishment that the rowers received my directions with uncommon pleasure; they rowed with might and main. Seeing things going on so well I was beginning to congratulate myself on the good time we were making, when, lo and behold, we hove in sight of Hell Gate. The whole band were seemingly as much astonished as myself. With some vexation I ordered a retreat; but we made poor time on the return trip. You know, the country for miles about was wild and uninhabited, so that we could roam at will from the College to Harlem, and from the Hudson to the Sound. I think the students of those days must remember the walks and excursions with much pleasure. It was customary to set out early in the morning and walk steadily till dinner; we then looked about for something in the shape of a hotel or bakery. As establishments of this kind were rare in our neighborhood, we were often obliged to travel far out of our way in order to get some dinner. There used to be an old-fashioned inn at McComb's Dam which we were fond of patronizing. By special leave of the proprietor we were allowed to take our dinner on the porch, where, after the meal, we recreated the inmates with music and singing. I just now recall a famous flute-player who generally accompanied us; his name was Smith, I believe, but I am not sure. The great picnic day was the Fourth of July. Commencement fell on the 15th or 16th of July in those days; so the Fourth was always spent at the College, or rather on the grassy banks of the Harlem, whither the whole house went provided with eatables and fireworks. The day was passed very patriotically."

"What office did you hold at that time, Father?"

"I taught Third Grammar, Geometry and French, besides having a dormitory. My dormitory opened out on the roof of the play room. I had good, sensible fellows. I remember waking up one night oppressed with a sense of loneliness. On leaving my apartment and entering the dormitory I found the whole place deserted. Instinctively I

looked towards the roof of the play room, and there in the twilight I fancied I saw a multitude of white statues. Raising the window and climbing out on the roof I discovered that the statues were my brave boys who had gone out to watch the eclipse; they were loath, they said, to disturb my slumbers. I remained with them till the eclipse was completed and then we all retired."

"I have heard, Father, that you were acquainted with Poe."

"Yes, I knew him well. During the summer months he used to walk over to the College almost daily. All the older boys were well acquainted with him."

"Is it true that he looked like one worn out with dissipation and excess?"

"No; in bearing and countenance he was extremely refined. His features were somewhat sharp and very thoughtful. He was well informed on all matters. I always thought that he was a gentleman by nature and instinct."

"I have heard it said that the boys of those early days were a fine, honest set."

"They were, indeed; De Bull was a boy the like of whom you will meet once in a lifetime. He had a wonderful influence for good among the other students. He died in Rome. Francis was a boy whom it was a pleasure to know. He had that high sense of honor and gentlemanliness, peculiar to his family and to the old families of St. Louis. He was a cousin of Col. Garesche. You have heard the high praise bestowed on Mr. Hassard by all who knew him. In his case the child was 'father to the man.' I have already spoken of Bishop Rosecrans, whose memory lingered about the college for years after he had graduated. Henry Smith died early, and in his death a first class mind and a noble nature passed away. Those whom I have mentioned are nearly all dead. Of the living it is only necessary to mention the names of Vicar General Keegan, Judge Dodge, Gen. McMahon and many others, who have never disappointed us in the high hopes which we entertained of them as boys. Since my eyes failed me, I have been obliged to sit and think a great deal of the past. Faces now and then come up which I had altogether forgotten; and though I have met many of the old students years after their graduations, when they, themselves, had become old men, still I cannot get the boyish features out of my mind.



MONTHLY BULLETIN.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE Athletic Association held their fallsports on October 18th. The weather was all that could be desired and the track in first class condition. The chief interest centred in the contest for the athletic banner; but, owing to an accident to Livingston, '90, who sprained his ankle two weeks previous, the Philosophers had a comparatively easy victory. The greatest surprise of the day was the victory of Newton, '92 over Quackenboss, '89 in the 100 yard dash; this shows that there is plenty of ability in the college. Newton's pole-vaulting was also very creditable considering the facts that he had never vaulted before, and that his pole was unusually long. Quackenboss broke the college record in the 440 yards dash, making the distance in 58 seconds. He also cleared 18 feet, 10 inches in the running long jump. The prizes for the games surpassed those of former years, and seeing how hard the officers worked to make the affair a success, the meeting should have been better. About one-third of those who were entered for the various events started; the others either went to see the ball game or were afraid to appear in public. Now there is no hope of the Athletic Association ever having a successful meeting while such a lack of interest continues. Certainly the efforts of the officers of the Association, and the generous outlay of money for prizes deserved a worthier recognition. The winners are:

One hundred yards dash, won by W. Newton, '92 (2½ yards); time, 10½ seconds. Second, H. Quackenboss, '89 (scratch).

Eight hundred and eighty yards run, won by C. Marrin, '89; time, 2 minutes, 28 seconds. Second, C. Straub, '90.

Four hundred and forty yards run, won by H. Quackenboss, '89 (scratch); time, 58 seconds. Second, J. O'Neil, '92 (25 yards).

Mile run, won by J. Dunn, '91 (16 yards); time, 6 minutes, 20 seconds. Second, W. Newton, '92 (scratch).

Mile walk, won by J. Slevin, '90; time, 8 minutes, 42 seconds. Second, P. Quinn, '91.

High jump, won by D. Hanrahan, '89, 4 feet, 10 inches. Second, C. Straub, '90, 4 feet, 8 inches.

Long jump, won by H. Quackenboss, '89 (scratch), 18 feet, 10 inches. Second, D. Hanrahan (4 inches), 18 feet, 2 inches.

Throwing hammer, won by D. Hanrahan, '89 (scratch), 66 feet, 8 inches. Second, C. Livingston, '90, 55 feet, 11 inches.

Pole vault, won by W. Newton, '92, 7 feet, 7 inches. Second, C. Marrin, '89, 5 feet, 10 inches.

The result for class banner is as follows:

First, class of '89 with 23 points.

Second, class of '90 with 11 points.

Third, class of '92 with 10 points.

Fourth, class of '91 with 6 points.

Fifteen men will train during the winter for the inter-collegiate meeting in May, and if each man does his duty during that time there is no reason why Fordham should not be mentioned more than once among the winners.

C. LIVINGSTON, '90, Sec'y.

THE CADETS.

Since the first appearance of the cadets in uniform on Sept. 24th, when they acted as escort to the Most Rev. Archbishop on his visit to the College, many changes have taken place in the military body. Their numbers have been greatly augmented by the addition of Second Division, which has donned the uniform. This increase in the ranks has necessitated the formation of two companies, A and B, composed of Second Division and volunteer cadets from First, Third Division, or Company "B," of last year, now becomes Company "C." The full complement of officers will be appointed to fill the various offices created by the formation of these companies, and will principally be selected from the ranks of last year's company. The instruction of the recruits has already begun, and on every recreation day the College campus presents an interesting scene, squads marching and countermarching, halting and starting, each under its instructing officer and vying with each other in the execution and precision of their movements. We recognize the familiar countenance of Lieut. H. G. Squiers, personally directing the drill as of yore; and we are happy to announce that he has again been detailed to the College, and will be with us for another period of three years. Many of last year's officers have returned, and have received their assignments to the various companies. Captain Dowdney occupies his old position at the head of Company A, and marshalls his forces with his wonted vigor. First Sergeant Wright remains in Company A, while Sergeants Marrin and Brennan have been assigned to Company B. Privates Hammond, Newton and Donovan have been appointed Corporals, the former being assigned to Company C, the two latter to Company A. Non-Cadet drill is permitted to First Division only, and it is hoped that a large number, if not all, on this division will also doff the civilian dress in favor of the uniform. This addition would render battalion drill possible; a branch of the military tactics which is not yet practicable owing to the insufficient numbers in the ranks, and the practice of this drill would be of great benefit to the Cadets, as their drills heretofore have been confined to the company and skirmish drill, adding thus a practical experience to the already theoretically acquired knowledge, which is of paramount importance to the thorough execution of military manœuvres. Lieutenant Squiers promises to devote more time to the instruction of our Cadets this year than heretofore, and this fact, coupled with the increased military spirit which has lately become manifest among the students, leads us to believe that this innovation into the College curriculum will reach a higher degree of perfection this year than it has yet attained, and tend to produce the *mens sana in corpore sano*, which is the end and object of all drill.

F. J. D., '91.

THE DAY SCHOLARS.

A month has now passed since the opening of the collegiate year, and while many familiar faces have been missed, many strange ones have come to fill the places made vacant.

But there is still that band of students who come from home in the morning, pass their day at Fordham and leave for home at night. Year after year the number of day students has increased, until at the present time we find it in the neighborhood of fifty.

It is as happy a throng as ever entered Fordham. Take a ride on the "Huckleberry" road that fast line of horse-cars running between Fordham and Harlem; you will find college representatives in all the cars, always willing and ready to help the car on or off the track as the conductor may wish. When one of Italia's sons gets on the car, he is literally besieged by our friends from the grammar classes, all desirous of having a Latin talk with him. But the wondering stranger from the land of Caesars shrugs his shoulders, smiles benignly upon them but does not utter a word. Filled with disappointment, the inquisitive youths turn aside, fully persuaded that the Latin language must have been greatly corrupted when a native of Italy could not understand it.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

At a meeting held October 14th Mr. T. G. Taaffe introduced a bill "To reform the system of balloting in New York State." Messrs. Taaffe, Heffern, Quackenboss and Morrissey spoke in behalf of the bill, while Messrs. Blun, Marrin, Plunkett and McNeilly opposed it. Through the efforts of the opposition the bill was not allowed to pass to its third reading. At times the discussion was very animated, and some of the members grew very eloquent. On October 21st Mr. Plunkett introduced a bill to reform the "Excise Laws of New York City." This bill will come up for its second reading at the next meeting. There has been some talk lately among the members of the organization about making a change in its name and order of proceeding. Many are of opinion that, as we have a legislative body in the country equal to any in the world, we cannot do better than imitate its methods. Very probably a bill will be introduced at the next meeting towards bringing about this acceptable change.

J. C. M., '90.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SPECIMEN.

On Friday morning, October 19th, the class of '89 made its debut in the arena of Dialectics, and, taking all things into consideration, this maiden appearance was not such as to cause the class any anxiety as to future success.

In view of the fact that nearly all did remarkably well, it would, indeed, be a difficult and arduous task to select any particular name as being especially deserving of praise. True, one or two, it must be acknowledged, hardly did themselves justice, but this was, in great measure, owing to the timidity natural to a first public appearance in so deep and expansive a field as that of logic.

Three or four Latin jokes, cracked at the expense of certain

gentleman, caused the ice to gradually thaw, and, as a consequence, all began to feel more at home, and to regain that which is most essential in a public exhibition, viz: "self possession." Judging from the broad grins which were, from time to time, visible on the countenances of our friends of '90, the aforesaid jokes were fully appreciated. We are compelled to refrain from quoting any of the humorous phrases that occasioned so much mirth to all who were present.

After all had been questioned Rev'd. Fr. Rector remarked that he was exceedingly grateful to '89, for the pleasure it had afforded him, and expressed a wish that the near future would witness a similar entertainment.

"TESTIS."

THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

The Dramatic Association has again reorganized and begins a new year under the most favorable circumstances. The devotee of Thespis has again come forward to do honor to his patron and presiding genius. He no longer revelleth "in aprici gramine campi;" he shunneth the grassy precincts of the field, and, turning a deaf ear to the insinuating wiles of foot ball and base ball, he dons the "Sock and buskin."

Preparations are already under way for the initial performance of the year; and we have no hesitation in saying that it will at least equal anything hitherto attempted by the Dramatic Association. Last year we lost some very fine talent in Howley, Kirby and Cushion; still, according to the latest accounts, the usual influx of new members is filling up the ranks, and under the efficient direction of our Rev. Moderator, we may look forward to a year of success.

COMUS, '90.

ELECTION EVENING AT THE COLLEGE.

(By special telegram to THE MONTHLY.)

At 4 P. M. of Election Day all First Division, assisted by able-bodied representatives from Second, began work on the bonfire. Every available barrel within easy reach of the College was peremptorily seized. When all the material had been gathered the workers, "without sound of hammer or axe," fell to rearing the huge pile after the most approved style of bonfires. First a mighty pole was planted midway between 1st base and pitcher's box, and around this vacant barrels and rejected straw were arranged most artistically. Then a neglected pulpit was sought and found and placed within the shadow of the monster pile. During all this time preparations were being made by the parade committees. The headquarters of the Republican committee was situated within the four walls of the Sanctum, and hither the Harrison men flocked. The Democrats took forcible possession of the playroom. At 5 P. M. the Sanctum men deemed it high time to hang out divers bulletin announcements, the first of which read thus: "New York goes Republican by 50,000. Cleveland discovered in a conspiracy to blow up the White House." This, of course, caused some excitement among the Tariff Reformers, who looked wistfully at the bulletin like the fox of old at the sour grapes. Bulletin followed bulletin, till the side of the castle was literally covered. There they hung securely, out of reach of Democratic wrath. By this

time the party in the playroom had formed in line, with banners waving and horns tooting. Out they came, singing gentle campaign choruses.

As their line of march lay beneath the *Sanctum* windows, the patriotic bulletins could not go unnoticed. The grand marshal cried halt, and after ceremoniously clearing his throat proposed three cheers for Cleveland. Cheers went up from the procession and groans from the *Sanctum*. Then a fierce Democrat, from Little Rock, expressed a mild wish that three more cheers be given for the "Solid South," (more cheers and groans). Then followed cheers for Hill and Grant and Mrs. Cleveland, all of whom received a groan or two except the last named. The procession, having paid their respects to the *Sanctum*, moved on to the campus, where they woke every possible echo of the field. When the coast was clear the Protectionists descended from their high place and mustered all their followers. The two processions met in course of time; whereupon ensued a very lively scene. Campaign cries were alternated in quick succession, till the bell for Study Hall rang, thus closing the first act.

Immediately after supper all proceeded to the neighborhood of the bonfire which blazed away and lit up the whole village of Fordham. While the fire lasted, the two processions paraded the field "making night hideous" with tin horns and other musical instruments. But tin horns cannot last forever. They fortunately lost all their music just as the last barrel was crumbling to ashes. Thereupon all surrounded the pulpit, whither the orators of the evening were forcibly led. Mr. Delany was the first to mount. The applause was so deafening that our reporter heard but two words of his speech. Mr. Dunn followed. He confessed he could speak against anything on earth, tin horns excepted; whereat the tin horns shrieked in approbation. Mr. Dunn's speech was strong and convincing. He simply drove the last nail in the Republican coffin. After a short intermission the Republicans strode forward, escorting Mr. Taaffe, who succeeded in amusing the noisy audience. Mr. Blum followed with a rousing Protection harangue—but unfortunately the bell for late Study Hall cut him short. In the early part of the afternoon an election was held, the result of which is believed to have been in favor of the straight Democratic ticket.

These, however, are only one or two of the incidents that occur on the line to and from Fordham. For a change let us take a glance through the Fourth Avenue train where we will find another band of St. John's students. Occupying a seat by himself we find the genial Mr. Brennan critically studying the beauties of nature from the car window or with a look of determination in his face and his manly brow contracted, we observe him wrestling with some complicated proposition of geometry. A very interesting task. Scattered throughout the car we see others eagerly devouring the contents of a newspaper especially that part containing the scores of the previous day; and at times giving evidence of their admiration in such loud tones as to wake from his slumbers the drowsy occupant of a neighboring seat. But at one look from our rhetorical friend, Mr. Butler, all the noise ceases and the stillness of the classroom ensues. Where is our friend, Mr. Taaffe? Oh, Tom likes

peace and quietude, so, knowing where to find it, he seeks an earlier train in the morning and a later one at night. We meet no others now until we reach Fordham, and here we see our Yonkers friend, John McHugh. John's face is always lighted by a pleasant smile especially when he has some amusing incident to relate.

At the College gate the band is divided—one division hastens up the path to St. John's Hall; the other up the lawn. And at this juncture we meet our old companion, E. Troy, whose thirst for classical knowledge is so great that it brings him daily to and from the fair city of Stamford, the pride of the "Nutmeg State." It really does one good to be greeted by E.'s hearty "good morning," spoken in an oratorical way peculiar to himself; it sounds as if "his heart was in what he said."

Ed always has some sound information to impart to us, enough, at least, to keep us deeply interested until the sounds of the Second Bell are heard, calling all to their respective classrooms to reap the fruits of a nights' toil and a days' study.

J. GEARY, '91.

THE GAME WITH TRINITY.

"St. John's had a very heavy team and good runners, but the men lacked experience, were easily winded, and amusingly devoid of the proper foot ball spirit."—*Hartford Times*. From other accounts of the game which have reached us, we conclude that the above is a very mild criticism, indeed. After all, nothing tells like figures, and the score 60-0 has a world of meaning behind it. We had determined to give the game a very slender notice; but in view of the fact that the return game will be played here on Nov. 29th, it might be well to make a few observations out of regard for those who must form the audience. And first we would suggest that, as Second Division are taking a great interest in the game, and as they are not altogether "devoid of the proper football spirit," they are chosen to meet Trinity on Nov. 29th. But if the original eleven insist on having a game, why not invite Trinity to a contest in hand ball, or marbles, or checkers. In these games the figures 60-0 do not occur. Considering the listlessness in regard to the coming game, we are pretty safe in announcing that the score will take the shape of the mathematical expression $\infty > 0$.—[EDS.]

FR. MAES' MAGICAL EXHIBITION BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF ST. JOHN'S HALL.

A few days ago, one of our reporters noticed that unusual excitement prevailed at St. John's Hall during an after-dinner recreation. With heroic devotion to his calling he determined to discover the cause of this. Several of the small gentlemen were consequently interviewed after the most approved fashion; but the result was far from satisfactory. Our unfortunate representative of the press could extract no more intelligent answers than there: "Oh! it was grand!" "Wasn't it fine!" "He changed all of us into corpses," etc., etc., etc. This bewildering state of affairs being reported at the *Sanctum*, it was determined to get the true story at all hazards. Here is the result. Fr. Maes, Professor of

Chemistry, very kindly consented to give the small boys an exhibition in chemical experiments. The first experiment was a wondrous and deft use of a certain inflammable material which possesses the magical quality of making living things take on the hue of death. Fr. Maes told the credulous youth that this was necessary in order to initiate them into the praeternatural rites. Then one experiment followed another in rapid succession, till the small boys were so amazed and bewildered, withal, that the only words fit to express their feelings were "Oh! it was grand," etc. We have been requested to tender Fr. Maes the thanks of the whole division. '91.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

The retreat conducted by Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J. will be long remembered by this year's students. Many of us had learned years ago to admire Fr. Halpin's eloquence, and, in consequence, we looked forward to the three days with pleasant anticipation. But even we were agreeably surprised to find the Rev. Father's powers strengthened and mellowed with time. It is altogether unnecessary to say that the students, one and all, followed the exercises earnestly and fervently; this was evident to every one. It is to be hoped

that the result of the retreat will be apparent throughout the whole year. On the third day of the exercises memorial cards were distributed; the tone of the prayers and directions on the cards took their note from this sentence of Scripture: "He that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved."

B. '90.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Historical Society, which was discontinued last year, has been resumed. Rev. Fr. Flynn, the moderator, has succeeded in inspiring enthusiasm for historical research. The Society held its first meeting on Oct. 10th, when the members listened to a very entertaining lecture by the Rev. Moderator on the Renaissance. At a meeting held Oct. 24th, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the present term: President, T. G. Taaffe, '90; Vice Pres., D. R. Kieran, '89; Rec. Sec., D. A. Manning, '90; Cor. Sec., J. H. Slevin, '90; Treasurer, J. C. McNeilly, '90. The subjects for historical essays were given out immediately after the elections. The members show unusual interest in the lectures.

J. C. M., '90.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

THE retreat given by Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., our former Vice-President, made a great impression on all the students.

—Hand ball has become very popular lately. Three first-class alleys would hardly satisfy the demand on First Division alone. The members of the Post-graduate course seem to be especially devoted to it. We are beginning to suspect that Aristotle in his ethics recommends this peculiar kind of exercise to those given to philosophical studies.

—Everyone expresses satisfaction at the appointment of Lieut. Squiers, who, by the way, executed a genuine *coup d'Etat*, when, on the day of his re-appointment, he excused First Division from drill.

—More interest is being taken in *real* foot ball since the affair at Hartford. "It is an ill wind, etc."

—The fall meeting of the Athletic Association took place on Oct. 15th. Philosophy won the banner. The unexpected results in some of the events go to prove that there is much good material among us, which, with practice, may be turned to advantage.

—M. J. Sweeny was suddenly called home to the death-bed of a near relative. He has our sincere sympathy in his bereavement.

—On Oct. 30th twenty odd members of First Division were mustered in the Cadet company. This addition, being altogether unexpected, has caused a sensation in military circles.

—On the feast of All Saints solemn high mass was celebrated in the students chapel, Father Maes officiating, and Father Fagan and Mr. Hanselman acting as Deacon and Sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. Rector preached a forcible and interesting sermon in the afternoon. The singing of the choir was admired by every one present. The *Kyrie* and *Gloria* were new and beautifully rendered.

—Of late the piano in the First Division playroom has been put to some use. Every evening, just as the long shadows are beginning to fall, a knot of musically inclined youth are wont to gather around the sweet instrument and extract from it airs full of far away, dreamy sentiment.

—The great issue between the two national parties is being somewhat freely discussed here in the gymnasium. The other day the unruffled peace of the *Sanctum* was disturbed by wild cheers proceeding from First Division. On enquiry we discovered that a public debate was in progress. Mr. E. Troy, of Stamford, was defending Tariff Reform against four doughty champions of Protection.

—The House of Representatives seems to be in a very flourishing condition. The last meeting was made unusually exciting by a lively discussion of the Tariff issue. Messrs. Mejia, Dowdney and Gallagher distinguished themselves in the debate.

—The Elocution Class is becoming very interesting according to the latest accounts. Volunteer speaking has thrown some life and emulation into things. Messrs. Blun, Dunn and Troy are guarding the fame of their respective classes.

—At a recent meeting of the House of Commons, a quarter of an hour was given by the speaker for suggestions in regard to changing the name and methods of the society. The house seemed unanimous in its desire to have something more American. A bill will be introduced next meeting to this effect.

SECOND DIVISION.

—The field sports on second were unusually exciting this year. They came off on October 25th, at the time when the foot-ball team was being beaten at Hartford. The following is a summary:

High jump (running).....	Ronan, 1st; Reilly, 2d.
Long jump (running)	Lennon, 1st; Coniff, 2d.
Putting shot.....	Lennon, 1st; Vargas, 2d.
One hundred yards dash.....	Vargas, 1st; Ronan, 2d.
Four hundred and forty yards dash.....	Coniff, 1st; Phelan, 2d.
Long jump (standing).....	Lennon, 1st; Coniff, 2d.
Throwing ball at target.....	Burke, 1st, White, 2d.
Throwing ball (distance).....	J. Kane, 1st; Byrnes, 2d.
Kicking foot ball.....	Lennon, 1st; Ronan, 2d.
Running bases.....	Coniff, 1st; Vargas, 2d.
Three-legged race. Hagerty and Scott, 1st; Clogher and Hart, 2d.	
One legged race.....	Loran, 1st; Scott, 2d.
Go-as-yon-please.....	Loran, 1st; Byrnes, 2d.

—On Thanksgiving day there is to be a sort of grand afterpiece to the sports, the particular nature of which cannot be given to the public at this early date.

—A peculiar institution, called the H. C. B. P., has been introduced on Second. These initials filled out become the "Holy Childhood Book Pound," that is, when a library book is found in unseemly places, such as the play room, gymnasium, etc., it is forthwith captured and put in a secure place, called "Pound." Now, in order to redeem this book, one must produce the sum of one cent, which Mr. Joe Faye immediately consigns to his "Holy Childhood" bank.

—Just now a hand-ball tournament is going. The excitement is, of course, intense. Alleys are marked off all around the building.

—The members of the foot ball team announce that they are ready for challenges. They propose challenging Trinity in order to save the honor of the college.

—Last week, Mr. Brown, S.J., took more than half the Division on a long walk out towards West Chester. By some good chance the band ran into the Protectory on their way back. Brother Leontine received them royally, treated each one to an immense sandwich and showed them through all the departments. The boys will not easily forget Brother Leontine's kindness.

—Quoits are becoming very popular of late. On a fine day it is somewhat dangerous to cross the yard. In the words of the poet: "Quoits to the right, etc."

—The lawn tennis net was taken down some time ago, much to the disgust of Mr. E. Bertier, whose occupation is gone, at least until the toboggan slide can be used.

—The Prefects of Second propose starting a reading-room library during the winter. It is to consist principally of bound volumes of the most entertaining magazines, such as the *Century* and the like. This little library will be of good service during the long and disagreeable winter days.

—The Cadet company presents a truly formidable appearance. They are ready at a moment's warning to quell any political riots in the village.

—Some time ago there was considerable talk of levelling the old Third Division play ground, so that Second Division would have a field twice the size of First.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

The *Freeman's Journal* for Oct. 27th, has a long account of the solemn consecration of St. Patrick's Church, Newburgh. It says of Father Mooney, the pastor:

"Very Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, R. D., M. R., the rector of this

church, is one of the most zealous and eminent divines in this State. In disposition he is firm, calm and thoughtful, never acting from caprice, but invariably from principle. He is exceedingly popular among his people, owing to his kindly disposition and his charitable heart. But he never "lets his right hand know what his left hand does," but the poor of his parish know it all the same, and their blessings are upon him and will follow him to the throne of the Most High. He shrinks at nothing when he has the glory of God in view. Although being a thorough scholar and very popular among his parishioners, yet he is as unaffected as a schoolboy. As a pulpit orator it is difficult, to surpass him, or indeed to find his equal. He has a rich, sonorous volume of voice, that he modulates with excellent effect to suit the subject to which he happens to address himself.

* * * * *

He made his classical and philosophical course in St. John's College, Fordham, 1867.

GRADUATING AS BACHELOR OF ARTS

in 1867, and Master of Arts in 1868. He entered St. Joseph's Seminary the same year, and after completing his theological course, was ordained priest in June, 1871. Father Mooney was appointed assistant at St. Peter's Church, New York, but a vacancy occurring in the chair of philosophy in the Seminary after a few months, he was appointed to the position. Here he taught philosophy for eight years, until 1879, when he was sent to Newburgh. He was named Dean of Orange and Rockland Counties, and one of the immovable rectors of the archdiocese, as well as one of the synodal examiners in the year 1886.

—T. Shea, '89, is studying law at Columbia. He has been up to the College several times, and at each visit he seems to have increased in length.

—Jackson Duff, whom some of the older students will remember called last week. He found most of First Division out on a walk, and regretted that he had not called sooner in order to accompany them. Jackson is following a course of law at Columbia.

—G. B. Donnelly, Esq., '88, writes that we may number him among the dead, since he has gone into the undertaking business.

—P. Dansereau, '88, called on Sunday, Nov. 4th. He attended the meeting of the House of Commons, and listened with interest to the young men who spoke where he was wont to shine last year.

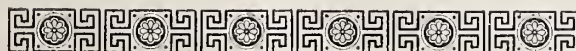
—Last week Judge Morgan O'Brien, '72, met with an accident while riding in the Park. We are glad to announce that his injuries are not of a serious nature.

—Gen. M. T. McMahon, '55, United States Marshal, has received high praise from many quarters of late. THE MONTHLY takes especial pride in searching out these notices.

—Rev. T. B. Lory writes from Guelf, Canada, that St. John's was his first home in this country. He studied theology in what is now St. John's Hall. Fr. Doncet was a class-mate of his in theology.

—Mr. J. S. Coyle, S. J., formerly professor of Mathematics here, now professor of Physics and Chemistry at St. Francis Xavier's, has called several times since September. His numerous friends are always glad to see him.

—Hon. John B. Shea, '72, is a candidate for Alderman. It is the common opinion that his election is certain.



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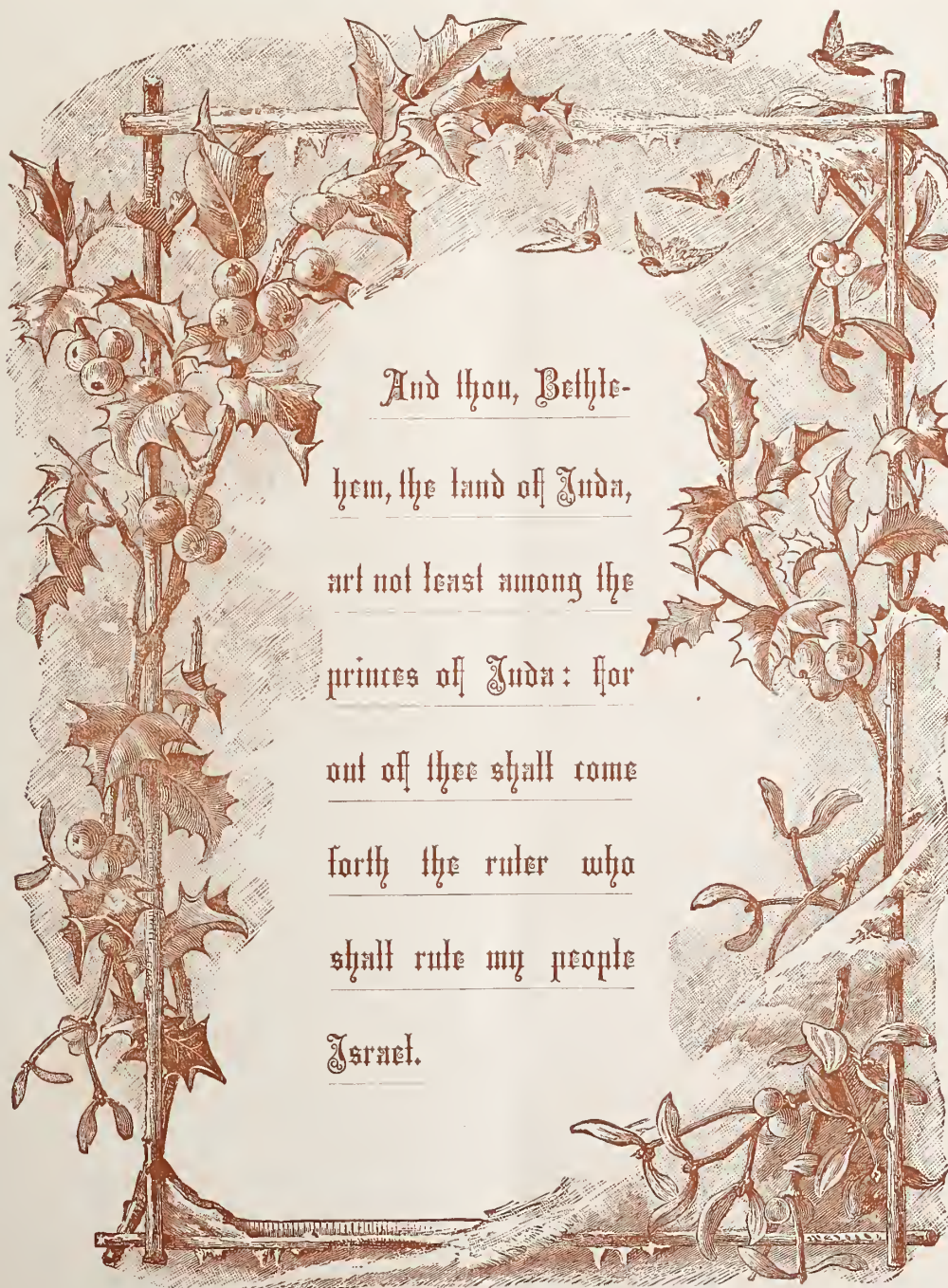
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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

VOL. VII.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 3.



And thou, Bethle-
hem, the land of Juda,
art not least among the
princes of Juda: for
out of thee shalt come
forth the ruler who
shall rule my people
Israel.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND WOVEN OF MANY HANDS.

THE BOY-BISHOP.



AMONG the various Christmas-tide celebrations in days of old probably none was more zealously and grandly observed than the festival of the boy-bishop. It had its origin among the choir-schools which were established wherever a choir had been formed; they aimed at preparing the most promising of the choristers for the university where they were matriculated after their preparatory course at these schools. It probably had reference to that incident in the life of the child Jesus, when we find Him sitting

in the temple in the midst of the doctors disputing with them. In order to encourage the boys and spur them on to greater exertions the custom was instituted of electing one of their number to the bishop's chair, with the hope that he might one day attain the real dignity. Of course, only the best and most proficient of them aspired to this honor, which was regarded among them as the crowning point of their ambition. Their rubrics, however, clearly stated that the boy-bishop must also be beauteous in face and figure, requisites which, indeed, were almost as essential as real merit. The election was held on the eve of the feast of St. Nicholas—chosen as the patron saint of boys on account of the great manifestations of piety which he early indicated—a popular vote was taken and, indeed, each little heart swelled as he thought of the honor that might be in store for him on the morrow. On St. Nicholas Day the chosen one, clad in gorgeous robes and mounted upon a beautiful caparisoned palfrey, wound his way to the cathedral accompanied by a long train of attendants. During the mass the newly elected bishop occupied the bishop's chair, which he filled with great stateliness of demeanor, surrounded by his youthful chapter. All the pupils of the school were in attendance and assisted in the services. To these the boy-bishop delivered, or rather recited (for he had been previously well drilled in it), the sermon; the text was always the same, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

After the services a grand procession took place, in which bands of music and the choristers singing hymns accompanied the boy-bishop through the streets. The whole day concluded with a grand feast tendered by the ecclesiastical authorities. The boy-prelate retained his newly acquired dignity for three weeks; during that period he received all the honor paid to a real bishop, and should he die during his term of office, he was buried in *pontificalibus* with all the *eclat* attending so high a dignitary. It is maintained by some writers on the subject that the boy-bishop had the power to fill a vacancy in the episcopacy should one occur during his term; this, however, is too absurd to admit of discussion, it being only one of the many palpable errors that our non-Catholic brethren have had the misfortune to commit in their misinterpretation of the ceremonies in the Catholic Church. There is still extant in the cathedral at Salisbury a very small sarcophagus which the verger takes great trouble to show to the traveler as having contained the mortal remains of a boy bishop who died during his prelacy.

St. Nicholas' Day among the choir schools was, however, not to be compared in point of grandeur and ceremony to that day in the university. The students here conducted the festivities principally themselves, and when the longed-for day arrived the preparations completed were worthy of the election of a real new bishop.

The services were conducted in much the same manner as among the choir schools, the newly-elected bishop delivering the sermon to his fellow students. After the mass the grand procession occurred in which all of the students participated. Later in the day a play was enacted by the students which had been written by themselves for the occasion. The precise character of this play is not known, but it probably contained some reference to the feast which they were then celebrating. But, like all customs of its kind, evils soon crept in, and the festival of the boy bishop degenerated from its original upright aim and grew into disrepute under the frolic-seeking and reckless students of later centuries. The services lost their religious tone, and the sermon was used as a channel through which the boy-bishop might introduce hits at his companions. The procession also was made an opportunity for great fun and frolic, and instead of the original hymns and music the students shouted gay songs, accompanied by a hideous noise of all kinds of instruments. This, however, was a public disturbance which the authorities soon put an end to, and on one St. Nicholas' Day celebration in Paris in the year 1365 the students became so hilarious that a riot seemed imminent, but the watch interfered, and dispersing the procession pursued the students to their schools in the Rue de la Buchiere.

Not content with this they burst into the schools and carried off many of them prisoners.

This, however, the students considered an infringement upon their privileges, and vowed vengeance. A few years later an opportunity offered itself when the watch was overpowered by their superior numbers and submitted to rather rough treatment. They retained full possession of the streets for the night, but the Parliament was highly incensed at the outrage and exerted every effort to apprehend the chief offenders. A compromise was, however, effected, by the students consenting to march through the streets in much the same plight as they had left the guard on the memorable night of their last procession. The authorities were satisfied with this *amende honorable* and dismissed the youthful offenders with many admonitions. But the festival of the boy bishop had too far degenerated from its original laudable aim to be beneficial either to Church or State, and public opinion having declared its disapprobation, the custom was formally abolished by ecclesiastical authority.

F. J. DONOVAN, '91.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.

In Germany the Christmas preparations begin as early as Dec. 1st, at which time Christmas wares and venders of the same are literally let loose on the land. Booths, called Christmarket, full of Christmas articles, are met at every village corner. Thus buying and selling goes on at a great rate till Dec. 6th, when, among the young people, occurs the first event in the festivities of the season. On the evening of this day a member of the family or a near relative clothes himself very fantastically in a long robe and tapering hat, and wears a mask. This figure is known among children as *Nicholaus*, and is regarded by them as the punishing spirit, while *Christkendenchen* is the rewarding genius. *Herr Nicholas* enters the house with a handful of rods, with which he lays about right and left, after which tiring operation he empties a bag of apples and nuts, which the children scramble for, saying; "I thank thee, *Herr Nicholas*." After this the switches are hung up as a reminder to the children that they must conduct themselves well against the coming of the *Christdenkenchen*. When Christmas day comes the younger portion of families are on the tip-toe of expectation for the ringing of the *Christdenkenchen* bell. And when the bell does sound, the expectant troop rushes pell-mell into an adjoining room, where, amid a blaze of lights and a profusion of wreaths, the offerings and rewards of each are arranged. "What a chorus from happy hearts," says Bayard Taylor, recalling an occasion in which he took part—"what a chorus from happy hearts went up that evening to heaven. We may laugh at such simple festivals at home in America, and prefer to shake ourselves loose from every shackle that bears the rust of the past, but we would certainly be happier if some of those beautiful old customs were better honored. They renew the bond of feeling between families and friends, and strengthen thus their kindly sympathy. Even lifelong friends require occasions of this kind to freshen the wreaths that bind them together."

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

In many parts of Ireland, families have the custom of sitting up till twelve o'clock, when all repair to the church to attend midnight mass. At sunset of Christmas eve a candle called Christmas candle (previously blessed) is lighted and kept burning till midnight. To this Gerald Griffin alludes:

"The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane,
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain."

The Christmas candle is afterwards used only for devotional purposes. On the festival itself the people exchange Christmas boxes—any gift being termed a box. Houses are gaily decked with holly and evergreen. Sometime on Christmas day the relatives of families assemble at the house of the most well-to-do member and pass the time in wit and wassail, congratulating the prosperous and giving words of consolation to the unfortunate.

A gifted young Irish poet, touching on this reunion of families, writes:

"When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth
That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody and mirth,
When friends long absent tell low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand and eyelids fall, and lips meet lips once more,
Oh! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice would say,
"Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles far away."

On St. Stephen's Day, the day after Christmas, a number of young men of the village manage to catch a wren. The bird is placed in a rustic wicker cage and carried about from house to house, while contributions are solicited towards the "burying of the wren," in reality, towards the getting up of a merry time at night. During the progress of the procession the following chant is intoned:

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze,
Altho' he is little, his honor is great—
Rise up, landlady, and give us a treat.
Up with the kettle and down with the pan,
A penny or two-pence to bury the wren."

CHRISTI EXPECTATIO.

Jam tegit terras nigra nox amicta!
Septies centum superabat annos
Urbium princeps populos, et omnis
Nunc hera mundi.

Nnullus auditur strepitus Gradiui!
Pace jam tellus fruitur quieta,
Tamdiu Phoebus moderatus augur
Nocte silente.

Caeca nox coelum tenet, atque Christi
Ante prognatum ligat alta terram
Pax, quod in puncto sociata tunc sors
Temporis illo.

J. P. WHELAN, '90.

AD PASTORES.

Cor fuit vobis, gregis O! magistri,
Innocens, purum, quibus in silenti
Colle descendit Bethlehem refulgens
Angelus alto;

Vos enim cunctis bona verba pacis
Ejus audistis, docilique mente,
Omnibus lictis, stabulo profecti
Estis ovili;

Vos ubi flexis genibus tenellum
Virginis Natum coluistis, altum
Universorum, Puerum, Magistrum
Esse videntes.

Non secus voces homo pectus intus
Audiat claras hodie vocantes
Ad Deum tristis Crucis et colendum
Atque sequendum.

D. A., '91.

THE LORD OF MISRULE AND THE YULE LOG.

Probably one of the most interesting of old English customs in the celebration of Christmas was the appointment and reign of the Lord of Misrule. As far back as the thirteenth century we find a peculiar character in the Yule feasts called the Abbot of Unreason, who made merry and had charge of the games and festivities. He was appointed from the nobles and clergy, but in time this custom was dropped by the higher classes, and, as is common with all such usages, the people took it up and changed it in the course of a century to what was known as the Lord of Misrule, and the practice of having such a personage every Christmas was kept up for ages. To us, who are inclined to regard with more than a passing interest habits of primitive or ancient peoples, it will not be amiss to examine this custom a little more closely.

The hair-brained of the village assembled the day before Christmas, and selected one of their number as grand master of mischief and dubbed him the honorable title, Lord of Misrule. The one appointed was generally the most reckless of the reckless—a sort of Rip Van Winkle fellow, who never labored for profit and who had a large following of cronies at the inn. Being exalted to that great dignity, he selected his attendants, a cabinet as it were, of about fifty as much like himself as he could find. So with this band of dignitaries the Lord of Misrule, conscious that his power lasted but a single day, bestirred himself, as becomes a ruler mindful of his subjects, to make a grand, good time for all the village folk.

Early on Christmas morning the procession of His Majesty forms on the village green. What a motley throng! some clad in green, some clad in blue, some in yellow. Each man has an unlimited quantity of gay ribbon and a string of loud sounding bells which are never allowed to remain silent. With rough song and jest the cortege moves with ridiculous burlesque of dignity to the inn where the Lord of Misrule is formally crowned and introduced to the

people, every one of whom already knows him a great deal o'er well. Then a herald with loud voice proclaims that all are under the command of the Lord of Misrule, and that each of his followers is prepared to enforce his orders at all hazards. Then away goes the procession toward the village church in order to demand a toll from each one they meet, and as the majority of the people have gone to mass and will soon be returning, the mischief-makers will reap a golden harvest. This may seem strange to us, but even in our own day the Tyrolese have a similar custom. Whenever there is a marriage the peasants obstruct the wedding party until the groom gives them money with which they may drink the health of the bride. So also the mischief makers must have money to aid the celebration.

Woe to the one who refuses to act generously, for here are stout, burly fellows intent on pleasure, with unlimited recklessness, ready to do the most stringent command of their lord. And what an odd fellow that same lord is! With his quaint clothes and smiling countenance one would think that nothing but jovial good nature were possible with him; but let any refuse to pay the required toll and he will find, much to his discomfiture, that the Lord of Misrule can punish as well as he can please, and that his sturdy followers are as ready to chastise as to dance and caper for the amusement of the public. "Away to the mill-pond," says the potentate of a single day, "a good ducking will do much toward lowering that selfish pride of his;" and away they hurry him. Next time he will be only too glad to pay his fee and pass unmolested. And thus the day passes on, and night closes the festivities.

Another of the grand old Christmas customs, which came into vogue some years after the Lord of Misrule was first heard of, was the cutting and burning of the Yule Clog—or log, as it is now called. This custom is still observed in the northern part of England at the present time; but with less elaborate ceremonies. On the day before Christmas the young folk, with some old retainer, or trusted servant of the house, went to the woods and cut an enormous log, generally of oak, and dragged it home with joyous songs and merry laughter. When they reached the house the log was placed in a dry place and there allowed to stay until late in the afternoon. Meanwhile every little tongue was busy rehearsing the quaint songs, and each childish heart was glad in anticipation of the evening's pleasure. The elder members of the household were occupied in preparation, while the youngest children crowded around some old servant or an old grand dame, who could fill their young minds with longing for the evening, by telling what had happened years before when she was a girl.

Between four and five o'clock the festivities really begin. A rope being tied around the huge log, all take hold and drag it into the main hall up to the great fire-place. Seated on this rough log, clapping his little hands in childish glee, is the youngest of the family; and this is no unusual thing, this same ride; in fact, it was a part of the custom as far back as the first Yule Log. While this is going on they sing gay songs, one of which has come down to us from the poet, Herrick:

"Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas Log to the firing
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your hearts desiring."

Then they place the log in the fire-place, and the brand saved from the last Yule Log is taken from its place of security and lighted. With this a fire is kindled around the new log. Away it burns right merrily, the flames darting their lambent tongues up the great chimney.

Drawn up close to the fire are seated the whole household, the children on low stools at the feet of their elders, while the singing and drinking goes on. And yet there was no carousing in all this. Men drank deep in those days, but were seldom overpowered with their cups; and this group of merry-makers, each and every one, was bent on celebrating the glad season, but each and everyone kept within reasonable bounds. Now the two great Christmas candles decorated with mistletoe and holly berries are brought in. Next comes a servant with the regular Christmas dish of wheat cakes and milk, highly flavored with spices. All partake of this Christmas fare and the story-telling begins. Young and old listen to them with that respect and reverence which always comes from belief: for in truth all do believe in them, from the youngest child, who a short time ago was riding carelessly on the Yule log, to the ancient dame who has told them to three generations of children.

Wonderful stories they are, attested to by countless witnesses, and a part of the superstitions connected with the Yule log. Those superstitions, although few in number, are widespread in the public belief, and each has myriad tales connected with it. Among the most important of these superstitions are the following: If during the night or any time before daylight the log went out or was totally consumed, misfortune would come upon the family; if, while it was burning, a barefooted person should come to the door, great loss would come before a twelve month; last and worst of all, if a cross-eyed man or woman came, death would carry off at least two of those who were around the Yule fire, and that, too, before the next Yule tide. Each of the older members of the group had his own experiences to relate to corroborate these strange beliefs, and so the time sped on; all singing and feasting until it was the hour for rest, when they retired leaving the Yule clog burning with no one to watch it except two great hounds, who lay their heads near to its grateful warmth and dreamed, perhaps, if dogs can dream, of great hunts with wily foxes or agile deer.

At daylight the mistress of the house comes to the fire and extinguishes it, and wraps the black charred brand that is left, be it great or small, in a spiced cloth and lays it reverentially away to kindle the next Yule log when Christmas comes again. To us looking back over so many years the Christmas customs of Ancient England, the poet's "Merrie England," may seem a little puerile, and suited only to a simple people; but, if we consider it in its true light, we find that they served to furnish joy and gladness at a season when, of all others, the heart of man would fain forget cares and anxieties, and all would become as little children; and in all their queer

ceremonies they ever looked to the Author of all whose feast they were celebrating. They were prosperous and rejoiced in their prosperity, but, at the same time, they remembered from Whom it came, and gave thanks to Him in the words of the old Christmas song;

"'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me Wassail bowles to drink
Spiced to the brink:

Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land;
And giv'st me for my bushell some,
Twice ten for one."

J. A. DUNN, '91.

THE PRESEPIO OR CRIB.

DEAR EDDY.—I have just received your pleasant little letter with the glowing account you give me of how happily you spent the Christmas holidays. Now, without seeking to deprive the good time you have had of a single iota of its happiness and amusement, I dare say I have enjoyed the merry season as well, though far away from home and in a foreign land. Italy, you must know, is never more herself than when celebrating the anniversary of the Saviour's birth. She then is no longer the "lone mother of dead empires;" she is all life, and the Italian who does not exert himself to the utmost and restrains from draining the cup of joy, is an Italian only in name. To give you an adequate idea of the peculiar observances which characterize an Italian Christmas is, however, quite beyond me; and even if I were equal to the task, I would be merely treading on beaten ground, and harping on a theme which has been all but exhausted. Nevertheless there still remains a bit of land unfurrowed in this broad field, through which I'll make bold to drive my plough share with hope against hope that it will yield me a not unfruitful harvest. Of all I have seen during the glad festival nothing has impressed me more favorably than the artful plan of the presepio or crib. It is so different from, and superior to, our feeble representation of the manger wherein the God of Wonders deigned to become man for the salvation of our race, that it at once attracts and engrosses the attention of a stranger. It is of this, therefore, that I wish to say a passing word; and seeing I have been beating long enough around the bush, I will now at length come to the point of my letter.

On Christmas day I walked out into one of the principal streets of the village, and was soon lost amid the merry multitude which thronged the public thoroughfares, and stalked along with that easy and somewhat dignified air so characteristic of the native Italian. Limited as is my knowledge of their language, I soon caught the general drift of conversation which, naturally enough, hinged about the great topics of the hour. Suddenly the group in which I had accidentally mingled, paused before the open door of a dwelling, whereupon one from among us proposed to drop in and take a look at the presepio of the household. As I afterwards had occasion to learn, during this season it is customary for every house to throw open its doors and wel-

come neighbor and stranger to visit the crib in the parlor. We stepped in and found ourselves in an apartment of moderate size, almost filled with visitors; care had been taken to shut out the light of day as much as possible; and the walls were decked in evergreen, holly and myrtle. Elbowing our way through the dense crowd of gazers, we came near to and in full view of the charming presepio. It was reared on a platform covering at least two-thirds of the hall, and surmounted by a wooden railing adorned with crowns of cypress. The boarded floor was strewn with saw-dust, and here and there lay scattered miniature groups of waxen dolls representing Italian peasants at their various occupations, shepherds, staff in hand, keeping vigil over their sleeping folds, and husbandmen watching the cattle grazing in the meadows. The ceiling, covered with dark blue paper, was sprinkled with a thousand brilliant stars which really seemed the "forget-me-nots of the angels"; while a beautiful moonlight streamed in fluctuating beams from a shoal of intervening silvery clouds, and made the sand-banks glitter and sparkle around a mirror carefully placed on the floor to represent the sea of Galilee.

Far in the rear of a cluster of homesteads revolved a large wooden wheel, entwined with rustling folds of China paper, making a sound loud and merry, reminding one of the glad and sonorous laughter of torrents. Contemplating this exquisite scene, so charming in its very simplicity, my eyes had not caught sight of a still more beautiful picture. Distant, secluded, in the remotest corner of the presepio, lay the crib of the Infant. There in the manger of straw reclined the tender Babe, with eyes as wistful as the mimic stars that looked down on His blessed Mother and St. Joseph bending over His tiny form, dressed in richly embroidered swaddling clothes. Meanwhile the melody of a child's voice came to my ears, and turning I beheld a little girl standing on a chair near by. With the artful gestures of an accomplished actress, mingled with the winning simplicity of an innocent child, scarcely more than eight years of age, she was extemporaneously haranguing the bystanders. Though I could not understand a single sentence of her mimic speech, I listened with pleasure to the sweet tones of her voice. Anon I became aware that it was growing late and I must be going;

but imagine my surprise, Ed., when turning to leave the presepio, I found I could not advance a single step. A minute after I discovered that some jocose and sportive Italian had amused himself by tying me to the railing. With half a frown and half a smile I untied my coat, and took my way home, highly pleased with the presepio or Italian representation of the Manger.

Yours affectionately,

D. A., '91, Ravenna.

BALLADE OF THE LORD'S BIRTH.

The shepherd watched his meek-eyed flock
Where night on Bethlehem's hills held sway,
And far below the wakeful cock
Loud ushered in the day-dawn grey:
And accents faint that seemed to say,
"Good-will to men and peace on earth"
Came through the opening gates of day,
The day that saw the dear Lord's birth.

And one bright star that seemed to mock
The power of dawn, with silver ray
Hung o'er the shelter hewn of rock,
Wherein the new born sovereign lay—
His bed of state, a truss of hay.
Two subjects only know His worth,
Two mute adorers prostrate pray,
The day that saw the dear Lord's birth.

Soft sounds the twelfth stroke of the clock
Through halls with Yule-tide garlands gay,
Where evergreen twigs interlock
With laurel branch and holly spray:
And Fancy leads us far away
From the warm room and blazing hearth
To that bleak night and chilly day,
The day that saw the dear Lord's birth.

L'ENVOY.

So let us banish care away,
And drain the cheering bowl of mirth,
Sing "Was-hael" to the glorious day,
The day that saw the dear Lord's birth.

T. A. DALY, '91.



THE GRAY HOOD—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

T. A. DALY, '91.



REMEMBER, a number of years ago, when a mere boy, I was spending the Christmas holidays at home, having obtained the customary leave of absence from the college at V——, where I had been sent by my father to perfect my rather limited knowledge of “the three R’s.” It was Christmas Eve, and, gathered about the fire in the sitting room, the whole family, myself included, had determined to stay up and await the advent of the anniversary of our Saviour’s birth. I was sitting beside my grandfather, a pleasant faced, jovial old gentleman—such as grandfathers are generally represented to be—

whose one particular “hobby” was story telling. He took great delight in dwelling upon his doings in his young days in the “owld country.”

*“Laudator temporis acti,
Se puero.”*

So that on this occasion, when requested to break the monotony of our long vigil with a story, he, without delay, began as follows :

You all know, at least you older folks, that I did not come to this country until I had reached the age of twelve years. Well, it is of the last Christmas I spent in Ireland that I wish here to speak. I was then eleven years old ; my mother and my sister Kittie and I occupied a small but neat cottage on the outskirts of, the little village of Ballyhally, in County Clare.

Our pastor, good old Fr. Maginn, had taken me under his wing, and had been doing his best to drive the Latin idioms and Greek roots into my head.

But I regret to say that his efforts were poorly rewarded ; not that I was particularly thick-headed, but I was a very wild and restless youngster, and unhappily paid more attention to my games than to the kind admonitions of my teacher.

It lacked but a few weeks of Christmas, and having saved up all the “tuppences” which came to me as the recompense for sundry small chores which I had done for the neighbors within the last two weeks, I was anxious to exchange them for a certain grey hood that I had seen displayed in the window of the village store, and which I knew Kittie would be more than happy to possess. For the next few days I kept myself busy running errands, and made quite a fortune for myself in a small way. So that about a week before Christmas I possessed the sum requisite for the purchase of the much coveted hood. Having made my purchase I wished to keep it secret until Christmas Day, for I had already shrewdly guessed from the mysterious actions of my sister Kittie on several occasions that she, too, had something that she desired to keep hidden from me. Instead of going directly

home, therefore, I made my way to the little church, and, climbing the tall belfry ladder, hid my purchase in a secure place.

At about 4 o’clock on Christmas eve I started for the church to get the hood. I climbed the long ladder of the belfry and reached the topmost platform, excepting that on which the clock and the bells were situated. This platform, or landing, was completely occupied by a small room, used as a receptacle of old lumber, etc. It was here that I had hidden my purchase. The door of this room stood ajar, and behind it and lightly resting on it were a number of good-sized planks, carelessly placed there by the sexton. I threw the door wide open and entered ; it shut again with a bang. I got the hood and retraced my steps to the entrance. I tried to open the door, but could not. I was shut in as securely as if I had been under lock and key. It suddenly dawned upon me that one of the planks behind the door, having been disturbed by me, must have fallen in such position as to hold the door tightly, and I knew it was impossible for me to open it. I shouted for help at the top of my voice, but all to no avail ; the church was located in the outskirts of the village, and the sexton lived at a distance. I sat down to await the coming of the sexton, for I had hoped he would come, as he had made it a custom to examine the clock and the bells every other evening. But the seconds grew into minutes and the minutes into hours, and still no sign of the sexton. All was silent save the throbbing of the great clock above, and the roar of the wind. Hours I waited, but they seemed ages to me, and I got up from the box on which I had been sitting and walked to and fro to warm my chilled limbs. I looked through the slats in the western window ; the sun was just setting in the west, and it was growing dark very fast.

I went back to my box and lay down upon it, and though I was a strong and sturdy youngster, such as one seldom sees in these degenerate days, still the deep silence of the place inspired me with feelings of terror, and I began to lose hope.

I need not go through all the particulars of that awful night. At about ten o’clock the moon rose, and way down below in the village, I could faintly hear : “Half-past ten o’clock, a fine night, the moon is full” in the stentorian tones of the village watchman. For in those days each town and village appointed an officer, whose business it was to go through the streets at night proclaiming the hour and state of the weather.

Slowly, very slowly, the time wore on. Finally, from far below, came an indistinct prolonged murmur, increasing with every minute. I knew then that it proceeded from the gossiping assembly of the parishioners, congregating to attend the midnight mass. “Perhaps,” I thought, “they are speaking of my mysterious disappearance, while I am actually within earshot of them.” The thought almost set me

wild. I strove to shout, but my hoarse voice died away in a whisper. Suddenly the great clock above beat out the first stroke of twelve, the second and the third. It seemed as if each stroke beat in my own throbbing brain. The fourth stroke had died away when a sudden thought struck me. I knew that immediately after the last stroke of twelve the great bell would ring for mass. What if I should in some way stop the bell from ringing! Would they come up to see what the matter was? Perhaps so; I could try at any rate. I staggered to the ladder that led to the bell-loft. I started to ascend very slowly. The fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth strokes rang out. Just as the tenth sounded, I reached the trap-door and with difficulty pulled myself through. Tearing off my jacket and wrapping it round my hands I rushed to the bell, reached up, and grasped the tongue with both hands. The last stroke of the clock had died away and suddenly the great tongue began to swing; my hands were dashed against the sides of the bell, but I

hung on, for I knew it was a matter of life and death. My head began to swim, I felt myself falling, then all was a blank.

* * * * *

When I revived, I was in my own bed at home, and mother was bending tenderly over me. On the table near by lay the gray hood, and Kittie, standing near, held in her hands that mysterious object she had so long kept hidden from me—a bright red scarf she had knitted for me as her Christmas present.

Old Jerry, the sexton, entering the bell-loft to see what was the matter with the bell, had found me lying senseless directly under it on the platform, with my jacket around my hands and the gray hood sticking out of one of my pockets. He had summoned help, and I was carried home and put immediately to bed, where I spent Christmas Day and, in fact, many weeks after, but I was thankful for having escaped with my life.

BALLADE OF THE BOAR'S HEAD.

J. HEFFERN, '89.

O ESCULENT morsel delicious,
 All garnished with cassia and clove,
 What more could the epicure wish us
 To bring from the warm Christmas stove?
 But the men and the hunters long sought thee
 In the fen and the runnel's deep reed,
 And wind blown with labor we caught thee—
 There are many to feed

Eunoclydon blue in the valley,
 The plantain was hidden with snow,
 Yet forth did we merrily sally
 Across the wide wold just below;
 But thou with impetuous rushes,
 Adown the white meadow didst lead,
 And we caught thee among the thick bushes—
 There are many to feed.

O! sweet is the eating of pigeon,
 And other such daintiful wings,
 The rynchops, the mavis and widgeon,
 And many the mad poet sings;
 But strewed o'er with rush and with spices
 And herbs of the mid-summer mead,
 E'en the sated *thy* savor entices—
 There are many to feed.

L'ENVOY.

So, served up at Christmas for dinner,
 With relish we'll carve thee indeed;
 For Christ's birth brought food for the sinner—
 There were many to feed.

"COELI ENARRANT GLORIAM DEI."

D. ARELLANO, '91.



O! now dark night has pitched her ebon
tents

Aloft upon the snow capped, silent hills,
And weary winds sleep pillowed on the
rills,

While far along the horizon's battle-
ments

Each rising star a silver shield presents ;
And mute the air, save when the whip-
poor-will's

Note, flute like, thro' the icy stillness
thrills,

And fainting slow, the broken calm
augments ;

All nature rests as in a breathless swoon,
The while the voiceless circle of the moon
Swings solemnly athwart yon ocean wave
With tardy stroke—slow as a prayer wrapt friar

Glides slowly up the lone cathedral's nave,
Slow as this midnight hour comes, creeping nigher.

Anon a light, as if had flashed a sword
Numberless--studded with barbaric pearls,
A thousand gules across night's bosom hurls ;
And many a long vibrating golden chord
Extends, with radiance far and wide out poured,
Which yellow gilds yon billow's wind tossed curls ;
And from the face of heaven this scroll unfurls :

"Thus we proclaim the glory of the Lord."

The grand, sonorous anthem swelling rolls
In volumes far along the sky and main
With cloud and wave unto the distant poles,
Which to each other echo the refrain,
The power of Him attesting who controls
The heavens, and the earth, and hell amain.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT—A STORY.

ARTHUR NICHOLSON, ENG., '91.



OUR days more, and the merry bells of Christmas will be ringing," thought Duane, as he sat with his chair drawn close to the fireside, watching his mother knitting. Without, night has wrapped its shroud around the bright day, and the fleecy snow is gently, gently descending. It comes softly and still, as though afraid to touch the wretched, dismal earth, its last abiding place. The unfriendly wind whirls it everywhere; over the hills, through the dales, and across the rugged mountains, far, far away.

"Oh, I wish it were all over," continued Duane to himself, drawing his chair closer to the fire, for the wind came mourning and whistling around the house, and sought an entrance not in vain. The ghostly shadows, that the flickering candle on the table threw upon the bare walls, would have added to his dismal forebodings, had not the angelic face of his sister Ellen brightened the scene.

"Yes, I really wish Christmas was over, for I seem to become sadder the nearer it gets. But still I do not wish it would never come. No, I could never wish such a thing, because without Christmas the long winter evenings would be gloomy indeed. Mother, how the wind mourns! I hate to hear it, for it sounds like some poor soul in distress, calling for help. The snow was coming down in large flakes when I came in. Do you think there will be enough snow for sleighing to-morrow?"

"Yes, if it falls as steadily as it is now till morning," answered his mother. "I hope it will, for then you might have the chance of earning a few pennies by clearing the snow from in front of the doors and off the sidewalks." But let us leave them now, seated around the fireside, and take a peep behind the scenes.

Only a few years ago sickness had visited their humble abode, and their loving father was taken from them. He had left them penniless; for when he had hoarded almost enough money to purchase the small cottage they were living in, the bank failed and all was lost. He struggled bravely to redeem himself, but death overtook him and left misery in his place.

The cottage was situated in the thriving and populous town of M——, near the southern boundary of Vermont. It was a famous place for summer boarders, on account of the rare beauty of the surroundings. Here Duane and Ellen were born, and learned their first lessons together; here they strolled over the green meadows and hunted for the trailing arbutus in the forests, or played hide-and-seek in the

weird glens. But this was so no longer, for Ellen was stricken with disease after her father's death. All summer she had never ventured out, and now winter had come. Duane could not gaze on her thin face without pity, though she never complained. Now, that father was sleeping in the silent city of the dead, Duane must go to work, and, with the help of his mother, who was a dressmaker, try to ward off starvation.

To find employment was not an easy undertaking. To every farmer he applied, to the principal men and merchants of the town; but nobody seemed to require his services. He was either too young or his education did not fit him for the positions he applied for. As the last spark of hope was fading, he found employment at one of the leading grocery stores; but the clerks in the store treated him so roughly and insinuated so persistently that he was both shiftless and dishonest, that he resolved to leave at all hazards and seek employment elsewhere.

Ellen had cheered his languid spirits during all this long trial, and had brightened the dreary winter evenings by her cheery conversation and sweeter singing. The Sunday school where she once attended presented her with a piano, as a token of their esteem and love for her. This she soon learned to play, and the sweet tunes which she drew from it, with such a softness and elegance of touch, seemed to be divine rather than human; and with her harmonious voice their humble dwelling was happier by far than many. Duane was also gifted with a good voice, and by this he resolved hereafter to earn his living; but his mother did not sanction this idea, so he had to wait patiently for another opportunity to offer itself. Weeks and months had dragged slowly by and yet he was still idle. Work he must have, and how he longed it would snow, so that he might earn a few pennies. He was wishing it would snow so that they might enjoy happiness on Christmas Day, as he sat there with his mother and Ellen around the fireside. Christmas would be his sixteenth birthday. Would it be a happy one? To see gay throngs of people going to church to offer their homage to the new-born king—would this take away some of his misery? But the snow was falling and with it came brighter visions.

"It seems as if we were to have a very 'heavy snowfall,'" continued his mother, as a gust of wind rattled the shutters and drove the snow against the window-pane.

"It seems so," replied Duane, as he rose to look out of the window. His eyes opened wide with astonishment, for he saw that the snow was already one foot deep. There it lay, still and motionless, covering the house-tops, the walks and the tall old trees that grew by the side of the road.

"To-morrow, mother, we shall hear the sleigh-bells' jingling."

"Yes," she said, "and how merry the sound will be! Ah,

me! And it brings back to my memory your grandfather, the dear old gentleman. How he used to bustle about, preparing for Christmas! Once, I remember, he gave a Christmas party to the poor children of the town, and oh! what a delightful time they had. It seems as if I was there now. Everything I can picture exactly as it happened then. The church was decorated with evergreen wreaths and mistletoe, and a tall Christmas-tree stood in the centre laden with hundreds of presents for the boys and the girls. The tree was covered from its base to the highest branch with shining, dazzling candles, and as you came into the vestibule they looked like so many bright stars shining in the heavens. I, my darling children, ardently hope to live to spend such a happy Christmas with you."

"You and Ellen will live to witness not only one, but many," exclaimed Duane, as he clasped his arms tightly around his mother's neck and kissed her.

"You are a good boy, and I do not know what we should do without you," said Ellen, as she gazed on the happy scene.

Morn has come and the celestial gates are slowly opening, letting the glory of God awake us from our slumbers. Duane has risen early and has started out full of his project for earning money. He has been to nearly every house, but all have only a rough refusal to offer him. It is, therefore, with a doubting heart that he timidly pulls the door-bell of the last house, for he expects now only a harsh word to greet him. The door slowly opens and a tall, old gentleman with silvery locks speaks to him:

"Well, my child, can I do anything for you this bright morning?"

"Yes, sir! Do let me clear the snow off your sidewalk, so that I may earn a few pennies," said Duane timidly, as though afraid he would be refused.

"My dear child, willingly," was the unexpected answer; "but you are benumbed with cold. Come in and warm yourself first."

Duane looked down, not knowing whether to accept the kind offer; but his shivering form and the sweet words of the old gentleman made him forget the cruel repulses of others, and he went in.

"Here, take a seat!" said the elderly gentleman, drawing an arm-chair to the fire.

"No, thank you; I can't stay long," replied Duane.

"But you must stay till you are warm," persisted his new friend.

So Duane, knowing it was of no use to resist, made himself at home as well as he could under the embarrassing circumstances. But yet he could not sit still, for the handsomely furnished room made him think of Ellen and his mother at home, and how he wished he could make them happy.

"What is your name?" inquired the old gentleman, as he sat with his chair drawn close to Duane, eying him scrutinizingly.

"Duane White, sir;" answered Duane, wondering why he wanted to know.

"White? Duane White?" repeated his new-found friend. "Are you any relation to the late Mr. Lester White?"

"Yes, sir; I am his son."

"Aha! Would you mind giving me your address?" exclaimed the old gentleman, as though surprised.

"No, sir. It is 200 East Central avenue," said Duane. "Now I am ready to clear the snow away," continued he, rising to leave.

"But, stay—you need not. Take this!" extending a bill to Duane. "And may you spend a merry Christmas to-morrow!" he added.

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind. Good day!" said Duane, as the old gentleman placed the money in his hand.

"Good-bye!" called out the old man, as his joyful face disappeared within and he went back to his paper; but he could not read, for the memories of other days came crowding in upon him.

Duane went out, but he was too independent a lad to accept money without giving an equivalent. Picking up his snow-shovel he set resolutely to work and soon had the steps and sidewalk cleared of the snow. He then walked quickly home to tell the good news to his mother and Ellen, and how their eyes danced with pleasure when he showed them the crisp bill, and told of his kind reception. Imagine their astonishment moreover, when the postman brought him a letter the next morning. Duane eagerly tore the envelope, and read the following:

"My Dear Nephew:—How glad I was to see you yesterday, words will never express. For years I have been searching for you, and at last I have found you, residing in the very same town as myself. To-day let us rejoice. Long have we been separated, but to be so never again, I hope. I am coming to-morrow to see you and your dear sister, and my doubly dear sister, long lost to me. Santa Claus wishes me to enclose this bit of printed paper with my signature at the bottom. With love, ANDREW WILLIAMS."

What a surprise it was to them all! Duane could barely gasp out: "What a generous heart uncle has!"

"Yes; I could hug the dear, old gentleman," replied Ellen in her enthusiasm.

* * * * *

Seven happy years have flown since Duane met his uncle on that happy morning before Christmas—seven happy years of peace, of love and of joy.

It is Christmas morn again and the scene has changed from the humble cottage to the uncle's stately mansion. They are seated around the fireside, Duane, his uncle, sister and mother, enjoying its warmth. They are thinking of those happy years. Without, the merry church-bells are chiming the sweetest Christmas carols and to Duane they seem to be saying:

"Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

"How surprised we were, Uncle, that morning, when the postman brought a letter for me," said Duane.

"And how it astonished us, and made us so happy," added Ellen.

"It is a Christmas gift, which we can never repay," said Duane.

"You have more than repaid it," said his uncle, as he laid his trembling hand on Duane's head; "and I pray to God," he added, "that I may be spared to spend another seven years with you—years of love, of peace, and of joy."

He was spared.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF BOLTON ABBEY.



N the wold a silence fell,
Sound of horn or Christmas bell,
Or merry tale grandfather's weave
Gladdened not this Christmas Eve.

Silently the twilight waned
On a pilgrim travel-stained,
All unkempt his shaggy hair,—
All unclad his shoulders were.

Beads of blood marked every clod
Where his bare, torn feet had trod ;
Nathless, well he kept his way
Till the cock proclaimed the day.

"Should I reach the convent late,
Should they open not the gate,
What, my Saviour, shall I do
To make good my troth to you ?

"See, dear Lord, my tattered gown,
See my limbs all burdened down
With weight of years. Ah! can it be
They will open not to me ?

"Yet my pain and toil were sweet
If I may but kiss Thy feet,
Blessed feet that erst for me
Hung upon the bitter tree."

Now he gains the convent walls,—
Prone upon his face he falls,
Blessing God whose tender hand
Led him child-wise through the land.

Anon the brother porter came :
"Prithee, now, in Christ's dear name,"
Said the other piteously,
"Send the Prior unto me."

Who in haste came, and amazed
On the woeful pilgrim gazed,
Saw his bleeding feet and said :
"Seekest thou for food and bed ?"

"Travel-worn in sooth am 'I,
And in rest I fain would lie,
Yet never will I rest or eat
Till I kiss the Master's feet ;

"Yester morn while pondering o'er
That great wonder wrought of yore,—
God made man, this voice I heard :
'Rise, O, Hermit, trust my word—

"If thy Savior thou wouldst see,
Haste to Bolton Priory,
Kneel and pray, and for reward
See the vision of thy Lord.'

"So, good Prior, suffer me
To keep watch until I see
His sweet face ; 'twill sweeten hence
All my weary penitence."

They led him to the altar rail,
Worn with travel, weak and pale,
Wonderingly they went, and there
Returning left him rapt in prayer.

There he knelt with radiant face
And arms outstretched as to embrace
Christ's blessed, bleeding feet. And thus,
Prone before the carven cross,

Marvelling much they found him—dead ;
A halo played about his head ;
But his pure soul now shall see
Christ's sweet face eternally.

J. HEFFERN, '89.

CHRISTMAS IN SONG AND STORY.

J. C. McNEILLY, '90.



HERE is no period of the year that affects men so much as Christmas. This hallowed time touches with its gentle hand the chords of every heart and brings from them whatever of beauty and of harmony they contain. Spring with its mantle of green and its bright flowers may please. Autumn with its many tinted leaves and golden harvest may delight, but Christmas, decked in her white robes, awakens the tenderest feelings of hu-

man nature, and spreads a spirit of joy, goodness, charity and benevolence over the whole earth. All are affected alike and yield to its tender influence. Under its spell men forget their wrongs, forgive their enemies and endeavor to make those around them happy. The rich man who has been so careful of his wealth gives freely to the poor who seek his assistance and with pleasure feeds the hungry wayfarers that flock to his bountiful board. The cheek that has long been wet with tears now wears a smile unmindful of its sorrow. The cheerful face is still more cheerful, and the joyous heart is overflowing with merriment. The children, ah! the innocent children, what a glorious time Christmas is for them. Their joy knows no bounds. Nothing can dampen their spirit on this day nor cast a shadow of sorrow over their happy lives. The parents and even the grandparents feel less the weight of their years and join in the pleasures of the day with hearts almost as light as the children.

As Christmas moves every class of men, the man of wealth, the beggar, the old man and the child, would it not be interesting to know its effect on the bard. The lightest touch of fancy's or of beauty's finger arouses his music loving soul, so Christmas cannot fail to bring forth some of his sweetest songs. The beauties of Christmas time have been

felt by many of the poets, and Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow and a host of others have poured forth their feelings in song.

As the verses written on Christmas would fill a volume we can only give a few in the short space allotted to us. For a description of St. Nicholas and his pranks on Christmas eve we have the merry little poem that begins—

"'Twas the night before Christmas."

This cannot be classed with the higher order of Christmas poetry, but it has delighted so many children and brings with it such a flood of tender memories that it would appear wrong not to mention it. Santa Claus is pictured as our childish imagination had conceived him, short, fat and merry, coming down the chimney with a bundle of toys. The innocence and simplicity with which we expected this imaginary old fellow, the eager rush to the chimney piece in the early morning are all brought back to us when we read this simple little poem.

Sir Walter Scott has given us a poem on Christmas Eve, which contains many beautiful lines, and from them we take those that speak of midnight mass.

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung.
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

"The Angel's Story," by Adelaide Procter, has a pretty picture of Christmas, and the good will and merriment that it brings

"While from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time was near)
Many a one that night was merry
Who had toiled through all the year.
That night saw old wrongs forgiven ;
Friends long parted reconciled ;
Voices all unused to laughter,

Monrful eyes that rarely smiled,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow,
From their anxious cares beguiled.

All the fun, frolic, gayety and merry making that attend
Christmas are described in Thos. Miller's verses :

"Those Christmas bells so sweetly chime,
As on the day when first they rung
So merrily in the olden time
And far and wide their music flung,
Shaking the tall grey ivied tower
With all their deep melodious power,
They still proclaim to every ear,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

The maiden then in quaint attire
Loosed from her head the silken hood,
And danced before the yule log fire,
The crackling monarch of the wood ;
Helmet and shield flashed back the blaze
In lines of light, like summer rays,
While music sounded loud and clear ;
For Christmas comes but once a year."

In Milton's poem we find the lines that tell of the peace
that reigned throughout the world when Christ was born.
The din of arms was not heard, the shout of soldiers was
stilled, the temple of Janus was shut, war and strife had
ceased, all nations were at peace.

"No war nor battle sound
Was heard the world around ;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

Geo. Wither pictures all the feasting and plenty of Christ-
mas. The smoking chimneys and baking meat is a very
natural feature of the time.

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke
And Christmas blocks are burning ;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie ;
And if for cold it haps to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

The picture of the peace and quiet that Milton has left us
is reproduced in these lines by Alfred Dommett :

"It was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three,
Had Rome been growing up to-might,
And now was queen of land and sea :
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !"

Here is a merry song that rings with joy and stirs our
hearts to mirth with his mention of wassail and cheerful
din.

"And far and near o'er landscape drear,
From casement brightly streaming,
With cheerful glow on the fallen snow,
The ruddy light is gleaming ;
The wind may shout as it likes without,
It may bluster but never can harm us ;
For a merrier din shall resound within,
And our Christian feelings warm us.
Wassail! Wassail!
Here's happiness to all, abroad and at home ;
Wassail! Wassail!
Here's happiness to all, for Christmas is come."

Longfellow, who has written beautifully on almost every
theme that he has attempted, has not failed to draw from
the muse a sweet note on Christmas.

His poem is simple and touching, and cannot fail to reach
the tender delicate soul.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And mild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men !"

Here are some musical verses from "A Christmas Carol,"
by Arthur Cleveland Coxe, which ring like the Christmas
bells themselves.

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully ;
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity,
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men ;
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas come again."

Dickens caught the merry music of Christmas and poured
forth his joy in happy strains that ring on the ear with a
clear joyous sound and tell of the kind heart beneath them.

"But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold ;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old !
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part."

Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is replete with sweet Christ-
mas verses. As they are scattered over the long poem, we
can select but two stanzas.

The time draws near the birth of Christ
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill,
Answers each other in the mist.

* * * * *
But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy,
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

Of all the lines that have been written on Christmas there
are none that equal those of the immortal Shakespeare.
Other poets have sung of its dignity and grandeur, of its
joy and mirth, but none have sung its praise as well as he.

All its awe, glory, grandeur, dignity and sublimity are pictured by him in a few words. He has given us the masterpiece of Christmas poetry.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
 Wherin our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Now that we have shown a few beautiful thoughts from the bards on the subject that is so dear to us all, let us turn to that ever pleasant, indispensable man, the story-teller. We will see what of Christmas we can find in his stories, for surely he who can portray the misery or the happiness of men and move us at will to laughter, or to tears, must have something interesting to say about this subject. First of all, we have Dickens, the prince of his class. Who has not read his Christmas stories? The very beginning is enough to recommend them:

"Marley was dead, to begin with. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon change for anything he put his hand to."

Where will you find a story begun in such a droll strain as this? But who has not followed Scrooge in all his fearful wanderings with the three spirits, and seen his cold, heartless nature warmed and softened by the sights that he beheld? Who has not shed a tear for Tiny Tim? Who has not laughed with Scrooge's nephew and revelled in his remarks about his uncle? And here allow me to say, with Dickens, that "If you should happen by any unlikely chance to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him, too." If there is any one who has not heard Scrooge's nephew laugh, let him at once have the pleasure and look in upon that scene on Christmas, where the nephew is "holding his sides" and

the young people playing at forfeits and the roguish old Topper (whom "I no more believe was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots"), playing at blind man's buff. But we must hurry along to Hans Christian Andersen's "Christmas Tree." If you desire to see an ideal Christmas tree, I advise you to look at this one.

It is indeed magnificent, its branches covered with every description of presents. But we cannot describe it now, so let us go to Irving's "Christmas Dinner" if you desire a royal meal served in the good old style. As we enter the hall we notice a profusion of holly and ivy. The sideboard is covered with old-fashioned drinking mugs and goblets, and an aged harper sits beside the fireplace "twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody." A servant enters bearing a silver dish on which is a pig's head decorated with rosemary. On the table there is a handsomely decorated pheasant pie. While we are viewing it, the "Wassail Bowl," so renowned in Christmas festivity, is passed from mouth to mouth, and one of the company begins singing:

"The brown bowle—
 The merry brown bowle,"

and so the feast proceeds with its queer dishes and ancient customs, with laughter and merriment, music, song and story until the good host requests us to retire to the parlor.

And now that we have glanced rapidly over the thoughts on Christmas, we have noticed the oft repeated fact of the good will that exists at this time of the year; so from this let us learn a lesson. Why not carry with us through the year this good will? Let us always have a pleasant word and a merry greeting for all. If a kind word to a lonely beggar will cheer his heart at Christmas, why will it not have the same effect at any other time? Let us always have with us the merriment and the charity that is so abundant at Christmas.

And now, gentle reader, we will close by wishing you "A very Merry Christmas," and ask you to remember this simple little adage, "love makes Christmas 'all the year around.'"





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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DECEMBER, 1888.



TO all young hearts who guilelessly
Make Yule's old coming ever new,
We send this greeting unto you:
With *you* may Christmas memories be

Unfading as the holly-tree;
This is our greeting, fond and true,
To all young hearts.

For now-a-days the wise and free
Irreverently would undo
Beliefs that round our childhood grew,
And still are dear to you and me,
And all young hearts.

This is the seventh Christmas which the MONTHLY has celebrated in a quiet editorial way. The mystical number "seven" recalls instinctively the lean kine seen of old in dream by Pharaoh. Noticing this remarkable coincidence, we cannot but indulge in a mild prophecy. It will be remembered that in Pharaoh's dream the fat kine were first, chronologically. This order is, we trust, reversed in THE MONTHLY's horoscope; and whereas with the Egyptians there were seven years of plenty in which to make provision against the famine, we, it would seem, have passed through the ordeal of want as a preparation for the incoming era of prosperity. And this happy state of affairs is owing in great measure to contributors and subscribers. There is never any dearth of literary matter now, and, if our forecast prove true, there will be abundance for seven years to come. In regard to subscribers, we will simply say that the seven fat kine would soon lose flesh if pastured in the present subscription book. But this, too, will be remedied. And, now, in view of the glad season at hand, we must forget editorial cares, and in the fulness of the editorial heart, send to all our friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * *

The week ending Nov. 29th was very memorable, indeed. The Triduum in honor of the newly canonized saints was full of impressive solemnity, and we are sure that the memory of the exercises and sermons will remain with the students of the present year for many a day to come. Another circumstance which, no doubt, contributed in no small degree to mark the occasion, was the blessed advent of two holidays. This, of course, is a very worldly consideration, but the holidays were enjoyable, nevertheless. The three days were fittingly terminated by the play on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 29th. As a full account is to be given in another place, we will simply say here that the new actors established a reputation, while the old ones outdid themselves. The decorations of the chapel were the skilful handiwork of a band of decorators from Second Division.

* * *

The Chariot Races of the boys from St. John's Hall contributed materially to make Thanksgiving Day memorable. The chariots bore a striking resemblance to the vehicles lately excavated at Pompeii and other underground cities. And this resemblance was an invaluable help to the imagination, carrying us back in fancy to those distant times when athletic sports were wont to be held at a race course some short distance from Mt. Olympus. We cannot bestow too much praise on this effort to revive the buried grandeur of the past. And it is eminently proper, too, that the minds of the young should be imbued with a reverence for antiquity, so that when they come to read Homer and the other ancient authors, they may appreciate the pastimes in which our remote ancestors disported themselves.

* * *

The *Washington Post*, apropos of the coming Georgetown centenary, gives an interesting and exhaustive history of the college. It would seem from the account that the college is

in reality more than one hundred years old, being the continuation of the Jesuit Academy founded near Bohemia Manor about 1740. In this academy Archbishop Carroll and his cousin, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, received their elementary education. On the list of early Georgetown students there are five members of the Washington family.

* * *

We have lately received a communication from Second Division touching the style and quality of articles appearing in *THE MONTHLY*. Says the writer, "Your contributions are all from boys in the higher classes, and, so, the lower classes get no encouragement, and cannot consequently take a great interest in *THE MONTHLY*. Why don't you publish class work from the lower classes, for example, a good Latin exercise or a good English composition? Contributions of this kind would make your paper more interesting to the boys in general." These remarks raise an important controversial point; we must leave a full discussion of them to our next number. Should a college paper be made up principally of class-work from all the classes? Without giving an exhaustive answer to this question, we will simply say that for some years past it has been the practice of *THE MONTHLY* to admit contributions from the higher classes only. And into these contributions the editors have endeavored to infuse something original and novel, in order to avoid as far as possible the "Storm-at-Sea"-style of essay. "Spring" and "a Sunset" and "a Visit to Europe" are good subjects for class exercises, since every boy has notions and ideas in regard to them, but as subjects for printed articles they are just a trifle ancient. We should say, therefore, that as a general

rule class exercises, pure and simple, will not do for publication. Should any of our readers be moved to enlighten us on this matter, their communications will be thankfully received.

* * *

We received the following communication too late for insertion in our last issue:

NEW YORK, NOV. 20, 1888.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

I have noticed, gentlemen, and not without wonder and disappointment, the decline of a society which formerly held an important place at St. John's. I mean the Alumni Association. For the past two years hardly a word has been heard of it, until now many are beginning to fear that it has fallen into "innocuous desuetude." I, for one, cannot understand this change. Periodically we read of meetings held by our sister colleges, and we admire the spirit of fidelity manifested by alumni for their Alma Mater. * * * * Taking all things into consideration, it seems strange that the alumni of a college so prosperous and respectable as St. John's should exist only in name. I would therefore appeal to the editors of *THE MONTHLY* to give a little thought to this subject, and endeavor to suggest a remedy towards invigorating our once hearty, but now tottering, organization.

D. L. F.

There is a great deal of truth in what "D. L. F." writes about the Alumni Association; however, we think the picture is somewhat exaggerated. The President of the Association has been doing good work of late towards organization, as witness his letter in the last issue of the "Catholic Review." If all former students were as interested as the President and "D. L. F.," the Association would soon take its place among the best in the land.

OUR MAIL BAG.

THE following letter, received by us just one week ago to day, at 8:30 A. M., drew a very broad smile from our mail bag, "if aught inanimate e'er" smiles. Read the letter!

WHEELING, W. VA., THANKSGIVING DAY, Nov. 29, 1888.

Eds. Fordham Gazette:

Word has come to me that "The Mail Bag" never refuses contributions from old students. This fact of itself is enough to start any pen a scribbling. For who is he that does not love to go whither he is ever heartily welcomed! I come, then, with my credentials safely wrapped up in this phrase: "I am a Fordham boy." Not only that, but I am from dear old St. John's so lately that the rustling of its elms has not yet died in my ears; the classic influence of its hallowed surroundings has not yet passed away from my spirits.

Besides this incentive to writing, there is another I am reminded that I have given my promise to contribute something to *THE MONTHLY*. And a promise is sacred.

I would that I might, after the fashion of some of my elders, indulge in some reminiscences. But propriety forbids. Therefore, though the race of grand and good men has not died out at Fordham, and though I was so blest as to have lived in the near presence of some of them, yet must I be silent about them until the time comes when they shall belong to history. And perhaps it is better thus, for their figures loom up grander and greater to me as time carries me farther from Fordham and the old days.

Were it not for propriety again, my pen would love to tell about some of my classmates. There is one among them whom I often see,—

"a friend, a rare one,"

* * * * *

whose fame

"Is crouching now with pantherized intent,
As who would say, I'll spring to him anon,
And have him for mine own."

There is something else which my good spirit prompts me to write. It is the "Apologia" of West Virginia. For

"Be it known to All Men by these Presents that much which the Metropolitan Journals have seen fit to publish concerning the Character and Doings of the People of certain Parts of the State of West Virginia is both slanderous and unchristian, and the said People of West Virginia do hereby make earnest Protest against Belief in such vile Slanders." But I fear me much the time is not yet ripe for this "Apologia." It must wait also; although, I hope, not so long as my "Reminiscences."

In view of all these things, I am going to ask you to be so good as to declare me freed from my promise, especially since with this I send some verses which I have fished out of the recesses of my portfolio. As I re-read them I regret that I did not find them a few weeks earlier. They would then have had at least the one virtue of bearing some appropriateness to the season, if, indeed, Horace's "gods, or men, or columns" will concede that bad verses are ever appropriate.

I likewise send herewith what Tom Kelly—he who wrote from the land of the historic Rhine—would call "an American citizen." It is for my subscription.

"In a bondsman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,"

I ask pardon for my delay. But then, you know, there are those who hold that an editor is not expected to practice what he preaches; and when I was on the MONTHLY's staff I used to preach the doctrine that no epithet more flattering than "conscienceless" should be applied to the man who could receive and read even one copy of such a literary treasure as the MONTHLY, and then sleep in peace before sending "an American citizen" to pay for a year's subscription.

Trusting that you and all my friends at Fordham have had much for which to give thanks to-day, and wishing you the best of happiness during the coming glad holiday time, I remain, fraternally yours,

CHARLES ALPHONS WINGERTER.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

I noticed last month that you didn't have anything about St. John's Hall. I suppose you will say that you could get no news from us. Now I wish to inform you that you could have gotten all the news you wish if you had taken the trouble to get it. There is more going on down here than on First Division, and, of course, much more than on Second. Our bonfire on election night had not quite so many barrels as the one on First, but it was just as large. After the bonfire we had an entertainment in the play-room, during which W. Fitch and others declaimed pieces. Peanuts, etc., were passed around. On the morning of election day a nine from Second Division came down to play the Tyros. At the end of the sixth inning we were 16 to 7. A Second Division boy then went in to umpire, and so we lost the game by one run. Our Thanksgiving games were grand. We had chariot races and other interesting things. We have several football teams. Many exciting games take place every day. They are always close; the score is never 60 to 0. Hoping that you will take the trouble to find out what is going on down here, I remain, yours respectfully,

TYRO.

[*Dear Tyro:* We hasten to tender you our thanks for the information that there is something going on down there. We believe you. In regard to that game with the Second Division nine, you are not sufficiently explicit. You say that a Second Division umpire went in and, thereupon, you lost the game. Is this a *post hoc* argument? Do you impugn the honor of Second Division! Now, our reporter received the cool, deliberate facts about that game from a Second Division gentleman, who summed up the capabilities of St. John's Hall in this brief sentence: "They can't play ball." This, of course, is an exaggeration, as even you yourself will admit. We are glad to hear that your peanut festival was a success. Be good boys, and do not malign your elders of Second Division.—Eds.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTANT TIMES.

BEING AN INTERVIEW WITH FRs. JOUIN AND FREEMAN.



HAVING learned from various sources that Fr. Doucet's recollections proved highly entertaining, we looked about us some time ago for available matter of the same nature, confident that the high, glad season at hand would quicken memories that are fast growing heavy with the weight of recollections that they carry. We approached Fr. Jouin very warily and shyly, after the most

approved style of reporters.

"Have you any recollections, Father?"

"Recollections of what?"

"The old times, you know. You—ah—were acquainted with Fr. Lakin, were you not?"

"Yes."

"And—You know him very intimately, I believe?"

"Yes."

This was not very encouraging; but we resolved to make another venture. "Where did you know him?"

"At our old house on Third Avenue—77 Third Avenue; the church and school on Elizabeth Street had been burned

down, so the Fathers were obliged to move to a rented house on Third Avenue, where Father Larkin opened a school, and where I joined him in '48."

"When did you come to Fordham?"

"In '52; I finished my theological studies at the old seminary and taught mathematics at the same time; Gen. McMahon and the late Mr. Hasard were in my class. After finishing my studies I became Vice-President of the College. What poor accommodations we had in those days! Everybody was cramped for room. My room and office was your present *sanctum*. First and Second Divisions were in the present Second Division building. The larger boys had possession of the present music-room corridor, while the small boys held forth in the reading-room. On a winter evening when the boys could not go outside, it was very dangerous to the hearing to enter that small boys' room. In those days it was customary for all the students to remain over till Christmas morning, in order to attend the midnight mass. Immediately after mass all repaired to the refectory where they were treated to chocolate. They then retired, but were up bright and early for the first morning train."

"I understand, Father, that the Fourth of July was a great day in your time. Some of the customs then in vogue might be very pleasantly revived; for instance, each boy received a bunch of fire crackers on the glorious occasion."

"A bunch? a whole bundle. Goodness! that custom is happily dead and buried. I used to sit up on those days till 12 o'clock, expecting every moment to hear of a fire in some of the buildings. Those were the days of spread eagle, fire cracker patriotism."

"Was it at this time that you wrote your philosophy?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, no; some years afterwards, while teaching philosophy at St. Francis Xavier's, I wrote my moral. On returning to Fordham I had it lithographed; a short while afterwards it was sent to France for inspection, when it was printed at Amiens. The Mental Philosophy and Evidences of Religion were published years afterwards."

"What classes did you teach during your second term at Fordham?"

"From '61 to '63 I taught, four hours a day, the post-graduates, and first year philosophers being under my charge. It was very hard work, but I was young then."

"I suppose you have come in contact with so many boys that you find it difficult to recall them individually?"

"Yes; they seem to remember me very well, but it takes me some time to place them. Often while talking to one of the old boys, I fancy that I recognize him perfectly; after parting with him, I find that I have mistaken him for some one else."

"What was the feeling of the students during the war?"

"They were generally very quiet; occasionally, however, measures had to be taken to stop demonstrative discussions between Northern and Southern boys. The small delegation from Kentucky was particularly inclined to loud argument, but as a general rule things went on as smoothly as at any other time. Some of the Southern boys, the Schactes, for instance, from South Carolina, were obliged to remain here all during the war."

"Just one more question, Father: I understand that you can bind books, is this true?"

"Yes; of course; I have bound all the magazines in our large library, and about one-third of the other books. My shop is just opposite the rear of the students' refectory. My tools are not, of course, the latest patented; but I am very familiar with them, in fact, fond of them. When my head is fatigued with reading and studying the insides of books, I go to my shop and mend the outsides."

* * *

After leaving Father Jouin, we proceed cautiously in search of Father Freeman, the veteran professor of physics and chemistry. After our former experience we had resolved to plunge right into the subject without winding or insinuation:

"Father, we would like to know something about physics and chemistry in the past, explosions, etc. You came here in—"

"'72, the summer of '72."

"Well, what did the scientific department look like at that time?"

"It didn't look much like a scientific department. The physics room was the room adjoining the present sacristy; chemistry was taught where the Rose Hills now keep their baseball suits and other paraphernalia. Between these two rooms was a large opening, and in the opening a portable black-board, one side of which conveniently looked at physics and the other at chemistry. Philosophy was taught in what is now the bath-room. The museum was gracefully spread about the physics class-room in cases which, at the present day, do service in the candy shop. One day during class, the largest of these cases keeled over on the floor, scattering the minerals right and left, and causing a great commotion among the members of the class."

"At what time was the scientific department removed to the seminary building?"

"Early in '72 the first floor of the seminary was cleared and fitted up in fine style for museum, laboratory and classrooms. The philosophers for a while occupied the small boys' billiard room, but were soon removed to the First Division building. I then took it for my work shop, and proceeded to repair and put in order the instruments, some of which came from Kentucky in the old, old times."

"I have heard it said, Father, that you made many of the machines and instruments."

"Some; I made a good heliostat; heliostats, you know, generally have a 2 by 6 mirror; mine is 16 by 30, and reflects a beam of light 11 inches in diameter. I have found the instrument very serviceable. After a while the whole first floor and basement of the seminary was turned into a scientific department. The upper rooms of the building were occupied by parlor boarders. Some, in fact most, of those parlor boarders, are still living. They will no doubt recall those days. Wm. Ahearn, who died some time ago, could have told a great deal about them. Well, the sciences remained here for many years—till '86, when they were removed to the present Science Hall. The old seminary was

then fitted up for a small boys department, and now, as St. John's Hall, it is the most beautiful and attractive department of its kind in the country. These are my recollections of physics and chemistry. Formerly there was one teacher of these branches, now there are three. The present lecture rooms are certainly all that can be desired. The analytical chemists are comfortably situated, but I am looking forward to the time when we shall have a laboratory large enough to accommodate seventy five or a hundred.

"Before leaving I would like to find out something about old students and explosions."

"My classes of '72 and '73 were certainly inclined to be wild; but they were good students. John B. Shea has been in the State Senate for some years. George McCreary is United States army surgeon at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. E. Burmudez is a judge in New Orleans. Horace Doherty is a promising lawyer in the city. The Denegre boys are prosperous merchants in Louisiana. J. O'Brien, familiarly called "Jonas," a brother of Judge O'Brien, is in business in New York, etc., etc. So, you see, they have turned out pretty well. I have had two explosions or accidents in my time. One was in '74. I was generating hydrogen, and, with my hand on the generator, was congratulating myself on the success, when somehow or other the oxygen and hydrogen came together, and you may imagine the result. Every glass article in the vicinity was smashed; my hand, which rested lovingly on the generator, was momentarily paralyzed, and all my clothes were ruined by the sulphuric acid. Otherwise I suffered no injury. The other accident

was in '86. My assistant had placed a cauldron of paraffine on the heater. The solder of the cauldron melted, and the paraffine took fire. I discovered afterwards that the first leap of the flame burned the paint on the opposite wall of the laboratory, a distance of fifty feet. The fresco work of the ceiling was completely destroyed, and the glass of many of the cases was actually melted. But the affair proved to be little more than a great scare. When the danger was past I returned to my room to rest. About half an hour later I was called by a very excited workman who told me that there was a big bottle of something in one of the cases which everyone was afraid would go off. I hurried down and discovered that the cause of fear was a carboy of liquid which I did not at first recognize. The glass had been melted away to the surface of the liquid. Very cautiously I proceeded to remove the "big bottle" to a place of safety, where I discovered that the liquid was distilled water."

"I forgot to ask you, Father, about the amusements of those days. Of course baseball was then in its glory?"

"Yes, the present Judge O'Brien had a famous underhand twist which very few could fathom, and there was McDermott, Villavicencio from Ecuador, of whom, by the way, I have heard nothing since his graduation, and a host of others whose names I cannot recall. We always had good skating in those days before Christmas. The boys used to have great scientific games of shinny on the pond. I remember one philosophy class which on several occasions stood the house and won each time. There, now, I must go."

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

THE TWENTY APOSTLES.

A pious association, which bids fair to call innumerable blessings from heaven on the boys of St. John's, has been lately founded by Rev. Fr. Rector at the college. At present it counts some twenty members, who have for their object in view to instruct the infirm at Randall's Island, and to add their mite of aid to the good work which a few zealous Catholics have already set on foot in the afore-said asylum. With this purpose before them, on the morning of Sunday, Dec. 2d, they visited the island to reconnoitre the field in which are to lie their future labors. Owing to the scarcity of trains on Sunday, and the obliging spirit of one of the evangelists, who very kindly took it upon himself to lead his brother apostles, the party journeyed on a rather zig-zag route to the Island. After wandering for a considerable time—this, you must know, is a part of apostolic travelling—they finally set foot on the land of promise. While mass was going on in the little Catholic chapel, they had occasion to take a general survey of things around and about them. Dividing into parties of three and four, they

set out in different directions; all, however, making a visit to the house set apart for the idiots. Upon entering this mart of human misery, the half dumb creatures began to murmur indistinctly and grin at the visitors, making especial faces at one of them who looked quite conspicuous and, no doubt, attractive on account of his fine attire. The keeper summoned "Johnny Rouse" to step forward, and lo! an odd looking, curious creature, somewhat below the medium size, blind and thin, half reeling, half walking, approached. When asked his name the poor thing threw back his head, no larger than a small cocoanut, and cried in a hoarse and shrieking voice "hurrah! for Johnny Rouse." With this he was helped to his seat on one of the benches beside his brother unfortunates. A little fellow, likewise at the instance of the keeper, next came forward and intoned in a touching voice "The Letter I Long For," which deeply moved the hearts of his hearers. He was, as the visitors afterwards learned, subject to fits of insanity some two or three times a day, which accounted for his being among his ever senseless companions. After mass was over the twenty apostles from

Fordham were presented to the Rev. Father Gelinis, S. J., who expressed himself delighted to gain such a reinforcement. The rest of the time was taken up in visiting the various departments of the institution, where the missionaries were pleased to see that many, even among the little fellows, are able to recite the common Catholic prayers. The members of the association are very thankful to their kind friends at the Island for the trouble they took in showing them the different parts of the establishment, and are eager and ready to begin actual work on Sunday, December 9th, with Messrs. John F. Clare and John Heffern, of the class of '89, as officers.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Those who wished to see a foot ball game between Trinity and St. John's on Thanksgiving Day were greatly disappointed. The team had been doing good work and each man looked forward to the coming contest with fixed resolution to lower the former score, and from sundry remarks and significant nods it seemed as if Trinity would find a warm reception here. But a day or two before Thanksgiving word came that Trinity would not be here, and the disappointment was more than depressing. However, lovers of this manly game were not totally deprived of amusement in that line, for the Volunteers, an eleven from the city, came to play Second Division and they were resolved to blot out a former disgrace by showing Second Division how foot ball should be played. They were plucky little fellows and each understood the game, and would tackle the largest of the Second Division team in the fashion of old professionals. Superior weight, however, told and the Second Division came off victorious in a closely contested game, the score being 14 to 0. One of the features of the game was the refereeing. The referee used good judgment, and had that priceless quality steadfastness, and was not to be daunted by either side. Now that the foot ball season is over, it seems that there is good material in the house, and that efforts ought to be made to bring foot ball up to the proper position of excellence. We hope this will be done next year.

THE THIRD DIVISION SPORTS.

At one o'clock Thanksgiving Day the reporter went into First Division Gymnasium and was surprised to see that usually quiet place in a state of commotion. "Grave and reverend *Seniors*" were mingling quite profusely with the lower classes and sailing quietly through the air were foot-ball and striking bag. Altogether there was a peculiar disorder there; so the reporter promptly "button-holed" a spectator and enquired the cause of such an uproar. "Oh," was the reply, "there are to be some games, chariot races, foot races, gladiator fights, etc., on the campus, and the boys are getting up a little old-time enthusiasm; but where the chariots or gladiators are coming from, I can't say." Here then was an item, or the beginning of one, so out went the reporter to the campus, and beheld all the Third Division with blue and red ribbon, dragging chariots and surrounded by an admiring throng! Then the bugler, without a bugle,

announced *the games begun*, and away sped the Chariots. Each team was well selected and every race closely contested. The following is the result.

First Heat:

Master Rosado, Driver.
Masters Sinclair, Boyle, Leibler and Clogher.

Second Heat:

Master Henry White, Driver.
Masters Reardon, Burbridge, Jos. O'Brien and Byrnes.

The team with Master Rosado as driver won the final heat. The other sports followed in rapid succession. The following are the winners:

100 yds. Dash—1st section—Clogher.

2d " Lamb,

3d " Finlay.

Sack Race—1st section—Hughes.

2d " Valdeavellano.

3d " Finlay.

Candle Race—1st section—Hughes.

2d " Foster.

3d " Henwood.

After waiting in vain for the Gladiatorial contests the reporter came to the conclusion that that part of the programme originated and ended in the fertile brain of his informant; but all things considered, it was a very creditable affair, and of it Third Division can be justly proud.

J. A. DUNN, '91.

AMERICAN ATHLETIC CLUB ELEVEN VS. FORDHAMS.

For the second time this season our boys met and defeated the representative football team of the American Athletic Association, on Sunday, 25th ult.

Nobody expected, judging from the nasty state of the weather, to witness the best conducted game of football of the year, since we were visited on that day by a miniature scion of the great blizzard.

Nevertheless the American team persisted in demanding a game in order, as they said, to recompense them "for the trouble of coming up;" but, as we believe, to play *Nemesis'* game of sweet revenge for our victory of the preceding Sunday.

At 3:15 sharp, the two teams repaired to the ball-field in full uniform, though the thermometer marked 45°.

During the first half of the game, which was decidedly close and exciting, either party failed to score a point, which fact may be attributed to the wretched condition of the grounds.

In the second half, however, our boys clearly showed their superiority, and by bringing into play their muscles and ingenuity—particularly the latter—turned the scale in their favor.

By the assistance of the rush line, and the brilliant play of Messrs. Newton, Sweeney and Hanrahan, Mr. Carmody succeeded in making a run of about forty feet, through the centre of the "American" boys, thus securing the first and only touchdown of the game. At this the students cheered enthusiastically.

Fordham was, on this touchdown, given an opportunity of kicking a goal, but the ball fell lamentably short.

It will not be amiss to say that on the other side as well fine plays abounded. Messrs. Carls, White, Condon and Levier distinguished themselves; the latter, in particular, always managed to get into every scramble.

The referee, Mr. Brauns, who plays on the Sophomore team at Columbia, taking all into consideration, was extremely impartial. Mr. Livingstone was equally unprejudiced as umpire.

By way of parenthesis, we may add that we regret that some ignorant, officious person inserted an item on the following day in the *New York Sun*, stating that the game resulted in a draw. We here have it corrected, the real score having been: Fordham 4, American 0.

THE MONTHLY furthermore congratulates the Fordhams on their splendid work on Sunday, and bids them persevere in their efforts.

N. ARELLANO, ENG., '90.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, on Sunday, December 2d, the bill to change the name of the organization was passed unanimously. After the passage of the bill, suggestions were in order in regard to technicalities and methods. Here a very stormy discussion ensued, in which one portion of the House was arrayed against the other. The Speaker, Mr. Clare, decided points with admirable tact and kept the heated orators well in hand. When the discussion was at its highest, an appeal was made to the Rev. Moderator to decide definitely on the merits of a certain point. He reluctantly complied. Messrs. Heffern, Marrin, McNeille, Taaffe and others made speeches that would become any rostrum. At the next meeting, bills will be brought in by Senators from the different States. Shortly before the holidays a public lesson will be held in Library Hall before the Faculty and University classes.

THE LITERARY ACADEMY.

On Tuesday, November 27th, the members of Rhetoric and Belles Letters gave a literary entertainment in honor of the newly canonized saints. If we may form an opinion from the commendations bestowed by all present, the entertainment must have been very successful. F. Wingerter opened the Academy by reading in a very impressive manner the description of the Heavenly Jerusalem from the Apokalypse. J. Keane followed with an interesting paper on the methods followed by the Holy See in regard to the canonization of saints. Mr. Taaffe then read a very eloquent paper on St. Alphonsus Rodriguez; D. Arellano followed with an interesting poem on the apparition of Our Lady to the Saint. Messrs. McNeille and Slevin read papers on the lives of Sts. Peter Claver and John Berchmans, and Messrs. Daly and Geary celebrated the same in verse. All the productions were well received, while one or two were applauded to the echo. The gentlemen who took part in the entertainment deserve great praise, considering the short time allowed them for preparation.

THE TRIDUUM IN HONOR OF THE NEW SAINTS.

On Saturday, Nov. 24th, an announcement was made in all the classes that the Solemn Triduum in Honor of the New Saints would begin with Benediction and a sermon on Monday evening, Nov. 26th. Of course all looked forward with pleasure to the three days. Immediately after class on Monday afternoon, the three divisions assembled in the students' chapel to hear the panegyric of St. Alphonsus by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J., Vice-President of St. Francis Xavier's College. Solemn Benediction followed the sermon. On entering the chapel all were surprised to see the elaborate decorations—festoons and wreaths of evergreen everywhere and in all shapes. Second Division had been working quietly for several days to treat the rest of the college to a pleasant surprise, and they succeeded. The profusion of green made all hearts glad with a suggestion of Christmas. On each of the three days Solemn High Mass was celebrated in honor of the Saints. Rev. James A. Doonan, late President of Georgetown College, delivered the panegyric of St. Peter Claver, and Rev. P. Cassidy, President of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, that of St. John Berchman's. During the sermons the chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the rapt attention of all bore witness to the eloquence of the reverend gentlemen. A very neat programme was printed and distributed among the students on the second day of the triduum. At the last Solemn High Mass, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial officiated. The exercises of the three days were so well planned, and the ceremonies so impressive, that the memory of them will remain with the students of '88-'89 for many years to come.

THE THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENT.

The Dramatic Association formally inaugurated the season on Thanksgiving evening with a highly creditable production of "Rob Roy;" which proved, in the opinion of all, one of the greatest successes the Association has ever achieved.

The prologue, by Mr. John F. Clare, '89, was delivered in that gentleman's usual masterly style. Immediately thereafter the curtain arose to the strains of the opening chorus, which elicited rounds of applause from the assembled audience, whose interest never flagged throughout the entire play.

Mr. Heffern, in the title role, fully satisfied the expectations of his many friends by his excellent impersonation of the bold outlaw; and what the *New York Herald* said of him, in the next morning's issue, goes sufficiently to prove the unquestionable ability of the "Star of the Evening."

Mr. Dunn, as Bailey Nicol Jarvie, was a decided success, and repeatedly brought down the house by his life-like rendition of the eccentric but good natured weaver and magistrate. Mr. Dunn's success is the more striking on account of its being his first appearance before the Fordham footlights.

Mr. McNeilly, it is needless to say, was an ideal villain and his portrayal of the character of "Rashleigh Osbaldis-

tone" evinced considerable care and study, and won the applause of the entire audience.

In the comical role of Mr. Owen, Mr. Taaffe kept the vast assemblage in roars of laughter, and the effect of the Scotch whisky on our great comedian was met with storms of applause, which lasted quite a while.

Everyone knows Mr. Taaffe's great powers on the comic stage, and he could not be overlauded for his excellent acting.

Mr. O'Neill sustained the character of "Dougal" in a way which pleased every one. The language and tone he adopted was very well chosen, and above all the naturalness of his acting is to be especially commended. This was also Mr. O'Neill's first appearance on our stage, and his success augurs well for the future.

Mr. Farley, as "Francis Osbaldistone," did exceedingly well, and it shows what new talent can do when once given an opportunity. We have every reason to expect great things of Mr. Farley as an actor.

Mr. Blun, as "Macgregor," made his usual hit on the stage, and thrilled all present with his rich, clear and ringing voice; so much so that we could well imagine ourselves among the Highlanders of "Bonnie Scotland."

Great credit is due to Mr. Blun, who, only a few hours before the play, received a severe sprain in a game of football. He insisted, however, on appearing, and so well did he bear up in his pain that no one had the slightest suspicion of the accident.

Mr. Straub, as Mat, like his master, the Bailie, greatly amused the house by his comical movements; especially when he brought in "that huge memorial of misfortune." Mr. Straub shows great talent in the comedy line.

Mr. Willard Wright, as "Captain Thornton," ably assisted by the Sergeant, Mr. Ramsay, succeeded admirably in commanding the company of Grenadiers who, by their excellent movements, tended to heighten in a great measure the spectacular effect.

In the minor parts, Messrs. Marrin, Ryan, Morisse, Walsh, Quackenboss, McNally, Whelan and Hammond deserve much credit, and helped materially in contributing to the great success of the play. Nor must we forget the college choir, which rendered most charmingly the musical part of the entertainment.

The way in which they sang "Sweet and Low," and "Soon the Sun Will Gae to Rest," was simply grand, and received much applause.

After the play a farce entitled, "A Regular Fix," was given with unprecedented success. All the comedians acquitted themselves *nobly* and, at the end, everyone was *loath* to see the curtain fall.

Mr. Taaffe again appeared before the audience—this time as "Hugh de Brass," a role even more comical than that of "Mr. Owen." He sustained it to perfection, and, as usual, the audience was kept continually laughing, and every word that parted Mr. Taaffe's *comical* lips was hailed with great and protracted applause.

As Mr. Surplus, no one could have been more of a success than Mr. McNally. The manner in which he disguised his voice was wonderful, and *most* suited the character.

Mr. Brennan, as Mr. Charles Surplus, captivated the entire audience; a more perfect dude it would be hard to find in London town itself.

Mr. Straub also appeared in the farce and was a great success. His superb rendering of Alfonso Alonzo Plantaganet Jinks called forth applause from everyone.

Mr. Walsh was surely the right man in the right place when he came out in the character of Smiler, and it was acknowledged that there could not have been a more successful Smiler than Mr. Walsh.

Mr. Whalen, as Abel Quick, like all his fellow actors, did well and deserves much praise.

The farce itself was by no means an easy one, but by dint of hard study, it was made a great success, and the feature of both entertainments was the entirely natural way in which all acted. The play seemed rather a scene from real life than a dramatic performance.

ALAN G. BURROW, '90.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' OUTING.

On Sunday morning, December 3d, the philosophers with smiling countenances, marched down the avenue in time to catch the 8:20 train for New York. The only incident which marred the placid serenity of the exodus, occurred when we were almost beyond the college grounds. Then suddenly the mellifluous tones of our classmate from New Jersey were heard rolling towards us in ever increasing volume and calling upon our stalwart confrere from Albany. We looked around and saw a silk hat emerging from the sanctum and the owner thereof jesticulating in a manner which perfectly allayed our doubts as to the owner of the hat and voice.

The journey to the city was as humdrum and uneventful as ever; when we reached the Grand Central there was a general splitting up; some went to the tonsorial artist; some had the encasings of their pedal extremities polished by the wielders of the brush; some, prompted by the cravings of the inner man navigated for restaurants, others visited their homes; our would-be athletic member from the Old Bay State, early in the morning struck a bee line for Broadway and was not seen again until the afternoon, when he turned up at the Thalia in company with a friend in time to see "Hazel Kirke."

Our classmate from New York, in company with an inhabitant from the land of the tropics, was last seen performing great feats of pedestrianism down through the Bowery. The gentlemen from Cuba spent their time in knocking about the ivories. But let us follow the peregrinations of "The Big Four," who first got outside of a square meal, and then proceeded on a voyage of investigation down town; after a few incidents of minor importance they came at last to Baxter Street. While walking along that thoroughfare they allowed themselves to be inveigled into one of the stores. There our member, who hails from the heart of the commonwealth, stated that he wished to purchase an overcoat. Hereupon the proprietor, an aged Hebrew, began to try all his overcoats. After he had tried on about fifty,

H—— finally found one which suited his fancy, and inquired the price, which was twenty-five dollars. Hereupon one of the four declared that he had bought a similar article at Brokaw's last week for fifteen dollars.

"But look at those linings," said the proprietor.

"Oh," replied the other, "they give away a coat like that with every Yale lock, in my city."

After much haggling the price was lowered to twelve dollars and a half. Then the gentleman from Illinois said he thought that they could do better at Brokaw's, which so riled the old man that he wanted to bet. Then they persuaded him to hang it up with "sold" upon it until they returned from Brokaw's, whither they said they were going. They must have got lost, as they did not return.

The play at the Thalia was enjoyed by all; after the play

the party adjourned to a restaurant, where they fell to upon Frankfurte sausages until it was time to start for the station. After we had secured our tickets and the train had drawn out of the station, the musically inclined portion of the party regaled the passengers with songs. On our arrival at the college the class cheer "'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Sis! Boom! Bah! '89! '89! Ha, ha, ha!" was given for Fr. Rector, Fr. Quinn, Fr. Kevill and others, after which we all went to supper at peace with ourselves and with the rest of the world.

On Saturday, December 8th, the philosophers attended the matinee, some going to see Booth and Barrett, while others went to "The Old Homestead." Those who saw Booth and Barrett seem determined to drive their neighbors to distraction by giving impromptu scenes from Othello.

TANCRED, '89.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '91.

IT would not, we think, be amiss to draw attention in this column to the woeful lack on the part of the generality of college journals, of any serious effort to do really good and meritorious work. We find in some of our exchanges whole columns and even whole pages given up entirely to personalities. This is not journalism. There is no especial ability or talent required to write matter of this nature. A college paper has, or should have, a higher, a loftier object in view than to become a mere medium for coarse personalities and vapid apologies for wit.

The broadness and liberality of the religious views entertained by the *Oberlin Review* are such as to excite the admiration of even the most prejudiced and bigoted. Under date of October 23d it publishes an article signed J. Leadingham, which contains some decidedly novel and original remarks concerning the Catholic Church. The article begins with some slight allusions to the Slavic department of the college and gradually merges into an account of the present condition of the Slavic race, at home and abroad. As an index to the writer's sentiments we quote the following passages:

"This people, from their ignorance, bigotry, intemperance and immorality, form one of the dangerous elements of our foreign population. They have been for centuries under the power of the Catholic Church, and have reaped the results of her blighting influence."

"Many, having found themselves deceived by the Catholic priests, have broken away from their old faith and scoff at all religion."

We do not know which the unfortunate Mr. Leadingham is most deserving of, our pity or our contempt. He is certainly suffering from a very common malady, but surely we should think the purifying influence of education under which he labors, and the disinfecting odor of learning which he is breathing, ought to be strong enough to kill the germs of a disease which can engender in his mind such blind and ignorant prejudice. If this had appeared in an age of Know-Nothingism, we would not be surprised, but, in this age of enlightenment and toleration, that any sane man would raise up from their deathbed, and thrust before the eyes of a thinking, intelligent public such a collection of palsied and decrepit calumnies, is utterly beyond our comprehension. If this combination of impudence and mendacity had only the charm of novelty, we

might be willing to allow it some merit, for even a falsehood has some attraction when cloaked with originality, but to imagine that a rational and fair minded public will accept as truth such threadbare and seedy libels is preposterous. We would suggest as a friendly piece of advice to the directors of the *Oberlin Review* that in future they bar the doors of their sanctum against such contributors and preserve their pages intact from the contamination of such libellous and offensive raut.

The *Brunonian* of November 10, contains an article on "The Art of Conversation." We heartily concur with the writer when he says that there is nothing of so great importance and at the same time so little studied as the art of conversing well. Even among those who have the reputation of being men of learning and erudition many can be found whose conversation is at the best a collection of stilted conventionalities or empty inanities. In regard to the weight and importance of the question we certainly agree with the *Brunonian*, but we think it worthy of more consideration than can be given to it in the limited space allotted it by that journal.

We commend the *Hobart Herald* for an excellently written verse translation from the German. It describes an interview between Helen and Paris, where she chides the "silken and shapely craven," and upbraiding him with his cowardice, urges him on to the battlefield. The idea is well worked out, and the language apt and well chosen. We can hardly, however, say as much for some of the other articles in the same paper.

The *Varsity* (University of Toronto) contains a "Ballade of the Ladies of Yore." The idea on which it is based is very good, but it is not properly developed; the language is rather prosaic and the rhyme exceedingly faulty. The "Apostrophe to Swinburne, the Traitor," although it contains some wholesome truths, is wordy and hyperbolic, and smacks at times, of coarseness and vulgarity.

The *Academian* (Cauandaigua) is a promising journal, and, we may safely say, can put to the blush many of its older and more experienced cotemporaries. We expect great things in years to come from the embryo journalists, under whose management the paper is carried on.

From the home of the toboggan, the snowshoe and the ex-cashier comes a welcome *Sunbeam*, which, on closer inspection, proves to be the official organ of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ont. The most notable feature of the October number is a very readable article on "Dinah Mulloch Craik," the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

The November number of *The Student*, (New Orleans,) is uncommonly good. The title page is adorned with a fine cut of Bishop Jaunsens, the newly chosen bishop of New Orleans. The entertainment given his lordship must have been highly interesting, judging from the printed account. *The Student* improves with each issue.

The Western Maryland College Monthly, "for both sexes" (both monthly and college), is at hand. The fair sex predominates on the editorial board, which, perhaps, accounts for the following: "THE FORDHAM MONTHLY has reached us. It makes mention of its college billiard room, etc., something which we are glad to say our college does not have." Now, really, if it does not seem rude to say so, we are not at all interested in what *The Western*, etc., etc., likes or dislikes. In regard to billiards, some ladies, Madame Patti, for instance, indulge now and then in a mild game; so that we would not be much shocked to hear of a billiard table among the young ladies of *The Western*, etc., etc. But foot ball! The idea!! Oh!!!

We hereby inform the world at large that Amity College, College Springs, Iowa, has an interesting little journal called *The Amitonian*, the third number of which we have just now received. Success to *The Amitonian*!

President Barnard, of Columbia, is opposed to inter collegiate contests as they are now conducted.

The Japanese Government has decreed that English be taught and studied in all its leading schools and colleges.

The Catholic University at Washington will be ready for occupancy and open for studies on October 6th, 1889.

Seventeen hundred young women are in attendance at the Normal College of New York City.

The course of journalism at Cornell is open only to post-graduates, seniors and juniors who are editors of the college papers. There are nineteen pursuing this course at present.

The oldest lawyer living and still pleading at the bar is Mr. Sidney Bartlett, a graduate of Harvard College. He is now past his ninetieth year, and lately argued a case with ability and success.

W. J. Barnwell, an English mathematician, claims to have squared the circle after fifteen years' work. His solution is eight figures which, in concrete shape, form a perfect cyclometer.—*Princetonian*.

Harvard was founded 250 years ago; William and Mary, in Virginia, 196; Yale, 188; Princeton, 142; University of Pennsylvania, 139; Columbia, 134; Brown, 124; Dartmouth, 119; and Rutgers, 118.

The Vanderbilts of New York have purchased 1,000 acres of land in North Carolina and will spend \$1,000,000 in establishing there an industrial and mechanical school.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Princeton \$80,000 was presented to the college. \$50,000 was given for the erection of another dormitory and the remainder for scholarship funds.

Rev. Dr. D. J. O'Connell, President of the American College at Rome, has been appointed Bishop of Richmond, to succeed Rt. Rev. John J. Keane who will take charge of the Catholic University of Washington as its first rector. He was educated at St. Mary's College.

Some time ago the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* wrote that Father Schleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, was dead, but that report is now denied, and as a proof, one of his English followers produces a telegram from Father Schleyer himself. Strange to say, it is not written in the new language, but in plain matter-of fact German.

There are nine colleges in the United States which have more than a thousand students—Harvard, which has 1,690; Columbia, which has 1,487; University of Michigan, 1,175; Oberlin, 1,302; Yale, 1,135; Cornell, 1,200; Northwestern, 3,100; University of Pennsylvania, 1,069; College of the city of New York, which has 1,000.

The Stanford University is soon to have the largest telescope in the world.

At Oxford there are three University journals. *The Oxford University Gazette*, published every Tuesday of the collegiate year at the Clarendon Press, is the official organ of the University. In it are published the calendar for the term or for the week; the notices of professorial, combined college, and other lectures; advertisements of private tutors, etc.; also the lists of those who have given in their names for examination in any school or department, and the class and pass lists resulting, and all other notices and news concerning the University.

The Oxford Undergraduates' Journal, issued every Wednesday, is the oldest established of unofficial periodical publications in the University. It contains current news relating to undergraduate life, and a reprint of the sermon preached at the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin on the Sunday preceding its issue. The small attention paid to literature is remarkable.

The Oxford University Magazine is a younger journal, now only in its sixth year. In literary merit it considerably excels the *Journal*.—*The Varsity*.

And now that the labors of the *Exchange* editor are ended for the present term, he takes occasion to transmit, in his own name and in that of his associates, Christmas greetings to all the brethren and sisterhood of the press.



FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

H. C. QUACKENBOSCH, '91.

REV. FATHER RECTOR, who was indisposed last month, is now enjoying good health.

—The management of the football eleven takes this opportunity of thanking the members of First Division for their generosity in contributing to the maintenance of the eleven.

—The electric lights which are placed in the dark corners of the grounds were lately put in working order, and now make the surroundings as bright as mid-day.

—The new recruits who, a short while ago, enrolled themselves among the cadets, now present a very soldierly front.

—Now that the excitement attendant on the election has passed, the all-absorbing topic seems to be December 21st.

—The Christmas holidays will cover two weeks and one day, to say nothing of some extra minutes thrown in "free gratis for nothing."

—The St. Vincent de Paul conference for the waifs on Randall's Island has been thoroughly organized. The members come mostly from First Division. There are two or three representatives from Second.

—Football has taken a great hold on the boys. During the snowstorm of Nov. 25th the cold field was covered with enthusiastic spectators.

—Livingston & Co., in consequence of pecuniary embarrassment, have been obliged to close. The store is to let.

—On Saturday, Nov. 24th, the representative boys of their respective classes received permission from Fr. Rector to attend the football game at the Polo Grounds between Yale and Princeton.

—The non-appearance of the Triunity eleven on Thanksgiving day was a great disappointment. Our boys were in excellent condition.

—The Philosophers had their annual class-day outing on Monday, Dec. 3d. On Saturday, Dec. 8th, they went to see the Booth-Barrett matinee.

—The presentation of the class banner to Classics will take place some time next week. Speeches, flowers, etc., will be in order.

—The prospects for the Rose Hills next year are unusually bright. Eighteen men will be chosen as usual by the Athletic Association. They will go into training after the Christmas holidays. Mr. Lynch will be on hand again.

—The Dramatic Association seems to be in an unusually flourishing condition. There are at present nearly forty names on the list. The Christmas play will be Robert Macaire.

—The cadet company of First Division is in splendid condition. Over one-half the Division is uniformed. There is some talk of getting a field piece in order to have artillery drills. Lieut. Squires, with his usual generous enthusiasm, has promised to furnish several gold medals for individual proficiency, together with a stand of colors for the best drilled company.

—The toboggan slide was put in order for winter work last week. The flag pole was scaled by one of the gymnasts and the pulley fixed for a new flag. Some of the more enthusiastic tobogganers were out, Nov. 29th, with about one inch of snow on the slide.

—There are ominous whispers afloat about reorganizing the Glee Club during the winter.

—The promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart have been

formed into a council, of which T. Carmody was elected President, D. Arellano, Secretary, and J. Keane and M. Lennon, Treasurers.

—A grand reception of the Parthenian Sodality will be held soon. The list of postulants comes near forty.

—On the evening of December 8th, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Fr. McEvoy, of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, preached a very beautiful sermon. His fine voice reached every part of the chapel.

—On Tuesday, Dec. 18th, the Philosophers will have a public disputation in Latin. We have heard that Messrs. Morisse and Clare are to be the defenders. The Faculty will be present together with the three higher classes.

—When the Randall's Island Apostles marched up the lawn after their first visit, the members of First Division assembled near the door and started a pious and solemn hymn, as an encouragement, no doubt, to the weary twenty.

—It has been decided that a skating pond on the base-ball field is impracticable. Some say that the attempt made last year spoiled one corner of the field.

—The venerable pulpit which has done such good service on election evenings disappeared very mysteriously. It must have found its way into the bon-fire. Any information concerning the remarkable piece of furniture will be gratefully received at the *Sanctum*.

—Some few changes have taken place among the Division officers since our last issue. Sweeney, '89, has been appointed president of the reading room *vice* Arellano, '91; McNally, '92, is president of the billiard room *vice* Wright, '90.

—The goals have been removed from the base ball field. Football is in consequence a thing of the past and future.

—The handsome silk banner won by '89 in the athletic sports will be presented soon. The design calls for maroon silk, trimmed with gray and littered in gilt.

SECOND DIVISION.

T. S. REILLEY, '91.

—On the evening of Dec. 8th a reception of the sodality was held in the sodality chapel. Eight new members were received. Rev. Fr. Rector performed the impressive ceremony, after which he addressed a few happy remarks to the newly admitted.

—Byron McKeown was received into the church on Dec. 8th, after 9 o'clock mass. T. Cushing and J. Kane were sponsors. Byron and his friends took dinner in the Infirmary building. The dinner, it is needless to say, was something extraordinary.

—L. Nough was lately called home to the death bed of his brother. He has our sincere sympathy.

—Four members of Second Division have been called on to help convert the heathen on Randall's Island. Though we are often slighted in favor of the older boys, in this case, at least, we feel highly flattered by the confidence placed in our apostolic qualities.

—Every evening now the gymnasium is filled with enthusiastic athletes. Messrs. Clogher and Vargas take the lead.

—The members of our cadet company compare very favorably with Company A, of First Division. Lieut. Squiers has expressed himself as being very well pleased with us.

—Curious groups of boys may be noticed in all the dark corners

of the building seemingly discussing some momentous question. When asked the nature of the discussion the answer is always vacation.

—The new books and stands for the reading room are being put in order, so that this winter there will probably be as much sport inside as out.

—The Holy Childhood seems to be in a very thriving condition, to judge from Mr. J. Faye's perennial broad smile.

—Class contests between the Grammar classes are in progress. One of them will probably occur before the Christmas holidays.

—On Saturday afternoon almost all Second Division congregated near the foot of the toboggan slide to witness the renewing of the pulley at the topmost extremity of the flag-pole. A ladder was procured by some means or other, and then the immense body of spectators waited for a volunteer climber. After a short suspense Mr. McGillicuddy stepped forward with determination in his eye. He scorned the use of a ladder, laid hold of the bare pole and proceeded to "shin"—that is, to ascend, whispering to himself as he rose "Excelsior." On his return he was received with a few audible cheers.

—There has been some talk lately of getting genuine football suits for our eleven. The game is somewhat wearing on base ball jerseys.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

Rev. H. Kavanagh, whom the students of the seventies will remember, has been at the college for the past week, making a retreat. Fr. Kavanagh is stationed at St. Mary's Church, Boston.

W. H. McClintock, '88, last year's editor-in-chief of THE MONTHLY, writes: "Some day, perhaps, if the nine muses should ever return to my aid, I may weary you and the readers of THE MONTHLY with something for publication. For the present I send you one of Uncle Sam's promises to pay, as my subscription for the ensuing year."

J. Sheil, '86, Eng., called last week. He is making preparations to set up in business in Dakota. He will be settled there just in time to celebrate the elevation of the Territory to the dignity of State. He has our best wishes for success.

George McCreary, '74, M. D., U. S. A., has been transferred from Fort Meade in the far West to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor.

Rev. G. B. Kenny, '57, English Preacher at the Gesu, Montreal, is mentioned as Bishop of Toronto.

John Aspell, '78, M. D., writes: "I am always glad to receive THE MONTHLY for its tonic effects."

Messrs. Weber and Coyle, S. J., professors here last year, received a grand ovation on Thanksgiving evening.

Rev. T. P. McLaughlin, '79, of Newburg, writes: "I beg to decline writing up the class of '79, as I left the college at the end of my rhetoric year. Try Dr. McNamara. He is every way fitted to speak for the class."

Some time ago we sent out invitations to old boys to write and tell us something in connection with Christmas time at the college in years passed. All, with one or two exceptions, very obligingly acknowledged receipt of invitation. From one we received the cablegraphic answer, "Don't remember anything about them." Another, of '73, writes: "In order to recall facts to help on your succession of accounts, I find that I have lost my 'starts' for the concatenation of ideas. I have the queerest memory agoing; even as a college boy from the time I sat in the room which in by-gone days was labeled 'Music,' but now has descended to 'Bath-rooms,' I had to make use of 'starts' in all my memory lessons. It's a real pity! If I had only known that I should be a link in college history, I certainly would have kept a diary," etc.

The class of '88 has been scattered like the leaves of autumn. We can get no news of the greater part of it.

T. Shea, '88, with several of the old boys, called Thanksgiving. They were disappointed in not seeing the game arranged with Trinity.

Rev. Edward Slattery, President of the Alumni Association, in a circular lately sent to the members of the Association, says: "Of course for the Alumni to meet on certain occasions and congratulate each other and renew old friendships is very laudable, but in addition to this, some practical work beneficial to the college will furnish a better reason for the existence of our Association."

The following obituary notice of a true son of St. John's, Dr. Edward McTammany, is taken from the *Albany Sunday Times*. The notice should have appeared in our last number:

"It is our sad and solemn office to record that this able physician, worthy citizen and large-hearted gentleman passed to rest at an early hour yesterday morning. Mourning deep and widespread will follow the announcement, for a grander soul has rarely gone back to its Creator than that of the genial and well-beloved Doctor. He is a great loss not alone to Troy and the community in which he lived, but to a circle of friends and acquaintances that extended far beyond the limit of the state. His nature was not that of passive worth, but was earnest and active, so that the doing of good, either for a class or an individual, was almost a necessity of his existence. He was identified with many of the Catholic organizations of Troy and all of them recognized his immense will power as well as his great capacity for work. In society he was a gentleman to the manner born, kind, courteous and considerate. Professionally he was highly popular, and had a large and daily increasing practice. In private life he was a loving husband, a fond parent and a warm reliable friend. In all phases of character he was a true man and an upright Christian."

"He graduated at the Brother's Academy in Troy, the city of his birth. After his graduation he took the classical course at St. John's College, Fordham, where he held a foremost position in his class. Dr. McTammany, with high honors, obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts at St. John's. Subsequently he took a course in medicine at McGill University in Montreal. His college work was followed by observations in Bellevue Hospital, New York. For a short time he was connected with St. Peter's Hospital in this city. In 1880 Dr. McTammany began practice as a physician in Troy. He was once city physician in the lower district of the city. Dr. McTammany was the chief organizer of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, started in Troy four years ago, and, at the time of his death, he was medical examiner for the Legion in Troy. Dr. McTammany leaves a wife—the daughter of Dr. Murphy, of Troy—and three children. Rev. Edward McTammany, of St. Lawrence's Church, New York, and Dr. George H. McTammany, a physician of New York, are brothers of the deceased."

Our next issue will contain obituary notices of two other worthy alumni, John Savage, LL. D., and Rev. Francis McSweeney, D. D.





ORIGIN OF SANTA CLAUS.

NOW that we are on the eve of Christmas-tide and the joyous bells are about to ring out in all their melody, Santa Claus occupies the principal place in the thoughts of children. Everybody knows what offices are attributed to this great Saint, but there are many who do not know the true story of his life and whence came the custom of considering him the donor of all the gifts which we receive on our Saviour's natal day. Santa Claus is differently represented in almost every country. In America he is supposed to come with his bag full of presents, and drawn in a sleigh by eight wonderful reindeers. These reindeers are *wonderful* because they can draw him over the roofs of houses just as easily as over the level ground. He rides from house to house in Germany, on a beautiful snow white horse. Thus the children of every nation have their own special way of representing this universal patron. However, everywhere he comes with the same object in view, namely, for the purpose of bringing joy and pleasure to all who deserve it. Saint Nicholas (of which "Santa Claus" is an abbreviation), was born in the city of Patara in Lycia. From his early childhood he scrupulously kept all the fasts prescribed by the Church. Some years later, when he was about twenty, he resolved to devote himself to a religious life. He entered the monastery of Holy Sion which was situated near the city of Myra, the capital of Lycia. It was his intention to spend a life of quiet holiness; but God would

not allow his goodness to go unrewarded. The archbishop, who was also the founder of this convent, soon raised him to the position of Abbot. He spent several years in this office doing acts of kindness and generosity, and gaining for himself new friends each day. But he was destined to be promoted much higher than this. When the see of Myra became vacant the holy Abbot Nicholas was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy; and he was still as he had always been, noted for his zeal and piety. Saint Nicholas even possessed the power of working miracles. More than seven centuries after his death, which occurred in the year Three Hundred and Forty two, his mortal remains were transferred from Myra to Bari. On the day of their removal thirty persons were cured of various diseases by the intercession of this great Saint. Santa Claus is honored as the patron of children, because from his very infancy he was a model of innocence, piety and virtue. He loved exceedingly to teach those of a tender age true piety, and love of God. His feast falls on the sixth of December, but he is honored principally on Christmas because he is the patron of youth. This day is doubly the children's for on this day also, our Lord came into the world as a child, to commence the great work of giving full satisfaction for the sin of our first parents, and opening heaven for mankind.

EUGENE J. LAMB, Class of "92," St. John's Hall.



OLD EIGHTY-EIGHT.

T. A. DALY, '91.

OLD Eighty-Eight, thy reign is done ;
The crown forsakes thy hoary head ;
And ere the belfry clock strikes one,
Old Eighty-Eight, thy reign is done.
The sands of life for thee have run,
And thou art numbered with the dead.
Old Eighty-Eight, thy reign is done ;
The crown forsakes thy hoary head.

All hail to thee, O bright New Year !
Rough-cradled in grim Winter's arms,
Thy coming fills our hearts with cheer.
All hail to thee, O bright New Year !
Thy wintry birthday, cold and drear,
Adds by the contrast to thy charms.
All hail to thee, O bright New Year !
Rough-cradled in grim Winter's arms.

THE AUTHOR'S CORNER—TO HORACE.

(AFTER LANG).

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '90.

OTHER poets, O Horace, have sung of the pleasures of the chase, of heroes and battles, and of the wrath of Achilles. But for you, O Vennsian, the simple joys that charm the rustic heart, the peaceful solitude of your little Sabine farm, were sufficient. They charmed away the spells of brooding care, and put to flight the shades of discontent, as vanish the morning mists before the blushing eastern sun. No *bella matribus detestata* hath charms to woo your peaceful nature, and tempt you from your wonted haunt, the grateful shade of some spreading arbutus, or where some sacred fount wells forth from the teeming earth and reflects the changeful swaying of the interlacing branches overhead. Here, crowned with your simple myrtle, you loll the livelong day and breathe the perfumed zephyrs that waft on their fairy wings the soothing scent of "meadows trim with daisies pied," of smiling fields and vine clad hills. Here in the haunts of Fauns and Graces, you while away the creeping hours with your cup of rare old Massic, and list to the merry roundel of the comely Nymphs with Graces joined as they trip a lively measure and tap with pattering feet the ringing earth, while Cytherea leads the gladsome revel. You loved those scenes of rustic calm and quietude, where Nature dons her simplest garb, where Pan holds sway, where the piping notes of the shepherd's reed are heard through the hills, and the lowing of kine and the bleating of sheep are mingled with the music of some wimpling stream.

The "busy hum of men," the shock of battle, the gay enticements of a pleasure-loving capital could not wean you from the Arcadian simplicity of your Sabine home. There you slept, and dreamt and sang your simple lays. There you broached your cobwebbed casks and filled the jovial beaker with your *obliviosum Massicum* to welcome in the friend of former days, the *primus sodalium*, while you jog your jaded memory and scatter the shrouded mists that cloud the dim remembrances of your youthful days, with playful recollections of your short-lived martial career, of the time when Roman was pitted against Roman, of that sorry day when the plains of Phillippi ran rivers of blood, of the hurried flight, *relicta non bene parmula*, and the god-given cloud that cloaked in its mists, and hid from unfriendly view, the favored son of Apollo. These and many a kindred tale beguile the lingering hours while bandied jest and jocund laugh your flagging spirits raise. Anon the board is cleared, the brimming beaker goes its round, and cheeks are flushed and eyes are bright; the air is filled with boisterous song, and ivy-crowned Bacchus holds high revelry. What need have we for cankering care?

Nunc vino pellite curas!

Why brood o'er fickle Fortune's pranks? What meed of joy or pain the morrow has in store, it recks not.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere.

Live, live for the present! Live for the joys and pleasures it has brought with it. Content with your lot, live, happy that it is not worse; nor seek to know a future state. *Carpe diem!* you cry, *carpe diem!* *Qam minimum credula postero!* Alas! How the mighty have fallen. This was the motto of your life. This was the guiding principle that influenced all your actions. You, *O musarum sacerdos*, whose love of solitude and quiet gave tongue to such thoughts as—

Orus, quando ago te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae?

Whose mystic lyre rang the praises of the Bandusian fount, you have joined hands with the broken down debauchee, and with him bellow forth the ceaseless refrain of—

Sapias: vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces.

In sooth you were a merry dog, a convivial soul, who loved your Bacchus as you loved your muse. If, perchance, you long to stretch your wearied limbs in the welcome shade of some pleasant grove in that land which smiles more sweetly to your eyes than any other spot on this fair earth, where the honey yields no jot to the Hymettian, and the olive vies with that of the verdant Venafrum, you bring forth your four-year old Sabine, chuckling the while,—

Recepto
Dulce mihi furere est animo.

Or when grim Soracte stands crowned with glistening white, and the storm-king roams abroad; when Eunoelydon whistles and howls through vale and glen, and moans o'er dismal fen and wold, and whirls the snow in blinding eddies around each jutting rock and tree, then draw close about the blazing hearth,—

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Largu reponeus, atque benignius
Duprome quadrimum Sabina,

And yet through all your gayest moods, O Horace, is seen a gloomy shadow that mars the beauty that would else have charmed our souls. Across the sunshine of your gentle wit and simple truth there creeps the dismal shade of death. *Pallida Mors*, wrapt in her sable shroud, casts the shadow of her menacing hand over all your works. The brightest gleam of your salient wit, the most brilliant touch of your genial humor is checked by the blight of her gloomy presence. The moral of all your tales, the lesson of all your little fancies, all verge toward the one point; the inevitable conclusion of all your moralizing is

Debemur morti nos nostraque.

But what is death? For you, alas it is the end. For you exists no cheering hope of a happier life to come. Your hopes, your joys, your pleasures, all are bounded by the grave

Beyond, all is darkness, black, Cimmerian darkness unlighted
by a single ray of hope,

Dark, dark, dark, * * *
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

How pitiable, how woful a fall from the starry heights of poetic imagination is the never-changing maxim that you forever ring in our ears, *mortalia facta peribunt*. Crowned with your longed-for ivy, you mount your Pegasus and, with a parting "*Odi profanum vulgus*," spurn the vile earth and soar away to the stars, to the realms of poesy. You bask in the very splendor of Apollo's gaze, you breathe the very atmosphere of the muses, and tune your lyre to the rippling cadence of Pierian springs, and the tuneful melody of the whispering winds that sigh through the groves of Parrassus. But, alas! what boots it, when, at the turning of a single verse you fall from the dizzy heights of your poetic imagination, as fell Hephæstus from the summit of Olympus, to the common level and say, with some mumbling stoic.

Sed omnes una manet nox
Et calcanda semel via leti.

Can he whose soul yearned for the peace and quietude to be found in some remote grassy nook, there to loll away the fleeting hours, he who sang,

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis.

Can he, I ask, come down from his lofty pedestal and descend to the level of such morbid rant? What a fall is here!

But whither art thou fled? Doth thy shade still cling to thy quondam haunts and sing the praises of Elysian groves? And dost thou still chant those simple lays whose rhythmic flow and melody first charmed and held me enslaved? Methinks I see thee even now stretched on the mossy carpet of some shaly grove, with thy Posthumus or thy Fuscus by thy side, quaffing thy shadowy bumpers and chanting the praises of some sacred fount.

Jam satis est. Fare thee well, my Horace; wherever thou art, whatever the fields in which thy shade reposes, still, to me, thy devoted admirer, thou art ever the same. Gentlest of pagans, sweetest of singers, farewell!

REGNET HIEMS.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

EN! Hiems cauens, gelidus tyrannus,
A throno sceptrum glaciale tendit
Heu! super terram, gelat atque vitam
Spiritus omnem.

Incidit ponto manus illa dira
Verberans undas, agitans profundum,
Quod tumens atrum fremit et dehiscit
Oribus altis.

Protegat nudum Deus O! benignus
Pauperem terrâ; pelago furente
Dirigat nautam Mariaeque stella,
Fida lucerna!

A GLANCE AT AN IDEAL HERO.

J. A. DUNN, '91.

EVERY great language has at least one poem which in large part is characteristic of that language, and which, howsoever much it resembles poems in other tongues, is distinct and widely separated from them. In the literature of most countries the epic holds this place. Each of the great epics marks a period in the growth of a nation's literature, and though all are moulded with a similar sublimity of thought, each is unlike the others. Homer is eminently rapid and direct. Milton is profuse and his simple and single thoughts are often made complex by his almost innumerable examples and comparisons. Virgil is labored and fond of detail. Dante is enthusiastic, with a predominant sense of awe and reverence which at times wearies the most

indulgent reader. Still there is a certain shade of similarity in them all except Homer.

There is little of the artificial in the Iliad. The style is natural and the theme unique. It has no definite end. The poet touches whatever incident is pleasing to himself and, behold, the parts unite freely and harmoniously. As when an organist playing for his own amusement moves from theme to theme, completing none but selecting the better parts of each, the effect is pleasing and, though there is no fixed stopping place, the hearer thinks not of an end but would have it go on indefinitely, so with the Iliad; the unfinished plot, or rather tale without a plot, delights more than ever finished poem could. Homer is alone in this respect. Again

he has no predecessors in the field of poetry. He stands the sole pioneer, as it were, who, pushing forward from the period of ballade and uncouth poem, has made the grand beginning back of which none can go. His work is Greek of a period whose antecedent is lost forever. The world esteems his work and every nation has produced one or more imitators of him. Thus it is that from the repeated study of him new interest and redoubled benefit ever come.

Truly that one line "Sing, Muse, the wrath of Achilles" expresses the whole substance of the *Iliad*. Achilles' is not a mean, insignificant wrath. It is manly, not effeminate, elevating not debasing. All the interest of the poem is centred in the anger of the hero, not in his life or death. His beginning is unnoted and his end is not described or mentioned; but the one great fact, his anger, its beginning with his wrongs and its termination at the death of Patroclus, is the body and spirit of the poem. The other incidents are none the less interesting and important. In this the *Iliad* is different from all other epics. The *Aeneid* has for its end the foundation of the Latin Colony, the *Divine Comedy* has its three Kingdoms to be described, and *Paradise Lost* has the fall of our first parents as an issue. Until these events take place, the poems are incomplete, and when they do, all is over. It is a natural consequence and no more. But the *Iliad* has no final consummation to be gained, for at the end of it the fate of Achilles is undecided. It is not a complete narrative; it is a collection of a few incidents in the Trojan war serving to set forth the character of the hero. The wrath of Peleus' son is treated in a straight-forward way. The arts of the fiction writer are thrown aside. There are no counter plots, no disappointments, no misunderstandings. Not in the situations, not in the events themselves, but in the august character of the hero is the sublimity and power of the epic. In no other work prose or verse is the whole interest centered on one character so much as in the *Iliad*; in no other work are the passions of the hero so made the chief feature. Let us examine the character of Achilles a little more closely. The subject is old, but its store of profit inexhaustible.

Anger at the son of Atreus and love of Patroclus are the mainsprings in the character of Peleides. These two passions do not as is often the case, weaken his nature; they rather add force and vigor to his character. The first book opens with Agamemnon surrounded by the leaders of the Grecian host. He is their recognized monarch; yet slight is the thread of their allegiance. The spell of obedience has been broken by the son of Atreus and the godlike Achilles is slighted and insulted. Agamemnon, compelled to deliver up Chryseis to avert a plague, demands of Achilles "the fair-cheeked Briseis." Achilles submits, but refuses to take further part in the battles. His anger is not vented on Atrides alone, all must feel it. There in his anger he tells his reason to Agamemnon. "Verily, and of a truth, the day shall be when sore desire for Achilles shall come upon the Achaians one and all. Then shalt thou, though grieved in soul, have no power to help, while in multitudes they fall and die at Hector's murderous hands; but thou shalt tear thy heart within thy breast for rage, seeing thou honoredst not the best of the Achaians aught." And should he not be angry? He has come from Phthia, not for personal gain, not on account of private wrongs to be avenged;

for the Trojans never injured him. He has come as a companion to Agamemnon and to assist Menelaus in his contest against Paris, and yet he has received naught but dishonor from the Achaians. Now the soldiers and princes permit, and in a measure approve, of the unjust demand of Agamemnon for the maiden Briseis, and the long pent up feeling of the hero bursts forth.

His is no woman's wrath fierce for a time but easily quieted. He will not go forth to the contest even though the silver-tongued Odysseus and the aged Phoenix beg of him to do so. His mighty anger will not be satisfied with what it at first demanded. He answers scornfully: "You may make oxen and sheep your prey; you may gather together tripods and the tawny manes of horses; but none can make the soul of man return by craft or guile when once it has escaped." The poet knew that if he made Achilles lay aside his wrath merely for the return of Briseis that he would have but a weak hero, so he holds Patroclus in reserve as a mightier motive to subdue the awful anger of the king. So the king continues unrelenting and the siege of Troy goes on. He sits sullen and apart and thinks not of spoils and of battle.

Noble as his wrath appears, that passion which overcomes it is far nobler. The king will not again lead the Myrmidones, so he gives them Patroclus, his dearest friend, as a commander, and then seeks the gloom and quiet of his own tent. Out to meet the Trojans go the Myrmidones, Patroclus at their head clad in the armor of Achilles. At sight of him the Trojans, thinking that the son of Peleus heads the host, flee, and the Greeks follow in pursuit. Patroclus meets Hector and a bloody battle takes place. Apollo disables the wounded Patroclus, and he falls under the sword of his enemy. Then Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles to report the death of his friend. Meanwhile the battle rages fiercely around the body of Patroclus. Sitting near the ships the hero is found; and no need of words to tell what has happened. Tears fall from Antilochus' eyes and amid sobs he tells his sad message. The grief of Achilles is terrible to behold. "He, huge in his hugeness, stretched upon the dust lay, and with his hands tore and ravaged his hair." Is not his grief greater than his former anger? It is a maddened grief in which there is no room for comfort or quiet. His mother rises from the sea and tries to console him, but his anguish is beyond control or consolation. He cries in the bitterness of his soul, "Mother, the Olympian has done this; but what pleasure is this to me, now that my dear friend is dead, Patroclus, whom above all my comrades I honored, even as myself? Him have I slain." Then that lofty mind gives up its anger at Agamemnon and seeks only to avenge the dead. Achilles will go again to battle.

The next we see of Achilles is when alone in the trench he sees afar off the contest between the two armies. He shouts in a mighty tone clear as trumpet sound, and at his voice the Trojans, recognizing the valiant son of Peleus, rush headlong to the town, and leave the body of Patroclus to be carried to the camp of the Greeks by Menelaus and Meriones. The scene of Achilles over the body of Patroclus is, perhaps, one of the most affecting of all Homer. The spirit of the godlike warrior has been sleeping in the midst of scenes that should have enlivened it. But now his great love for Patro-

clus displaces his anger, and right eagerly does he make peace with the son of Atreus. Over the body of his fallen friend he swears to bury it when he shall have killed Hector and sacrificed twelve Trojan youths on the pyre. Then arming himself, he starts out to seek his enemy. At length he finds him; but the Trojan hero is seized with fear at the sight of the enraged Achilles, and he flies away around the walls of Troy. He is closely pursued by the son of Peleus, and at last by the intervention of a hostile divinity he stops and faces his opponent. Bloody and brief the contest. Hector falls a victim to his enemy's all-subduing arm. Then the conqueror returns and performs the sad obsequies to his friend. The poet truly makes a noble picture when he paints the high-minded king giving up all thoughts of returning home, and promising to remain at his dead friend's side until he also die. This is one of the most difficult of scenes to portray. A towering passion, a heart-rending sorrow may or may not be easily described. But the subjugation of a violent rage requires the touch of a skillful hand. Homer, however, has succeeded perfectly in this; but as if not content with his work so ably performed, the poet must make the reader still more mindful of the fact that beneath that stern and stubborn outside is a heart that is true to the voice of humanity. He introduces the episode of Priam suing for the body of Hector. Though his vengeance is complete, Achilles desires to insult the body of his foe as an offering to his dead friend; but his noble nature, although haughty and quick to anger, yields at the sight of the wretched Priam's sorrow. He grants Priam's request for

the body of his dead son, and thus he vanishes from the Iliad. The poet tell us that he is fated to die in a few days at the walls of Troy, but he says nothing of the circumstances attendant upon his death.

Such is Achilles, the model of heroic manhood in ancient days, mighty in body and in soul, fierce in battle, quick to anger, yet humane withal. It matters little whether such a being ever actually existed, he may have been merely an ideal hero, a poetical conception, the model and pattern of Grecian virtues for Grecian men and times. But for us the effect is the same. He had his defects. Viewed in the light of cold reason, some of his actions may not be approved by us. We may be inclined to call him petulant, his anger that of a spoiled child—but that intense love of his for his friend and comrade in arms, Patroclus—who is not moved by it? His uncontrollable anger may perhaps seem to us the predominant feature of his character, but his love for his friend, surpassing his love for all creatures else, is certainly the more pleasing sense we have of him. In his anger, he may have been more easily copied by Grecian heroes after him, but in his friendship and love, and the deeds of valor and daring to which it urged him, he must have presented to nobler minds a higher pattern.

Love is the softener of hearts, the bond of sympathy between man and man; and the poet must have instinctively felt that a love crowning and conquering an anger that all things else were vain to conquer, would surely win the way to the hearts of men in after times.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

BEING A PEEP AT SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF A GREAT DRAMATIST, BUT LITTLE KNOWN.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA was born in the city of Madrid, on the 16th of January, in the year 1600. His father, an officer in the finance department of the government of Philip II., bequeathed to him ancestral estates in the valley of Carrieda, and died before the future poet had attained his ninth year. Pedro received his education in the Jesuit College of Madrid, and afterwards pursued a course of studies in history, law, and philosophy at the University of Salamanca, where he wrote several plays which won for him the esteem and patronage of several persons of influence. Leaving the University, he became a frequenter at court, where the celebrated Lope de Vega, then in the meridian of his fame, was among the earliest to perceive his powers, and commend his efforts in various poetical effusions. Like Cervantes, he was a soldier, and saw some active service in Italy and Flanders. Returning from the army he soon found favor with the king. A few years after this he was ordained priest. This, however, did not prevent him from continuing to produce plays to be given under his own management, at the palace of the Buen Retiro. He had written his first drama at the age of fifteen and finished his

last when more than eighty. Little need be said of the life and death of one

"Who lived and died as few can live or die;"

but he has left a name dear to his countrymen, a name of which they feel justly proud, and which, in their love, they do not hesitate to put beside the peerless name of England's immortal Shakespeare; and, indeed, his *works* lack only the humorous vein flowing through those of Shakespeare, to make their author take rank with the greatest of modern dramatic poets. We have said that Calderon's *works* lack Shakespeare's smart sallies of wit, for it is not too much to presume that he himself was not bereft of a gift so akin to genius; and it was only the deep religious tone of his dramas that deterred him from interweaving through them a playful thread of humor.

The spirit of Catholicity breathed up his genius, and raised it up. It gave him that loftiness of thought, and that clear perception of man and his destiny, which enabled him to bring his plays and the lessons they contained home to

the hearts of a people specially fitted by their faith to receive them.

God, our Lord, His Virgin Mother, prophets, apostles and saints are the theme of his plays, and they are never absent from his mind. They become a part of his nature and pervade his all-seeing vision. Man with his soul and its faculties, sin and vice are depicted. They come before the people; they have their say and read their lesson. No uncertain lesson that. His genius was too strongly illumined not to seize things clearly or to allow a moral to be lost in obscurity. It is this "vision and faculty divine" that overpowered a German critic, when he exclaimed, "in this great and divine master the enigma of life is not only expressed but solved."

Having dwelt briefly on the predominant trait in Calderon's dramas, we first propose to take a cursory glance at his "autos," the more religious portion of his works. These "autos" were the offspring of the miracle plays, and at the time Calderon became manager of the Royal Theatre, in the palace of the Buen Retiro, they formed the national drama of Spain. With the insight of a poet and the circumspect boldness of a zealous Catholic, he gathered together the pagan myths, the parables of Scripture, the dogmas of the Church and the religious legends of the people, weaving them into these "autos," which saved the Spanish stage from sinking into the grossest corruption. Everything is made to subserve his magnificent aim; every incident moves naturally but precisely to the drawing of a moral, a moral such as the master mind of a poet and a theologian alone can teach. The elevated and versatile genius of Lope de Vega had done much to improve the moral and poetic quality of the Spanish drama, but it required Calderon, the poet and the priest, to perfect it and crown the noble effort of his illustrious predecessors.

Mr. McCarthy has translated many of these "autos" into English, one of which we purpose taking as a standard of the others. It is called "*Los Encantos de la Culpa*," or "*The Sorceries of Sin*," and is based on the story of Ulysses and Circe, not entirely divested of its fabulous dress, and retaining its allegorical aspect; yet the soul of the plot is thoroughly Catholic. The characters are Man, Sin, Voluptuousness, Flattery, the Understanding, Penance and the Five Senses, with a chorus and a host of musicians. The curtain rises, revealing a ship at sea, with Man, the Understanding and the Five Senses on board. The Understanding apprises Man of his being afloat on the world's wide sea, and warns him of a tempest near at hand. The Senses make known their characters, and throughout the storm act as crew, with great dramatic ability.

It would be superfluous on our part to attempt an analysis of this marvellous performance—the masterly style in which Calderon handles the ancient mythology of Greece, the happy knack with which he adapts it to the genius of Christianity, the tone of originality which rings through his thoughts, the beauty and the simplicity which characterize the drama throughout—these, all these, bear unquestionable testimony to the genius of the Catholic poet. His master hand lights up the countenances of the ancient gods with a new and a brighter glory, the reed of Pan joins in the hallelujahs of the angels, whilst Orpheus represents our Divine Redeemer.

The pagan deities and personages of old may seem to us strangely out of place in the company of angels and saints.

But a genius was at work. Under his skillful touch they completely lose their pagan character, and blend harmoniously with beings of a higher and entirely different nature.

The following speech of Penance to Sin, which has been so well translated by Mr. McCarthy, will serve to give an idea of the beauties of the drama :

I,

Erst who wore the rainbow's dress,
Who if in a car triumphal
Thou to-day beholdest me seated
'Neath a canopy, wherein
Purple, pearl and gold are blended,
'Tis because I come to triumph
Over thee ; for whensoever
Calleth me Man's understanding,
Never is the call neglected.
All the virtues which he squandered
In his ignorance demented,
I have here regathered, since
Certain 'tis that when presented
By the hand of Grace they've been,
He who turneth back repentant
Ever findeth them again,
Safely guarded and preserved.
And that Man may know how they
Can alone thy sorceries render
Powerless, thou wilt now behold
All the viands here collected
Vanish into air, and leave
Naught behind to tell their presence ;
Showing thus how human glory
Is as false as evanescent,
Since the only food that lasteth
Is the food for souls intended—
Is the eternal Bread of Life
Which now fills this table's centre.
Yet, ye Senses, 'tis not bread,
But a substance most transcendent ;
It is Flesh and Blood.

Sin mocks at Penance, and accuses her of deceiving the Senses, then summons each of them to testify. Smell declares the Sacred Host to be bread, and likewise do Taste, Touch and Sight. Hearing is bid to break it in pieces, and at the same time the question is put whether the sound made at breaking is not that of bread. Hearing reproaches Sin for his ingratitude, and asserts that, though the noise resembles that of bread when broken, Faith and Penance teach us that it is Flesh, and the Body of God. This reason satisfies Understanding, whereupon Penance exhorts Man to linger no longer, but regain the saving vessel of the Sovereign Church, reminding Ulysses that the power of Circe is infinitely inferior to Heaven's, and that the "true Jove's mightier magic will strengthen his virtuous purpose." Man puts his trust in the Understanding, and bids the Senses lead him hence in safety, whereupon all cry :

Let us to our ships for here
All is shadowy and unsettled.

This exasperates Sin, who declares that his prey shall not elude him but be traced by his enchantments, crying out—

I shall rouse the waves to madness.

Whereto Penance answers—

I shall follow and appease them.

The "auto" ends with the triumph of Penance over the en-

chantments of Circe, and this second Ulysses having escaped her guiles, the *dramatis personæ* sing,—

Let this mightiest miracle
Over all the world be feted,
Specially within Madrid,
City where Spain's proud heart swelleth,
Which, in honoring God's body,
Takes the foremost place forever.

We will now choose a representative drama from Calderon's Moorish plays, to give the reader an insight into the poet's genius, as displayed in those romantic tales, which despite their poetic coloring, are founded on history. We are all more or less familiar with the story of the long and bloody struggle between the Cross and the Crescent for the possession of Catholic Spain, which culminated in the fall of the Moorish capital into the hands of the Castilian monarch. Owing to succeeding revolts, the vanquished followers of Mahomet were made to embrace the Christian faith or leave the country, whose peace and safety their presence could not but threaten. One of the most terrible of these revolts took place in the reign of Philip II., who entrusted his half-brother, Don John of Austria, the victor of Lepanto, with the quelling thereof. Out of one of the many romantic incidents attendant on this uprising of the Moors, Calderon has wrought a delightful love drama, a work which reflects a vast deal of honor on his personal character. For Calderon shows in his "Love after death" more sympathy for the fallen Moor of Spain than even Shakespeare for the hated Jew in his "Merchant of Venice." The opening scene makes the audience thoroughly realize the fever of excitement which burned in Granada on the arrival of King Philip's decree, forbidding the Moors the use of their native language, the observance of their national festivals, and imposing other humiliating commands, which once more kindled into a blaze the dying embers of that great fire which of old had threatened to burn and lay waste the fertile vegas of Catholic Spain. Malec, an aged Moorish nobleman, proud of his royal lineage, ventures to protest at the Council Board of Granada, against the harsh or sudden enforcement of the imperial mandate, suggesting rather the gradual weaning of the Moors from their national customs. The arrogant Mendoza scorns this wise counsel; taunts the venerable old man with his sympathy toward his hated race; sneers at his royal descent; and, losing all control over his temper, buffets him on the cheek. The council imprisons Mendoza for the outrage, and proposes to marry Clara, Malec's only child, to her father's insulter, who thus may repair the affront, according to some punctilio of the Spanish code of honor. It happens that Clara loves Alvaro, like herself of noble Moorish blood; but despite her affection for him, declares herself ready to sacrifice her love for the honor of her father who is dearer to her than the life which she despairs of living apart from her lover. How characteristic of a woman such as she to add,—

"If thy son I but had been
Wrath would urge me forth to-day
Well to die, or well to slay!"

Fortunately for the lovers, but unfortunately for the Moors of Spain, the haughty Mendoza scorns the proffered bride, declaring a Moorish princess no match for a Mendoza.

This exasperates the Moorish noblemen, and stung to the quick by the affront thus offered to their dynasty and nation, with one voice, determine to stake their last hope on an uprising. From words they leap to deeds, and fortify all their strongholds throughout Spain. These stupendous preparations require three years, the time supposed to elapse between the first and second acts of Calderon's drama. Confiding in aid from Africa, they fly to arms; ransack the Christian churches; butcher a number of the Christians of Granada; and shutting themselves up in their fortresses, await the onset of the Spaniards under Don John of Austria. The Moors are attacked, defeated, and forced to flee. Calderon next transports us to the heart of the Alpujarras, where smiling spring holds undisputed sway. Here we see the Moorish king and queen basking in the last ray of Prosperity's sun. Sorrow has blanched the cheek of the young queen, but she feigns cheerfulness, for she is expecting her brother Alvaro, at last the bridegroom of Clara, who had withheld her hand from him until her father's honor had been vindicated by the streams of Christian blood that dyed the streets of Granada. While the wedding procession winds along the hill, the Moorish king calls out for music to recall the blushes of beauty to the cheek of his queen.

"Sing and from her beauty borrow
Your high theme, sing; well agree;
Music's sweetness and deep sorrow,
Old allies in harmony."

SONG.

Ah, my joys your lips lock fast!
Whose ye are ye need not tell,
Ye are known by mine too well,
By the short time that ye last."

These words sound ominous in the ears of the lovers as they approach the royal pair; but the marriage is immediately celebrated with the simple Moorish ceremony, consisting in the bestowal and acceptance of the bridegroom's presents. We are asked to observe the precious stones and jewels with watchful eye, because they are destined to cost the unlucky bride her life, and to be the lover's clue in his search for her assassin. Alvaro lays them at Clara's feet, who willingly accepts them; but lo! the sound of a distant drum breaks in upon the congratulations of their friends. The enemy approaches; the king, hoping against hope, is resolved to make a stand; himself determines to guard Verga; entrusts Alvaro with the defence of Gavia; but sends Clara with her father to Galero.

The couple thus wrung from each other's company in the supreme hour of happiness, part sadly:

Clara:—Joys I clasped but to undo you,
Dying ere that you were born.

Alvaro:—Rosebuds, gathered ere the morn,
Flowers plucked ere the spring could woo you.

Galero is the first stronghold attacked by the Spaniards; Alvaro hastens to rescue his beloved; enters the city gates with the victorious Spaniards, who have already set it on fire; sees the venerable Malec fall, sword in hand, on the ramparts,

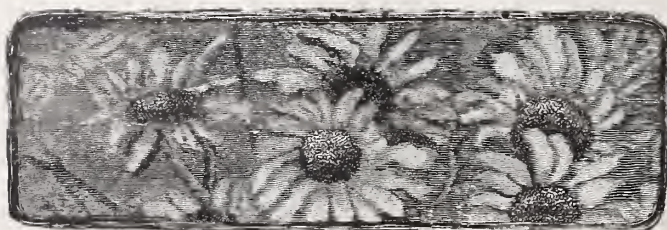
and heard the cries of his young wife rise above the shouts of the victors and the vanquished from out the blazing home of her father. He rushes over heaps of slain, and returns with her, bleeding in his arms and mortally wounded by a soldier who coveted her fatal jewels. Her death-dimmed eyes fail to recognize her husband, and she bids him seek him out in Gavia and break to him the news of her murder. Alvaro, in tones half choked with anguish, tells her who he is, where upon she cries:

"Let me, let me thee enclasping,
Die by thy dear arms surrounded!"

and breathes her last in his arms. He vows he will seek out the man that has done him wrong, and revenge the death of his Clara, adding: "So shall the universe know that in an Arab bosom abides 'Love after Death.'" Faithful to his promise, he visits the camp of the Christians in disguise, where he seeks out Clara's assassin. It falls out that a crowd of gambling soldiers have a dispute, which by consent they agree to refer to the stranger, Alvaro. He is shown the stake, a cupid wrought of diamonds, one of his wedding gifts to Clara. On begging to see its owner, he is informed by the soldiers that one of them, named Garces, had come into possession of it a few weeks since at the taking of Galera. Alvaro, for having drawn his sword to protect Garces from his assailants previous to this information, is sent to prison with his protégé. The latter, a favorite with Mendoza, expects a prompt release, and promises to use his influence with him in behalf of Alvaro, his benefactor. He boasts that the Christians are his debtors, for he it was who discovered a cavern under the rock on which Galera stood, which they used as a mine to blow up the walls, adding, "Would that I had never found it!" "Why not?" inquired Alvaro. "Because," answered Garces, "since that day fate has always been adverse to me; I know not why, except it be that, as I there slew a fair Morisca, whose charms were the transcript of heaven, I perchance, thus made heaven my foe." "So beautiful as that?" asks Alvaro. "Tell me how it happened." Garces tells how, eager for plunder, he darted to the Governor's house, where he ran from room to room until he came to a small apartment. Here he saw the "fairest Moorish damsel on whom his eyes had ever rested," decked with jewels. He

demanding her love as ransom for her life, seizing one of her hands. She reminds him that a woman's blood cannot but stain the sword of a man, and bids him take her jewels and harm her not. The reckless Garces, hearing the steps of men approaching, fearing to lose both his prizes, snatched the jewels, and pierced Clara's breast. "Did this resemble that same stab?" asks Alvaro, as he plunges his sword into the bosom of Garces. He had with difficulty restrained his feelings of anger and revenge during the narrative; but no sooner had the confession of his crime dropped from the lips of Garces himself, than he wrecked in that one blow the revenge treasured up so long in his bosom. "Thou, dost thou kill me?" cries the astonished assassin. "Yes, I do," answered Alvaro. "It is the husband of the dead who slays thee." In a few minutes, drawn by the cries of Garces, Mendoza and other Spaniards, among whom is seen Don John of Austria himself, rush to the spot, and see Alvaro stand, with drawn sword, over the man he has slain. They hear his justification of the deed, and Don Lope de Aigueora is the first to speak, saying that Alvaro had just cause to slay the murderer of his wife, and asks the Prince to release him, adding "You, my lord, would kill the man who killed your lady love; by heaven you would! or else you would not be Don John of Austria." These words pave the way for the last scene, in which, after the death of her husband, the Moorish Queen re-embraces Christianity, surrenders the last stronghold of the Moors, assured that her brother is not merely pardoned, but honored for his fidelity.

Such are the two plays which we have chosen as types of Calderon's dramas; and, though they are not considered the best of the author of "Life is a Dream," still, to our mind, they represent the character and general tone of his works. They are representative of a dramatist who is read but little outside of his native country. We have not attempted a literary analysis of Calderon's works. Our object has been simply to point out a few of the many beauties of a poet whose name and, much more, his works, are so little known to many of our English readers. However, there is a slight, and tardy recognition of his genius among English-speaking people. It were well were our literary sympathy wider and more catholic.



THE LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

J. C. McNEILLY, '90.

IN the calm and quiet evening,
 When the dew was on the leaf ;
 As the tears stand in the eyelids
 When the heart is filled with grief ;
 Underneath a fragrant rose bush,
 Wearied with his toil and care ;
 Lay the angel of the flowers,
 Of each bud and blossom fair.
 Sleep came o'er him as he lay there,
 Sheltered by the friendly shade ;
 Sheltered from the rain and night dew,
 From the cool breeze of the glade.
 When the morning came so smiling,
 With its welcome golden light ;
 Rose the angel from his slumbers,
 From the arms of silent night ;
 And he looked upon the flower
 That had sheltered him in sleep ;
 And his heart was filled with gladness
 When he saw the blossom peep
 From its stem beneath the green leaf,
 And he said, in accents low :
 " Let me for your tender kindness,
 For your care, a gift bestow ;"
 But the blossom, meek and humble,
 Bent its pretty little head ;
 Craved no gift for all its kindness,
 Sweetly blushed and nothing said.
 And the angel with a moss robe,
 Fairer far than queenly gown ;
 Clothed the frail form of the blossom
 As it stood with head bowed down.
 So no blossom on the hill side,
 Or in pleasant valley grows ;
 That so sweetly greets the morning
 As the tender moss-clad rose.

THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.

J. HEFFERN, '89.

THE story is told of the effect of a popular song of Scotland upon a Scottish soldier engaged in an expedition to Buenos Ayres many years ago. The soldier had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards. Charmed by the easy life which the rich, luxurious climate of the country enabled the inhabitants to live, he determined to settle there and pass the remainder of his days in South America. He announced his determination to his comrade. The latter did not argue or bandy words with him, but taking him by the hand led him to his tent. Then he sat him down and sang to him, "Lochaber no More." The spell was instantly upon the soldier. The tears rushed to his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around his head, he cried, "Lochaber nae mair! I maun gang back." The scenes of former days came up before him, and he left that land of ease and smiling meads and returned to his own rock and scanty vale.

It was a song that wrought this change in him, it was a song that warmed his heart, that called up the recollections and scenes of his youth, and brought back the remembrance of kindred and friends, making him yearn for his native heath once again. And thus with all the songs of Scotia. There is something almost inexpressible in them ; something that irresistibly appeals to the hearts of Scotchmen, and not of Scotchmen alone. We feel inclined to agree with that writer who declared Scotland excelled every other country in song. There is so much melody in their lines, so much poetic beauty, such intense feeling and pathos, such a homely charm about them that not to be moved by them would be to exhibit a mind insensible to the finer touches of nature. The people of Scotland cannot be branded with this reproach. In their homes has been and is found the very soul of song. As one writer has it their hearts are in their songs. In the lowliest

cots there was as much love of song as there was in the hearts of such singers as Burns, Cunningham, Hoggs, and others whose names have been lost,—poets whose immortal lays have been wedded to their national Scottish melodies. And indeed this is not strange when we consider that, as we are told, they were the familiar entertainment of the poorest cotter in his clay built house. “Ilka night they had their song, and ilka night their wassail.” Their song-makers, too, were most often of the peasantry. They rose in the humblest huts, and carolled songs which for beauty and feeling have been unsurpassed. Some were gaberlunzies, wandering through the kingdom, dwelling often under the canopy of heaven with choughs and crows, haunting the fairs and markets, and leaving to us their immortal verses, written in their simple, unpolished manner. A glance at a few of the traits and characteristics, as displayed in their songs, may not be uninteresting.

Critics divide the Scottish ballads into two classes in which can be found the chief characteristics of the people—their passions, customs and traits. One class treats of that free, open friendship and love for which they have ever been noted, the other, of their revenge, their exploits, battles and historical events.

In the former, the more popular style of lyric, is found that beauty of thought and figure which never fails to charm the hearer. One of the most pleasing and touching of its traits, is its strain of mournful music. The writers of this class seem to harp continually upon the loves and friendships that are no more and the “Days o’Langsyne:”

“We canna love as we hae loved
Nor sing as we hae sung,
Yet wha wad care for turning old
When nae friends now are young?”

There lies in almost every production a vein of misery and melancholy. It is either the wail of a broken heart, caused by the death of a very dear friend, or the expression of some heart-felt passion which can only find relief by mourning itself in song.

As an example of the reasons sometimes attending the production of some of these beautiful and pathetic songs, we here quote the following, which explains itself. It was sung by the sorrowing wife of Cockburn, of Henderland, who was executed by James I.:

“He slew my knight to me sae dear,
He slew my knight and poin’d his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

* * *

“I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gazed and whiles I sat;
I digged his grave and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

“But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul’ on his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about away to gae.”

How touching the utter desolation and woe of these stanzas! What lines could better express the anguish of

that heartbroken woman? They are simple, pathetic and natural. In rhyme, metre and thought they are the essence of quaintness, and fall most pleasingly upon the ear. Nearly all the poems of this class contain the same current of sadness and misery. We do not mean to say that their writers were always overcome by such moods of melancholy, but it seems that for the most part they gave vent to their feelings in song only when under the influence of the most powerful passions. The following is one which is burdened with the same hopeless despair and misery; and in its exquisite style is well selected to characterize this style of Scottish lyrics:

“O that my father had ne’er on me smiled,
O that my mother had ne’er to me sung!
O that my cradle had never been rocked!
But that I had died when I was young.

“O that the grave it were my bed!
My blankets were my winding sheet!
The clocks and the worms by bed-fellows a’,
And, O, sae sound as I would sleep!”

Burns, who is surely an authority on such subjects, says of it: “O what a sigh was there! I do not remember in all my reading to have met with anything more truly the language of misery than the exclamation in the last line. Misery is like love; to speak its language truly the author must have felt it.”

Among the minstrels of this style we may perhaps look upon Robert Gilfillan as a leader. In his writings are found most of the qualities of all the other poets of his class and time. We will quote a few lines from his large store of poetic gems and in them the reader will see mirrored all the strong points and characteristics of the lyrists of this style.

In all his poems of manhood appears a yearning for his old home and friends, among whom the chief one he bewails is his mother. We here offer an extract, which, in its mournful strain, we know must gain the reader’s sympathy if he has ever been in such a position as to think with regret of “the days that are no more.”

“The braes whaur waved the yellow broom,
And wild flowers grew in beauty fair,
I clamb wi’ these, then in their bloom,
That now, alas! I see nae mair!

“The bank, the bower, the streamlet clear
We wandered by the lee lang day,
Nor thought the time would bring the tear
For friends departed, years away!”

and also his “memories:”

“Oh for the songs of other years
When life and joy were young;
When naught but gladsome tales were told
Or mirthful strains were sung!
Or at the festal board high healths
Were given with cheerful brow;
Our cups, alas! in silence pass—
We’re naught but ‘memories’ now.”

Ever harping on such subjects, even in his earlier days of poesy, he began to write songs of touching eloquence. That which first gained him favor was the song entitled “O! the happy days of youth.”

"I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but morn,
For the blithe happy days that never can return."

These are some of the charms of the songs written by this writer and others of his kind. We have always been touched by reading them. Their tender strains of sadness, these milder forms of despair speak to every heart. They express—but in an exquisite way,—what every one has felt at some period or other in his life. Lovers of these songs bemoan the fact that their writers are now no more. Singers of this kind seem to have died out; with them have departed this touching kind of poetry. Still their sweet strains have been wafted from their day to our own. They have given us a department of literature, the like of which for beauty and pathos, few nations possess.

In the second class of ballads there are traits that are quite in contrast with the one that has been just described. There is found in them little of the delicacy and pathos that freely abounds in the former. They treat simply of great strifes and battles, or of the exploits of some favorite leader. "In every line you seem to hear the clatter of hoofs and the rattling of steel jackets." In none of them are exhibited the gentler, milder moods; everything is strife and turmoil, with an occasional flash of grim humor. And yet, with all their rudeness and coarse humor, they portray to us the real character of the men in those days during the time of strife. Nothing whatsoever is concealed. Everything is open, simple, and at times sublime. In them we may gain a true estimate of the daring character of the people, of their hate for an enemy, and their open, manly way of treating both friend and foe. These ballads were chiefly in vogue upon the borders of Scotland, where a sort of semi-savage state existed. The chief occupation of the people was in cattle trading or stealing, and often between them and the more inland tribes was waged a miniature war, owing to the trespassing of the latter upon the territory of the former. We find in their songs that the trespassers and plunderers were always pursued and generally punished. Here are a few lines taken from the lament of one who had suffered in one of these raids:

"Weel may ye ken,
Last night I was right scare o' men;
But Toppet Hob o' the mains had questened in my house by chance.
I set him to wear the fore door wi' a spear, while I kept the back door wi' a lance;
But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the thie, and broke his knee-pan,
And the mergh o' his shin-bane has run down on his spur-leather whang;
He's lame while he lives and where're he may gang.
Fly, lads! a', a', a', a',
My gear's a' gane."

A battle of this sort they always treated as an everyday occurrence. A broken head or limb was a mere matter of course. Oftentimes it was even made a subject of jest and merriment. Death had no horrors for them. Women, "bairns" and men beheld it with the same indifference, and

often, even when the dark angel was slowly leading them to the gloomy, unfathomable regions of the departed, they paused to give way to some grim, untimely jest. The following poem well puts forth their boldness of character and the laughing scorn and humor with which they greeted danger. His pursuers have succeeded in capturing Kinmont Willie, a noted robber, whose daring exploits had cost them many marches:

"They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him five-some on each side,
And they brought him o'er the Liddelcrack.

* * * * *

"My hands are tied but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleugh?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank riever!
There's never a Scot shall set thee free;
Before ye cross my castle gate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me.

"'Fear ye na that, my lord,' quo' Willie;
'By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope,' he said,
'I never yet lodged in a hostelrye
But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'"

Through these little snatches alone, we learn the details of their strifes and revenge, their love and hatred and their humor and pathos. They were simple and kind at home with their wives and "bairns," but bold and defiant on the battle-field with their foes. In every path of life they performed with promptness and vigor such duties and obligations as were incumbent upon them. They are gone now, and whom have we to succeed them? There still exists in Scotland their offspring but they are employed in other spheres of action. They possess the bold and courageous character of their predecessors but they have turned it to other uses. The authors of such beautiful lyrics and ballads have long since departed this life, but their wild, melodious and pathetic songs will live in the hearts of men for ages to come.

"Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years."

These are the simple natural and often unpolished poets who have imparted almost a new style in rhyme, pathos and boldness to the poetic world.

The people were their muse. They sang their pathetic and tender strains; they gave vent to their humor and jest, they told their feelings of revenge, anger, love and patriotism in such a bold, yet simple and artless way, that their songs are written in the hearts of the people forever. Their songs belong to every man. They have served to make their native land dear to the hearts of thousands who are not joined to it by birth or kindred, and others than Scotchmen have come to love a land that could give birth to such beautiful strains.



PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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JANUARY, 1889.



A GLAD New Year, to each kind friend,
 Ye MONTHLY editors extend;
 For all may happiness ne'er end.
 Thy gifts on each kind reader send,
 O glad New Year!

Smile on the cause that we defend,
 The clasps that hold thy joys unbend;
 To them your fairest graces send,
 On whom ye editors depend,
 O glad New Year!

It is more in accordance with our feelings at the opening of the year to discard what is past, as dead and laid away, and, as measured with our aspirations for the future, scarcely worthy of notice. Without wishing to appear singular, we venture to be at variance with people and things, and take a peep at the days that are gone. We have received from the past nothing but what is good. It has dealt lightly and kindly with us. Its finger has been on all our works, not for decay, but for growth and improvement. Why not recognize it then? Under its influence many things, as seems to us, have received new life. Since the opening of the term the spirit of study among us has been constantly growing, and to-day it is far on the road towards what it should be in a well organized college. We do not claim that this spirit is full-grown and perfect, but the beginnings of it have been well laid, and that, as the saying goes, makes half done. Other things, too, have come in for their share. College sports, and even drill, have received new impetus, and at the present time more than two-thirds of the students are enrolled. Our battalion of five companies presents quite a formidable appearance. If the old year is fled to swell the ranks of its departed brethren, it has left its good work behind it; with much consideration it leaves to the youngster just taking its place a much more than half-completed work.

* * *

On January the 4th inst. was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Archbishop Hughes, the illustrious founder of St. John's. His good work survives him, and from the beginnings he gave it, it has grown unto goodly proportions. The touch of his hand is still upon it and if it has achieved any fame or made a name in the land, it is very largely due to his energy, who, while burdened, with the absorbing cares of his newly founded diocese, could find time to direct and foster its growth.

It is with a glow of enthusiasm and pride that his name is mentioned to-day, and a project fully in keeping with this spirit has been set on foot, and is now nigh unto completion. From good sources we learn that a bronze statue of the Archbishop is fast taking shape. It is to be of heroic size. There are those that tell us that when finished, it will bear a very life-like resemblance to our Founder. The artist has been very happy in his conception. Those who have seen the Archbishop in life say that the expression of the countenance is strikingly like what his was. The ceremony of unveiling the statue is to take place early in June. The spot is very appropriately selected for it is on the lawn near the entrance to the college.

* * *

There was completed the other day a labor that may take rank with the greatest works of education published these many years. This great work has been the compilation of

the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We have now within reasonable volume a compendious summary of all that is best and worth knowing in almost all branches. From an educational point of view it is an invaluable production. It is no slight advantage, and help for the student to have a succinct account of what is known up to date. And it may be taken as a sign that this fact is appreciated when we see the difference in the circulation of the last edition with the present one. While but five thousand copies of the eighth edition were sold, the number of subscribers to the ninth edition has been ten times as great. Its completion was celebrated, says a frank Briton, quite "in accordance with our national custom," by a dinner at Christ's College, Cambridge. It must have been a rare sight to witness so many celebrities in the world of knowledge, met together around a table. A good dinner, like love, is a leveller of persons, and the only claim to distinction there, lay in the fact that one could tell better than another something of real interest to his fellows. With the end of the banquet comes the end of the work. And surely it is a great monument reared to learning. What it doesn't contain in the line of the profane

sciences is hardly worth knowing; or, adopting an old phrase, what it does not know is not knowledge.

* * *

It is our sad office to record the death of our friend and benefactress, Mrs. Lucie Ellen Donohue, wife of Hon. Charles Donohue, late Judge of the Supreme Court. She was the true friend of St. John's; in many ways have we had proof of her kindness to us; and while lamenting her death we cannot but regret the large amount of good that is lost with her. She was in more ways than one a remarkable woman. Possessed of unusual gifts of mind, she led a life quite in contrast with that prominence which her position in society imposed upon her. Her's was a life of Christian simplicity, devoid of display, and given to deeds of charity. Her death was in keeping with her life. With a characteristic dislike for anything that could attract attention, it was her express wish that her obsequies be strictly private; the simplest ceremonies of the church were all she asked. As she lived, so she died—seeking to be unknown. Her name will long stand on the roll of the benefactors of St. John's.

REV. FRANCIS MCSWEENEY.

REV. Francis McSweeney died on the 2d of last October. His best eulogy is the simple story of his life.

That his story should be told in the pages of the FORDHAM MONTHLY is but a well deserved tribute to an old Fordham boy. He loved the old college, in which he spent many of his happiest days, and he was always a credit to it; he was a good student, a perfect gentleman, a noble priest. The writer knew him well, and pictures him here just as he knew him, the boy, the seminarian, the priest. As a boy he was singularly mild and gentle and pious. The stamp of innocence was on his face, you could have noticed it in his talk, you could have seen it in his actions. He was of a bright and cheerful disposition; often serious without being too grave, he was generally sprightly without being trivial. At times, it is true, you might have noticed a certain gravity about him, which seemed to ill comport with his youthful age, but on better acquaintance you would have found that this occasional unusual gravity was the outcome of a mind naturally given to thought beyond his years. For his later life showed that his mind was cast in a mould essentially meditative and reflective. At the age of 13 he went to St. Francis Xavier's College. After two years spent there he went to Montreal with the hope that a change of climate might benefit his delicate health. He studied there a year, and then went to Fordham, where he spent three years. As he advanced in his college course, he won the respect and the affection, too, of his professors and of his companions by his unassuming piety, his engaging manners, his studious

application and by the marked proficiency which he attained in his studies.

Thus throughout all his boyhood days he gave every promise of a future that should be both honorable to himself and useful to the Church, to whose service he even then, by anticipation, had consecrated his will, his heart, his hopes and his energies. And his later life did not belie the happy auguries of his earlier years, for his powers, ripening with the progress of time, gave but an added lustre and a more exalted beauty to the qualities which made him so amiable as a boy.

The fall of 1876 found him a student in the college of the Propaganda, in Rome. Here he was the model seminarian; here he showed himself once more the faithful and successful student. During a good part of the six years he spent in the Propaganda he exercised as prefect a kind of superintendence over a division of his fellow-students. By his tact, by his judicious indulgence and his native fair mindedness, he succeeded in performing his unpretentious but delicate task in a manner equally satisfactory to his superiors and to those over whom he was placed. He was ordained in the spring of 1882, and shortly after returned to New York.

Upon his arrival in New York he was appointed as assistant to St. Cecilia's Church, in Harlem. Later on he was sent to Saugerties, Ulster County, and then to Westchester. In these three missions he spent altogether about four years. Wherever his lot in the ministry happened to be cast, he gained the esteem and the warm friendship of the priests

with whom he lived ; wherever he was, he won the reverence and the attachment of the people among whom he labored.

About two years ago his death sickness came upon him. A heavy cold he then contracted took a firm hold of his never robust frame. At first it was believed that this would pass away. But he soon began to droop. It was a melancholy experience for his friends to see him fading, pining, wasting away month by month. If they esteemed and loved him before, they now found at the bedside of the patient sufferer tenfold more reason to cherish and deepen those sentiments. And so the weary months dragged on. At last the long-threatened stroke arrived, the final summons came, and on the night of the 2d of October the soul of Father McSweeney left its earthly tabernacles and went to its eternal home. He died on the feast of the Holy Angels.

Father McSweeney was born on the 4th of July, 1857. Only six years and a-half had passed since his ordination. His life was brief, his time in the ministry was short.

Had his life and health been spared, Father McSweeney would undoubtedly have rendered distinguished service to the church with his pen. For he certainly possessed to an extraordinary degree the gift of composition. It was as natural and as easy for him to write as it is to the bird to sing. He had indeed a most remarkable facility in expressing himself in writing, and in the art of letter-writing he was a master. His language was simple, clear, copious, strong and correct. If his career had not been brought to so early a close, what great good might he not have accomplished with qualities such as these, supported as they were by a sober judgment and a well trained mind, by a retentive memory, a rich imagination, a strong dash of poetic feeling and a taste refined by observation and thoughtful reading?

But whatever may be said of that which might have been, those who knew him well will always treasure his memory as a precious inheritance.

REV. D. BURKE, D.D.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

SKATING HOLIDAYS.

WHAT with more of autumn than of winter weather, with not a fall of snow, and with the soft murmuring of zephyrs instead of the lusty roar of northern blasts, one never dreamt of skating last December. For all that, three or four days before the late vacations began, the cry was raised in First Division, and, upon the word, the seniors furnished themselves with skates. After much talk and more fuss, off to the skating pond we went. The striplings of second, treading in the exemplary footsteps of their elders, followed shortly, and before long the whole of St. John's was on skates for the rest of the morning, if we except those who, from time to time, chose to take a seat on the ice in order to recuperate (?) The pond was in excellent condition, save in one or two places, which some of the daring Livingstones and Stanleys ventured to explore, paying somewhat dearly for their over-boldness. Recreation had been given by Rev. Fr. Rector, it being the first good opportunity which had presented itself for skating. Although the morning was cold, the afternoon waxed warm and lessened the number of indulgers. Still the former part of the day proved long enough to allay, for the time being, the passion of the more sober enthusiasts ; but for the benefit of all, and especially for that of the skating fiends, we are on the lookout for another propitious day, when we will once more tax the generosity of Rev. Fr. Rector, hoping that he will not refuse us.

PHILOSOPHERS' DISPUTATION.

On the morning of Tuesday, December 18th, the Rev. Rector and a few members of the faculty, together with the three higher classes, were gathered together in the college

library, in Science Hall. The occasion of this concourse was the semi annual public disputation in the Latin tongue of the graduating class. In this disputation Messrs. Clare and Morisse had each two theses to defend, the objectors being Messrs. Heffern, Kieran, Sweeney and Meskel. The disputation was a great success, whether we look at it from a grammatical or logical standpoint. The solidity upon which the arguments were based showed the careful preparation bestowed upon them. Mr. Clare, in defending his theses, proved conclusively that he had acquired a good knowledge of logic. The way in which Mr. Morisse answered the objections advanced against his theses was delightful ; it would have tickled the wise old masters of the middle ages to hear him. The members of the faculty, who were present, also advanced arguments ; but the defenders showed themselves equal to the emergency by the answers which they gave. The disputation was a creditable affair and thoroughly pleased all who had the good fortune to hear it.

TANCRED, '89.

PROSODY SPECIMEN.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, December 19th, Rev. Fr. Rector, with some of the faculty, and the class of '91, had the honor and pleasure of attending the specimen given by the class of '92. We were greeted on entering with a lusty and melodious intonation of the familiar "*Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi*" by all the members of the class. The young gentlemen, all wore a severe aspect—not a cloud was to be seen on their countenances nor a ruffle on the class camp-banners and the base-ball championship pennant, all of which stood behind the sprightly group, proud of them-

selves and their owners. Mr. John Brady opened the entertainment with some very appropriate remarks. Then a little scanning brought some fond (?) recollections to the minds of last year's class of Classics; after this, Mr. Richard Dooley read a very creditable paper on Prosody. Then Masters Lamb, Drummond and Callan gave us the third eclogue of Virgil, and spoke so distinctly and with such nicety of accent, lending to the rhythm of the poet the music of their voices, that the comely bust of the Mantuan bard must have felt, "if aught inanimate e'er feels," proud of the manner in which his poem was declaimed. The class exhibited a more than fair knowledge of prosody and skill in scanning, although, with all due modesty, we advise them to prepare their trustiest shields for the contest with '91. Masters John Perrilliat and E. Lamb excelled in the prosody rules and scanning. Mr. John Reilly's paper on accent was well written and read, and Bob Carmody's experiences with broken verse, reflecting our own, were delightfully told; nor must we forget a word of praise for Mr. McNally's rhyme on the same subject. In conclusion, we congratulate the class on their success.

D. A., '91.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

At eleven A. M. on Thursday, Dec. 20th, the students, freed at last, from all burden of work, assembled in the college hall to hear the reading of the monthly marks and receive the well wishes of our honored President, who hoped all might spend a most "Merry Christmas," and return prepared to pass a "Happy and Useful New Year." With glad hearts were these sentiments re-echoed by all. Then began the bustle of making ready for the morrow. By half-past four every trunk and gripsack had been snugly packed and placed in some favorable spot where they could be had at a moment's notice on the morrow. The intervening time till supper was passed in promenading about the grounds, making merry about the piano in the play hall, and discussing the probable merits of the play which was in preparation for the evening. The first part of the entertainment provided by St. John's Dramatic Association was the well-known comedy, in two acts, of "Robert Macaire." The time given to the preparation of the play was very short, but two weeks intervening from the day the characters were assigned to the evening it was brought out.

This fact served, however, rather to encourage than dishearten the members of the Association. They were put on their mettle and went at the arduous task of "working up their parts" with an earnestness which has been rewarded, we are happy to say, not only with the knowledge that it was not a "dismal failure," but that it was a "splendid success," and as such we now chronicle it.

The character of Mr. Germeuil and his son, Charles, found able exponents in the persons of F. J. Donovan and John E. Kelley. Mr. Kelley has shown himself on former occasions to be possessed of no little ability in the line of acting. Mr. Donovan, although the latest acquisition to our star troupe, fully realized our expectations by his impersonation of "the old gentleman," and we do not hesitate to

predict for him a successful career before the footlights. Mr. Taaffe in the title rôle strengthened the good impression he has always made in comedy parts. He has always been among the brightest of our dramatic stars, but he shone with increased brilliancy on Thursday evening. But the most delightful surprise of the evening was the "Jaques Strop" of Mr. McNeilly. We have often had the pleasure of seeing this gentleman on the stage, but in rôles so very different from a "bundle-of-rags" thief that we could scarcely imagine him playing such a part. He scored a hit in it which places him at once among the first lights of our stage. The repeated outbursts of applause that greeted every appearance of these two gentlemen—thieves, I mean—were sufficient proofs of their theatrical abilities. Indeed, too much praise cannot be given to the impersonators of these two characters.

Mr. McNally, "the head-waiter," was the third of this trio of laughter-provokers, and he acquitted himself no less satisfactorily than the first two did. The audience was convulsed with laughter from beginning to end, and frequently the actors were obliged to pause until it subsided.

Lovers of the pathetic were not the only ones who were interested in Mr. Whalen's "Jean." Though comparatively a beginner, this gentleman enacted that difficult part to the satisfaction of the most fastidious. We congratulate him on his success, and if he will only be on his guard against a slight monotony of voice, we predict for him a prominent place among the members of the society. Credit is also due to Mr. Brennan for the manner in which he sustained the character of "Sergeant Loupy," and to Mr. Walsh, who was scrupulously punctual in the performance of his duties as "waiter." And now we take advantage of the short interval between the play and farce to say a word of congratulation and thanks to our worthy musical director, Prof. Peterson, who has labored very zealously for the welfare of our association. Every entertainment sees his orchestra improving, until he now has one of which he may justly feel proud.

It would be invidious to give individual praise in speaking of the farce. "Caught by the Cuff" was a very difficult piece to make interesting and laughable. Savoring a little too much of English growling and grumbling, it has very little in it to interest Americans. There is little or nothing in the words, and but for the unusual cleverness of the persons selected to impersonate the five characters in it, it would have proved any thing but a great success. Much depended on them, but they were not found wanting. They did full justice to their lines, and that their efforts were not unappreciated was attested by the frequent applause which greeted their sallies of wit and humor. "Hector Shakerly Strong," "Muffy," "Job Beat," "Cuff" and the nervous "Mr. Pryor" all contributed to the success of our Christmas entertainment.

KANAWHA, '90.

ST. JOHN'S SENATE.

The meetings of the St. John's Senate have been discontinued during repetition. At the last meeting a committee composed of Messrs. Heffern, Marrin and Plunkett, was selected for the purpose of presenting bills to the house.

Great zeal has been shown by the members of the Senate. A public meeting to be held in the near future has been proposed.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The meetings of The Historical Society will be resumed after the examination. The members of this society are manifesting great interest in historical research, as many of the essays show care and study. The society intends to introduce a public lecturer at one of its meetings next term.

THE DEPARTURE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The early morning of December 20th was beautiful and clear save for the mist that enveloped our campus and hung over the trees in the distance; in the hackneyed phrase of our writers, "not a cloud was to be seen." But the boys did not know this fact. Many and anxious the eyes that peered through the window panes, and sad were their hearts merely because they could not see straight. Their eyes were too drowsy, and many a rub had to be given before they could see things as they were. Then came the glee and the noise and the bustle of dressing. At seven o'clock all were assembled in the college chapel for Mass, after which they went to the refectory. During breakfast more than the usual amount of noise was made, but as the boys were going home that morning the clatter was excusable. At the end of the meal, three cheers were proposed for Fr. Quinn, and the frescoed ceiling quivered, I am sure, at the vehemence with which the response came from the ready, lusty throats of the deep-chested Fordhamites.

After the inner man had been satisfied, there was a stately, dignified march for the impedimenta so necessary for traveling. With that unexplainable facility for taking the wrong thing, each one secured the satchel of some other person. It was some little time before things were set aright and each student could feel that it was his own, and not some one else's valise he was carrying away with him. On the way down the walk leading to the station, cheer after cheer rang out for F. Rector, Fr. Quinn, Fr. Kevill, Mr. Hanselman and others with the characteristic force of Fordham boys. Frs. Kevill and Walsh and Mr. Brown accompanied the boys as far as the Grand Central. After a wait of about fifteen or twenty

minutes, during which time the proverbial small boy amused himself by inhaling that pleasure, which, for the past four months, had been for him a forbidden joy, the train at length rolled up to the station. Then, with a rush that would have done credit to a forlorn hope, the boys crowded *en masse* upon the cars and the powerless trainmen.

As we moved off, the inhabitants near the railroad track were startled by the strain of Rah! Rah! Rah! F-O-R-D-HAM-HAM-HAM! And in the train, what a hubbub! The genial captain of the Rose Hills was cheered, as were all those holding any office at College; nor was the pitcher of the Tyros forgotten, as that person was the recipient of three rousing cheers. Then the boys regaled themselves with song, and many songs, and the same song in several tunes were sung at the same time; in truth it seemed as though Discord, for the time being, had launched herself in full fury upon the students. And as for the person who was obliged to make his way from one car to another, he had quite a tedious job; and the conductor, after collecting the tickets, presented much the appearance of a foot-ball player who had been downed in a scrimmage. At last the train emerges from the murky darkness and noisome vapors of the tunnel, and runs slowly into the Grand Central station. Almost before the cars have ceased moving the boys alight, and collecting together, they raise three mighty cheers, which cause the bewildered officials to look up in alarm. A few moments later a voice from off a baggage truck is heard, saying: "Class of '89, I propose three cheers for Fr. Kevill." The Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis! Boom! Bah! 89! 89! Hah! Hah! Hah! which went up from the members of '89 shook up all the echoes that had been sleeping for years among the rafters, and courageous the pigeon that was not frightened from its perch. A general hand shaking follows, and well wishes are in order. After this the students disperse their many ways, the officials don once more their imperturbable countenances, and quiet is again restored. The boys, as they wend their homeward ways, think that holidays are the summit of earthly happiness, and thus sing to themselves:

"Now Christmas has come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call our neighbors together;
And when they appear,
Let us make such a cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

H.C. Linc. cheer. TANCRED, '89.



A MACARONIC EPISODE.

The Editors of the Monthly:

GENTLEMEN:—I was just looking over some old papers and I found two macaronics written long ago by our Class-poet when I too was in Arcady,—I send them for your delectation. They are absurd enough, but as I read them delightful recollections came up of Saint John's, "il mio caro San Giovanni." I shall not trouble you with reminiscences, but allow me a word of explanation before I copy the verses.

We had a Professor of Chemistry and Mathematics who was as kind-hearted a man as ever taught at Fordham and that is no slight praise. He was a general favorite for many reasons, and if any of the "old boys" recognize the effusions they will know that there surely is no disrespect for his memory in the hearts of the versifier or the transcriber.

Well, this Professor had a young Alligator about a foot in length which was brought to him from Florida by one of the students. The Saurian was kept in a tank in the old hot-house, and one morning when we were going down to the Seminary to class we went over to look at the beast. Our Poet caught the Floridan by the tail and lifted it out of the water, and while it was wriggling in his hand I tapped the holder's fingers with a switch I was carrying;—the Alligator was dropped, and as the water in the tank was shallow the fall did the youngster no good; indeed, one of its neck vertebrae was so far displaced that the poor amphibian was found later in the day floating with toes turned up to the roof, dead. This is the first time I plead guilty of the murder, but it is out at last. Of course we fled and the next morning we condoled with the Professor. The unrepentant Poet then committed these verses:

Eheu, Michaelis, me miseret valde O!
 Tu jaces, mi flos, sub tumulo frigido,
 Cum cauda sic longa ut cauda diaboli,
 Cum ore maximo sub forma paraboli,
 Hei! parvule mihi, meum cor gemit, Ai!
 Phillelu, Mikey, Oh! why did you die?

O gaudium patris, mi crocodilicule,
 Non es! O tempora, mores, necnon vae!
 Emisisti, mavourneen, per candulam animum
 Et patrem relinquens ivisti ad infimum;
 Dolemus nos mortem. Hei, perditte, Ai!
 Phillelu, Mikey, ah! why did you die!

The second outpouring refers to the Fordham life history of the Alligator.

Oh! omnes parvi crocodiles *al*
 Come audite a brother's trials, *hear*
 No tears will fail.
 Tulerunt eum from the South, *large*
 And very magnum was his mouth,
 So was his tail.
when he came to (lands)
 Cum venit ad these terras cold
he was only Ille solum fuit one week old,
 This alligator.
began Tum pater parabolicus *Then he has holes*
 Coepit in an awful fuss
 To caper.
he said Dixit: "Now I'll rear this pup
 Donec ducam eum up *while I will be a*
 On solid basis."
 Posuit some H₂O *water*
 In a tank. The child of woe
 Fecit faces. *made faces*
(Here) Hic you'll manes and you'll do well;
 Te pascam on N A C L, *just on salt*
 Dixit Pater.
 "Si tu crescas in the sun *if you will grow in the*
 Too magnae bills for grub you'll run
 With Alma Mater.
 So in the dark you I pono *I place*
 Cum plenty of fresh H₂O, *water*
 —Felix eris." *you will be happy*
thus he did Ita fecit: et crocodile
 Wish'd he could see *him* for a while
 In silvis feris. *OLD-TIMER.*
(in wild forest)



COLLEGE WORLD.

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '91.

FROM a cursory glance at our exchange table, we should judge that this season of mirth and festivity, of peace and good will, had extended a considerable amount of its cheerful influence over the exteriors of a goodly number of our contemporaries, whatever effect it may have had on their interiors.

We see that the *St. John's University Record* has donned a gayer plumage for the holidays, and presents a more festive appearance than usual; it has taken to itself a cover, glorying in a gorgeous and imposing array of symbolical decorations. The literary department, however, is not calculated to fulfil the expectations which the striking appearance of its holiday garments might arouse in the mind of the readers.

The Christmas number of the *Polytechnic* presents to our view on the first page, a dazzling array of champagne bottles, plum pudding, striking evening costumes, moonlight sleigh rides and cobwebbed books. There is only one incongruity about this comprehensive collection and that is the allusion to sleigh rides. They certainly must have begun and ended in the mind of the artist, for we have been gazing wistfully out of our Sanctum window for the past three months in a vain effort to discover a pretext on which to pen an ode to "Beautiful Snow;" but it availed us nothing, for the snow storm that we longed for never came. It may be, however, that we are wrong, and that the agency which supplies our Troy brethren with weather has got ahead of us here in New York, (which is not likely), and if that is the case we humbly apologize. We notice in this same number a very readable article on Edinburgh, the main portion of which is interesting enough, but the ending so lame and abrupt as to spoil the effect of the whole and destroy any favorable impression which it may have made. We admire the good sense of the gentleman who is responsible for that metrical atrocity entitled, "O, St. Agnes," in not signing his name to it. Not all the hellebore in the three Anticyrae could cure so bad a case as his.

The *Varsity* (Toronto) presents a Christmas number of a much higher standard than the issue of last month. The colored ink and full-page illustrations of the main entrance to the college make up an attractive exterior, while a pretty rondeau, with the refrain of "Far from the worthless world," a fanciful description of the death of the old year and several other equally well written articles make up a collection of considerable literary merit.

From afar over the "loud-resounding" deep, after an unwonted absence, comes our old friend, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*. The December number is bright and entertaining, as usual. Among the most notable articles is a poem entitled the "Voices of the Night," which is certainly deserving of especial mention; while the reminiscences of "A Stonyhurst Christmas in the Olden Time" are interesting, even to a stranger.

From the land of the setting sun, and the home of the blizzard, we heartily welcome the initial number of the *Highlander*, (Denver, Col.), on its advent into this world of trials and tribulations, of spring poets and heedless, unfeeling subscribers. We have no intention of discouraging our Western contemporary, by talking in this strain. Far from it! On the contrary, we tender it our sincere congratulations on the excellent appearance of its first issue. The *Highlander* certainly has a future before it. In saying this we do not wish to leave ourselves open to the charge of perpetrating on our readers an ancient and hackneyed aphorism. We draw attention to this apparent truth merely lest our Denver friends be laboring under the same delusion as the late lamented Artemus Ward, and think that it was behind them.

We compliment the *Oak, Lily and Ivy* (Milford, Mass.), on the remarkable spirit of philanthropy displayed in the article entitled "My Christmas," which adorns the first page of the December issue. We praise the feelings which prompt such expressions of sympathy and benevolence as the writer gives vent to, but are inclined to doubt their practicability. One idea, for instance, struck us as peculiar for its novelty. Speaking of the coffee-rooms which he will erect, where this cheering but temperate beverage may be obtained for a nominal charge, and of the characters who will frequent them, this hopeful writer says: "Others, accustomed to drinking intoxicants in a saloon, would naturally be drawn towards this place, and thus many a man might be induced to leave off the vile habit." We highly commend the spirit in which the writer lays out this prospect, but are obliged to smile at the child-like simplicity which he displays in his estimate of the hold which the "vile habit" may obtain on a man.

The *College Student* (Franklin and Marshall College) has a heart-rending tale of "A Dudelet and a Goatlet," told in iambic trimeter verse. At a distance this looks like poetry; in fact, the farther away it is, the more it resembles poetry. This is a case in which distance lends enchantment to the view.

There are 1,899 students in Harvard University. In college—Seniors, 210; juniors, 252; sophomores, 264; freshmen, 309; special students, 145. In the summer courses there were 168 students. There are 5 preachers, 10 curators and library officers, 32 proctors and other officers, 70 professors, 20 assistant professors, 4 lecturers, 3 tutors, 67 instructors, and 34 demonstrators and assistants.

Judge Henry W. Taylor, who died at Canandaigua the other day at the age of 93, was for years the oldest living graduate of Yale College, having been a member of the class of 1816.

Archbishop Corrigan is chairman of the committee which will look after the interests of the library of the Catholic University.

The letter sent by Cardinal Gibbons and the American Bishops to the Pope with reference to the Washington University announces that the sum of \$8,000,000 has been collected for the new institution and that the university buildings are now in process of erection. The Cardinal and Bishops request the concession of academic privileges to the university and ask the Pope's approval of its statutes.

A university has been founded in Rothenburgh, Sweden.

Keefe, of the champions, will "coach" the Amherst nine this winter.

Yale has no chair of German and no regular professor of German.

A new library, costing \$150,000, has been given to the University of Vermont.

Harvard won by seven points the long-talked-of road race with the Boston Institute of Technology.

The Yale faculty has refused permission to build a new tank for the crew.

Prince Ferdinand has given 2,000,000 francs toward a national university for Bulgaria.

The expenditures for the class of '88 at Yale averaged \$1,000 per man yearly.

A press and engine have been purchased by the editors of the college paper at the Northwestern University.

Princeton has a student 72 years of age. He is in the theological seminary, and graduates next June.

Only twice before in the history of Yale football has a sophomore been elected captain of the eleven.

The winner of the first prize at the Missouri inter-collegiate oratorical contest is reported to have committed plagiarism by delivering a speech that was delivered in Kansas two years before.

The students of the Tuskegee (Ala.) Normal School have just finished a three-and-a-half-story brick building on which the students of the institution have done all the work except putting on the tin roof.

President Belcher, of the Amherst Football Association, who was suspended from the college for the remainder of the term for violating the rule of the Amherst Senate that no baseball candidates should play football, has been reinstated by the vote of the Senate. What a crazy and strange thing that Senate must be!—*Ex.*

The new cry of the class of '92 of the University of Pennsylvania is: "Rah! 'Rah! Red! 'Rah! 'Rah! Blue! Penu-syl-va-nia! Ninety-two!" The "sophs," however, change it to the following: "Ma-ma! Red! Pa-pa! Blue! Chris's Babies! Ninety-two!"

The following list of college colors has been compiled: Dartmouth, dark green; Rutgers, scarlet; Harvard, crimson; Brown, brown; Williams, royal purple; Bowdoin, white; Wesleyan, cardinal and black; University of Pennsylvania, blue and red; Hamilton, rose pink; Vassar, pink and gray; Trinity, old gold and blue; Madison, orange and black; Amherst, white and purple; Lafayette, white and maroon; Cornell, cornelian and white; Rensselaer Polytechnic, cherry; Adelbert, Bismarck brown and purple; Tufts, blue and brown; University of Mississippi, blue and maize; Columbia, blue and white; Swarthmore, garnet; Union, garnet; Fordham, maroon.

A Jesuit college will be commenced in the spring at Spokane Falls, W. T. The building will be four stories high, of brick and stone, and will be one of the completest structures in the Territory. It will cost \$100,000, and will have a capacity for 400 students.

The Empress of Japan has established a college for women, which is to be ruled by a committee of foreign ladies. Two of these are Americans, two English, and the other two French and German respectively.

Of the class of '29 of Harvard only seven members remain, one of whom is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was a class of famous men.

Clark University, Worcester, will be formally opened next October. When the money was given by Mr. Clark for a new University, it created a great deal of comment and it was then commonly thought that it would be a rival to Harvard, Yale, Brown and other leading New England colleges, but the new University is to be conducted on the plan of the German Universities, and graduates of other colleges only are to be admitted to pursue higher courses

of study. The president, Mr. Hall, is abroad on business for the Institution.

It is decided at last that the Columbians are to open their ranks to Columbiennes. It will not be an out-and-out opening of the college doors to women, but a compromise in the shape of an annex.

Mr. Henry James, his two brothers and Mr. R. L. Stevenson studied English composition under Mr. Robert Thomson, M.A., of Edinburgh. The teacher has reason to be proud of his pupils.

Berlin University has an attendance at its winter term of 5,790, which is 1,177 more than last summer, and 322 more than last winter. The students from America attending the university number 171.

John Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" will be published soon with elaborate notes designed for the use of students in schools.

The two men most talked of so far to succeed Dr. Barnard in the presidency of Columbia are Mr. Seth Low, ex-mayor of Brooklyn, and one of the most notably able men of Brooklyn, and Mr. George L. Rives, a lawyer of this city, who is at present Mr. Bayard's chief clerk at Washington. Both are graduates of Columbia and men of distinguished ability.

It is said that the new freshman class at Harvard is much smaller than usual, and two reasons are assigned for this decrease. One is that the action of the overseers in restricting athletic sports has driven the stalwart students towards Yale. The other is the increased difficulty in passing the entrance examinations.

About four years ago, King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, offered a prize consisting of a gold medal valued at 1,000 francs, and 2,500 kr. (\$700) in money for any one great discovery within the sphere of higher Mathematical analysis. The prize is to be awarded on His Majesty's sixtieth birthday, on January 21, 1889. Twelve papers have been sent in, seven of which were in French, four in German, and one in Italian.

Prof. Kikuchi has published the geometry for Japanese students upon which he has been engaged. The English equivalent of the title page is, "A text book of Elementary Geometry, vol. I., Plain Geometry." The work is brought out by the Educational Department of Japan.

A dinner was given on Tuesday, December 11th, at Christ's College, Cambridge, to celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The chair was of course occupied by Doctor Robertson Smith, the editor. Among others, three toasts were proposed—Literature, Science and Art.

The Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, which in the past has been so abundantly provided for, is now anxious about its revenue. The cause of the anxiety is the loss of income from the stocks which were given to it by its founder. Strenuous efforts are being made to provide new resources of revenue.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

H. C. QUACKENBOSS, '89.

—Our band of Catechists, much to their credit, have resumed, of their own accord, their weekly visits to Randall's Island.

—Examinations will be held during the last week of this month.

—Several new faces greeted us on our return from the holidays.

—The Philosophers will be examined in moral and mental Philosophy on or about January 20th.

—A proposition to fix up a batting "cage" in the gymnasium has met with universal approval. The dimensions will be 60x20.

The batting of the Rose Hills, which has been one of the features of the nine in the past, should be further strengthened by practice in the "cage."

—The friends of the Rose Hills will be glad to hear that Mr. J. Lyuch is again in charge of the men who are in training for positions on the nine. Regular practice began on Tuesday, Jan. 15th. The candidate for positions are: Kiernan, T. Carmody, Clare, Plunkett, Sweeney, Keane, Callan, Orpheus, Hanrahan, Quackenboss, R. Carmody, Daly, Hart, Delaury, Hikey and Quinn. Everything goes to indicate that the coming season will be one of victory.

—Messrs. Livingston and Newton represented the college at the

A. A. U. games on Jan. 19th. Newton lead in his heat, but was distanced in the final. Livingston met with an accident early in the evening and was thereby prevented from walking all over the Madison Square Gardens and the athletes therein assembled.

—Shortly before the holidays, '92 was presented with the new class pennant. Appropriate speeches were made by the captains of the several class nines, McNally, captain of '92, responded in his own captivating way. The beautiful pennant now hangs with its fellows from the walls of the students' library.

—On Feb. 22d the Parthenian Sodality will celebrate its 52d anniversary by a reception of postulants in the morning, and an elaborate literary entertainment in the afternoon.

—Unusual interest has been noticed among the cadets since the stand of colors was offered as a prize for the best drilled company. Company A. of First Division are confident of making the best showing.

—There is a rumor afloat that the Philosophers are preparing for a grand specimen in Calculus. Calculus, as everybody admits, is an interesting study, and we have no doubt the specimen in it will be equally enchanting.

—The annual billiard tournament began on Monday, January 14th. Thirty men have entered their names. From present indications great excitement may be expected during the closing days.

—We take pleasure in announcing that many challenges have been already received by the manager of the Rose Hills. Very probably there will be a game with the New Yorks early in the season.

—Last week the college coach drove up to First Division in a very mysterious manner. Fifteen men entered it just as mysteriously. The driver said "Get-up" even more mysteriously, and away went driver, coach and occupants. Up to the present time no one has been able to discover the reason, terminous or incidents of this mysterious drive. However, the general impression is that the fifteen had a very pleasant afternoon.

—The following military order appeared on each of the divisions last week:

"S. O. No. 13.

I.—The following promotions and appointments are hereby announced:

To be Lieutenants, Sergeants Brennan and Boylen.

To be 1st Sergeants, Sergeants Newton, Straub, Livingston and Corporal Burrow.

To be Sergeants, Corporals Slevin and Cooney.

To be Corporals, Lance Corporals Keith, C. Reilly, McNally, Plunkett, Feeley, Johnson, Callanan, Oakes, D. Arellano, Quinn, Mermond, Manning, Cummins, McDermott, Godfrey and Fogarty.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

II.—The battalion is reorganized, and officers and non-commissioned officers are assigned as follows:

Company A—Captain, Dowdney; 1st Sergeant, Newton; 2d Sergeant, Slevin; 1st Corporal, Ramsay; 2d Corporal, Keith; 3d Corporal, C. Reilly; 4th Corporal, McNally.

Company B—Captain, Marrin; 1st Sergeant, Burrow; 2d Sergeant, Donovan; 1st Corporal, Plunkett; 2d Corporal, Feeley; 3d Corporal, Johnson; 4th Corporal, Callanan.

Company C—Captain, Wright; 1st Sergeant, Straub; 2d Sergeant, Cooney; 1st Corporal, Oakes; 2d Corporal, D. Arellano; 3d Corporal, Quinn; 4th Corporal, Mermond.

Company D—Lieutenant, Brennan; 1st Sergeant, Livingston; 1st Corporal, Cummins; 2d Corporal, McDermott; 3d Corporal, Godfrey; 4th Corporal, Fogarty.

Company E—1st Lieutenant, Boylan; Corporal, Manning; 1st Sergeant, Fitch; 2d Sergeant, Scott; 3d Sergeant, Krueger; 4th Sergeant, Sinclair; 1st Corporal, Reynolds; 2d Corporal, Valdeavellano; 3d Corporal, White; 4th Corporal, Rosado.

III.—Company drills for the month of January will take place as follows:

Company A, Armory.

Company B, First Division.

Company C, Second Division.

Company D, Second Division.

Company E, Third Division.

IV.—The following appointments in Company E, Third Division, are hereby announced:

To be 1st Sergeant—Private Fitch.

To be Sergeants—Privates Scott, Krueger and Sinclair.

To be Corporals—Privates Reynolds, White, Valdeavellano and Rosado. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Lieutenant Boylan and Corporal Manning will report for duty with Company E.

By order of

H. G. SQUIERS, 2d Lieut. of the Cav.

SECOND DIVISION.

T. S. REILLEY, '91.

—Second Division has quite recovered from the effects of vacation. The boys are forgetting the pleasures of Christmas time in busy preparation for examination. It is a fact worthy of note that Second Division was first in harness.

—During our absence the billiard and pool tables were refitted and several other changes made, which add materially to the attractiveness of the room.

—The pool tournament was started on January 15th. Interest is growing apace. As yet there is no means of foretelling who will be the victor.

—The extremely fair weather of the past few weeks has encouraged base-ball enthusiasts to practice on the field. Until a few days ago the toboggan slide looked as lonely as in mid-summer, its only use being a convenient terminus of long "flights."

—Owing to the illness of Mr. Mulry, S. J., Mr. Taaffe has been appointed temporary prefect of the division. The boys express sincere sympathy for Mr. Mulry, and trust that he will soon be able to resume his old duties.

—"Tom" Smith, our popular friend from Chicago, was called home on account of the death of his brother. He has our heartfelt sympathy.

—There is a vague rumor that the Invincibles are to practice this winter with the Rose Hills. With the assistance of Mr. Lynch's thorough training, the Second Division boys will, no doubt, develop into wonderful players.

—Last week, Fr. Kevill exhibited a trained *white* rat to the division. The animal, it is said, received its preparatory training in Little Rock. There is some talk about its pursuing the higher studies here.

—The new reading-room library is now in thorough working order. The new books are chiefly bound volumes of the *Century* and *Scribners'* and books of general interest and information. The room is always filled now with *readers*.

—The H. C. B. P., the object of which was fully set forth in the last number of the MONTHLY, is in a very flourishing condition, and Mr. F.'s smile grows larger.

—Messrs. Boyle, Caffrey, Cantwell, Noonan and Ruiloba came up from St. John's Hall last week. Being young and inexperienced, they wore their new dignity somewhat shyly, but they will soon grow out of this.

—On Friday last, a very interesting game of base ball was played by two teams, composed of members of Second Division. The

score was rather one sided. This is accounted for by the fact that some players invariably mistook a lump of mud for the ball.

—Gns Gallagher is the happy possessor of an immense toboggan, longer than himself but not near so broad. Gns has been simply waiting for something in the shape of snow, and like all patient waiters, he has not been disappointed.

—There is a rumor afloat (we hope it is true) that preparations will soon begin for a new Second Division building, and that in consequence school will close about June 15th.

—The largest boy on our division, C. Fleming, disappeared very mysteriously last week. It is reported that he is now among the small boys of First. T. Durkin, who was obliged to leave last term on account of weak eyes, has returned.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

—Rev. Fr. Provincial called during the holidays.

—Rev. Fr. Archambault, a professor here in the days of yore, paid us a visit a few weeks ago.

—Our President of three years ago, Rev. Fr. Dealy, has come back to his old home, which owes so many of its improvements to him. He has been suffering from ill health, and we know of no better place than St. John's to give him back his former strength. There ought to be something congenial and sympathetic in the air that nourished him as a boy and, still later, as a man.

—Fr. Frauk Ryan called upon us quite unexpectedly a few days ago. He presided over First Division towards the close of the seventies. He has still the same genial manner that made him so much beloved by the students of his time.

—Rev. Fr. Casey preached a very fine sermon to the people of St. John's Parish on one of the closing nights of the past year. The occasion was the tidum in honor of the three lately canonized saints of the Society of Jesus.

—Rev. Wm. J. McGurk stopped in on his way to Texas. He has been suffering from hemorrhages for some time past, and is to try the beneficial effects of a winter in the South. May the balmy air of Texas send him back fully recovered.

—There is some one who still remembers us in the person of Rev. Charles E. McGowan, of the class of '77. He wrote to Fr. Rector not long ago, requesting the favor of a Mass. It was his wish that it be said in the students' chapel.

—Rev. M. Hallahan, '79, is, we hear, a leading priest of the diocese of Ogdensburg. That great gift of management which he developed here is doing him good service in a higher and nobler sphere. We offer him our congratulations.

—John Aspell, '79, M.D., made us a call during the month. With him came his class-mate John J. O'Connell. We wonder whether the latter still goes by his old nick-name of "Jeff."

—Our famous stage-manager of old, Rev. John A. McKenna, '79, has visited the scenes of his former glory. He is now at All Saints' Church, New York City.

—The president of Georgetown University, Rev. J. Havens Richards, S.J., was here at the opening of the year. The University will celebrate the hundredth year of its existence during the coming month.

—Vincent Zolnowski, a former student, paid a visit to the scenes of his former labors a few days ago.

—We have had the pleasure of a visit from Frs. Finnegan and McTammany. Both of these Fathers were former professors of the College.

—Rev. Father Pranchensky, S.J., will celebrate at the College, some time during the year, his fiftieth year in the Society. He left Austria in the revolution of 1848. On his arrival in this country, Fordham was his first stopping place, which he has ever since looked upon as his home.

—Tom Kelly writes all the way from Berlin for another year's issue of THE MONTHLY. He also wishes the Christmas number, and our last annual. Is it to solace the loneliness of his sojourn in the land of the stranger?

—Hon. J. B. Stallo, now American Minister at Rome, and author of a work entitled "Moderna Physics," was a professor at the College away back in the forties, before the Jesuits took charge.

— THE —

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COME, O SPRING!.

COME, O Spring, with songs and flowers,
Meadows green and laughing rills,
Bring us perfume-laden showers—
Come, O Spring, with songs and flowers,
Deck the vale and sylvan bowers
With fresh pinks and daffodils,

Loud the trenchant winds are sighing;
Time is frost should flee away;
Homeward birds of song are flying—
Loud the trenchant winds are sighing,—
Now should winter's king be dying,
We are weary of his sway.

Come then Spring, O time of gladness,
Fill the woodland with thy breath,
Bring thy nymphs in mirthful madness,
Come then Spring, O time of gladness;
See the winter flee in sadness!
We are weary of his sway.

J. HEFFERN, '89.

A SYMPOSIUM.

J. DUNN, '91.

THE little village of H—— was in a wonderful state of excitement. For a month or more the village folk had been talking of a symposium to be held by some of the neighboring gentry. Now, very few, if any in that quaint English village had even the remotest idea of what a symposium was; they knew, to be sure, that Squire Whatnot and the Honorable Henry Sombrew had hired the public hall from the warden, and had said they were going to have a symposium. No more was known, but what cannot be expected from two such gentlemen? So thought the rustics, and right freely did they give their thoughts utterance. A crowd of the village gossips had met on the green to discuss the coming mystery. They all knew that not one of their number had the least chance of an invitation, but what of that! Has not every Englishman the gift of a tongue and of freedom? Many were the suggestions offered for the solution of the difficulty, but at last they were constrained to send a committee of two to wait on old Andy Melville, the sage of the village, who knew more than all others, and whose daily care was the instruction of the not over numerous progeny of H——.

So to Andy went the committee of two. They found him in the schoolhouse mending some pens, and at the same time looking over some copies. Be not surprised at that, for Andy was a scholar and found no difficulty in doing two things at once: indeed the report was in the village that he could repeat the multiplication table backward and write his report to the warden all at one time and not make the least error. For the truth of that I will not vouch, but at least so runs the story in the village. Well, the committee found the teacher mending pens and looking over copies. Take a good look at him for it is not every day that you come across a man such as Andy was. He was tall, with mighty frame and athletic appearance. He had enormous hands whose joints looked like knots on a rope, and the veins appeared plainly on their backs. Altogether his stature was suited rather to a guide of the plow than a teacher of letters. But his head was the best part of him, not merely for the stores of knowledge it contained, but even for its appearance. Round as an apple it was and overtopped by a shock of hair, whose color was undecided, varying from a light red to a pale sea green. His face had all that was amiable and pleasant beaming out from it, and his clear blue eye betokened a gentle nature. His clothes were of plain black and quite removed from the least approach to fashion. On the whole the worthy school-master had a very ministerial appearance.

Such was the person who greeted most cordially the committee of two at the school house. After exchanging the customary civilities, for Andy Melville had been to London and Paris, and acted the gentleman, they proceeded to business. "Andy," said one, "Squire Whatnot and the Honor-

able Mr. Sombrew have hired the hall for some kind of an affair which they call a symposium. We cannot find out more about the matter, so the boys sent us to you, for you are an excellent scholar and know from your books all about such things, to find out what is a symposium." The pedagogue was thoughtful for some three or four seconds, and then answered with a puzzled, thoughtful air, "Gentlemen, I can't say I am very familiar with that word, but as it comes from some Greek or Latin root, I'll find it out in a twinkling." So saying he took a rusty brown book from the desk. A ponderous volume it was, and its covers stood open as if to impart knowledge to the curious and save them the trouble of opening it; but, in truth, it was the dog-eared, the result of many a critical thumbing, that kept the book open and gave it such a loose appearance. After scanning this volume very carefully for some three or four minutes, Andy cleared his throat several times and began: "I have solved the difficulty to some extent. The first part means *together* and comes from the Greek *συν*; but the last part I cannot account for at present, but I'll think about it. Perhaps it comes from some antiquated form of the Aryan. Stay, it may come from *pono* to place. Place what? Well, you must find that elsewhere." With this unsatisfactory answer the committee returned and reported. Immediately every one had an answer or suggestion to offer to the "place what" that the committee brought back, but the meeting dissolved without shedding any new light on the much-disputed question.

But the morrow brought more material for speculation. As the children were going to school in the morning, up to the hall drove a large farm wagon well laden with boxes and baskets. A half-dozen servants under the direction of Mr. Sombrew's butler, unloaded the wagon and carried baskets and boxes into the hall, returning to the numerous inquiries of the spectators no answer other than the mysterious word "Symposium." But, behold, Squire Whatnot is seen in angry dispute with the warden. Leaning over in his saddle the Squire's face is all distorted with his passion. "Sir," he says, "if you want to rest assured that all is right at the symposium, send the town beadle—there is more man in him than in all the town council—and I'll go bail he'll see nothing that will discredit the honorable borough." "Ah, if I can bring it about," thought the warden, "I'll remove that beadle from office. More man, indeed!" The warden was sorely perplexed. He cared not for the borough—at least in this matter, he did not—and had stopped the Squire merely to satisfy an uncontrollable curiosity. Not wishing to betray that spirit he answers "All right, as long as the fair fame of the borough suffers not. I'll send the beadle, however, but I see not the use of such secrecy." At this the other grew even more angry. "Indeed," said he, "don't you? Well, there would be

little secrecy about it, were it not to spite the prying gossips of the village. See the crowd of idlers at the hall now. Far better and more profitable were it for them to tend to their work and let other people's business alone." Now that is in effect what his Honor said, but being a choleric man he strengthened his remarks with epithets which are not at all essential to the purpose of this history. Without waiting for the warden to answer he rode off and left him ill at ease in the roadway.

In the evening came the coaches to the hall and from them alighted the most prominent of the neighboring gentry, accompanied each by one servant. Straight into the hall they went, unheeding the crowd of eager spectators. The village beadle went also, but not another of the villagers was admitted. Now, while the gentry, having paid for the hall, could admit or keep out whomsoever they pleased, they could not hinder any one from watching on the outside and criticising whatever came under their notice. One remarked that Squire Oldboy's coach rattled like a churn paddle, while another noted the fact that Mr. Handslow was as ugly and horrid as ever, for he still used his cane and made the most hideous faces at every step. Many were the remarks, not always good natured, born of baffled curiosity, and as for their eyes, the villagers used them to the utmost of their power. In fact, what that band did not see was not worth seeing. They did not, it is true, see what was taking place in the hall, but whose fault was that? Surely not theirs, for they had labored right zealously to know all, but in vain. One of the more venturesome, Tom Ashley, by name, watching his opportunity, slipped quietly in at the main entrance, while the onlookers held their breath in expectation. Not many minutes had elapsed before he came rushing out in high haste and excitement. Straightway he began his remarkable story. He had just entered a small passage or ante-room and could see the light streaming out from the main hall through the key-hole, when an enormous white monster opened its huge mouth to engulf him, whereupon he beat a hasty retreat. The people nodded their heads significantly at this, and even the staid Andy Melville ventured the remark that some frightful orgies were going on inside and that perhaps the worthy beadle had been entrapped and was unable to notify the sheriff. Now, as a matter of fact, Tommy saw no monster, white or of any other color, but the cause of his hasty appearance was a servant with a white apron who struck the daring adventurer on the head with his staff, frightening the poor fellow out of his wits, so that he ran down into the crowd and told his wonderful story.

Thus the night wore on. At times a vigorous clapping of hands interrupted the busy buzz of the townsfolk, but at other times the building was silent. At about ten o'clock, a scandalously late hour for the village of H—, out came the mysterious party to their carriages which brought them to their homes. The curious villagers were watching for the white monster but were not gratified with even a glimpse of him, although they scanned every box and basket that was then put on the wagon. Indeed the only thing that looked as if it might contain him was a huge iron-hooped barrel which was brought out first and put last on the wagon. Now Andy Melville had a good opportunity to examine this barrel

and he reported that if it really contained the white something that had so frightened Ashley, he must have gone in through the bung-hole, for it was a new beer cask. However, all agreed that the wonderful animal was in that same cask: nor was it a strange thing for him to get in at the bung-hole; for is anything impossible to a frightful monster that takes a prominent part in a symposium?

At last, out came the beadle with a look of importance and of profound mystery. He was instantly surrounded by the villagers; questions were put him on all sides. In answer to them, he shook his head knowingly, and after all had become silent he said simply: "It was a grand affair, that symposium. The honor of the borough is as fair as it ever was." Not all the threats of the sheriff and town-council could influence him to disclose anything more explicit about the symposium. Indeed the report was that the beadle had been influenced by a social glass of strong ale and a still more social half crown from Squire Whatnot, but this story, although it has much to support it, cannot be proved against the worthy beadle, who is, as are all English officers, far above bribery. So the party adjourned, hoping that the morrow would throw some light on the subject; but in this they were disappointed for unto this day no man in the borough of H—, except the town-beadle, knows what took place in that meeting. True the town council summoned Mr. Sombre and Squire Whatnot to answer to the charge of maliciously acting against the welfare of H—, but what could it avail the town council? The law holds each man innocent until guilt is proved, and no proof could be brought against these two worthies. It was no offense to assemble in a quiet way and hold a meeting provided no law was broken; accordingly, much to the scandal of H—, the two were acquitted. So the old dames had by no means a few explanations for the symposium and many a dark deed they attributed to that meeting of a few country gentlemen. Well, until now no one in H— is a bit the wiser as to what happened in that meeting.

It came to pass that when Squire White died, some two years ago, there was found among his papers a record book of a certain society or union, whose title was the "Association for the Restoration of Ancient Privileges to the Gentry of England." In looking over this record, the writer happened to see the report of the symposium held at H— in the year of grace 1882. It ran as follows: "On the 9th of August, 1882, the *Association for the Restoration of Ancient Privileges to the Gentry of England* met in the public hall of H— and held a symposium. It being a part of the design of the association to impress on the minds of the commons the importance of the gentry, it was seen fit to hold the same in secret. Accordingly the members assembled quietly and held the meeting. A handsome dinner was prepared, and after it had been partaken of, the association, with an abundance of wine and strong ale, discussed the principal purpose of the association. Squire Whatnot made the most interesting speech. This meeting can be looked up to as a complete mystification of the common people and as a great impetus to the association."

Such was the report found in the record book, and the writer of this chronicle has not altered a single word. With-

out doubt it contains the true account of the symposium. What wonderful stories were started, what wonderful fancies indulged in, all because Andy Melville made a mistake in deriving symposium from *συμ* and *pono* instead of from *συμ*

and *πινω*. If by chance this account should reach any inhabitant of H—, let him rest assured that there was nothing preternatural or even uncommon in that famous symposium.

HORACE, ODE II, BOOK I.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

ENOUGH of snow and wasting hail
Has lashed the hillside and the dale,
While Jove has made the nation quail
Hurling yon domes with red right hand ;

Has made it quail, lest Pyrrha's race
Return, bewailing wondrous days,
When Proteus drove his herds to graze
High on the mountain's pasture land.

When all the finny brotherhood
Was meshed in branches, where the brood
Of doves had dwelt ; and o'er the flood
Swam terrified the antler'd band.

With billows from the Tuscan shore
Dash'd back, we saw the Tiber pour
Its tawny tide unto the door
Of Numa's tomb and Vesta's fane ;

The while the fond stream, making boast
Of righting Iliad's wrong, opposed
To Jove's high will, its left hand coast
O'erleaps, and wanders o'er the plain.

Our youth, thinn'd by our crimes abhor'd,
Shall hear how we the civil sword
Whetted, which on the Parthian horde
Had best its temper proved amain.

Which of the Gods shall Rome implore
The realm's fall'n fortunes to restore ?
In Vesta's name what vases pour
The virgin choir who pray in vain ?

To whom shall Jove the task assign
To right the wrong ? Come ! thou benign
Apollo whose white shoulders shine
Array'd in clouds with snowy train ;

Or thou, fair Venus laughing queen
Around whom Mirth and Love are seen
To sport ; or thou of frowning mien,
Forgetful of thy offspring's stain ;

Great founder, who hast drunk thy fill
Of blood at last—whose pulses thrill
With joy to see the red stream rill
Forth from the unhors'd Moor's pierced breast.

Or thou ! winged son of Maia's womb,
If, pleased the title to assume
Of venger of great Cæsar's tomb,
In youthful guise thy form hast dressed,

Return not yet on high ; prolong
Thy peaceful, joyous stay among
Our race ; nor griev'd at our deep wrong.
Let an untimely whirlwind wrest

Thee from us ! Here the victor's meed
Will yield thee joy. Rome's prince and seed,
Cæsar ! let not the Median steel
Range unchastised with haughty crest.

WITH THE ANCIENT MINSTREL.

MACAULAY has said in his essay on Milton that as civilization advances poetry almost necessarily declines. Without wishing here to defend or impugn his statement, it seems to us that there is a great deal of truth in what he says. There is a feature in our literary life that does not exist to-day. It existed in olden times when people were certainly less civilized than they are now-a-days, but like many another institution human and mortal, it has succumbed to time; it has had its day and ceased to be. The feature we speak of is the ancient minstrel. Many lovers of exquisite poetry bemoan the fact that he is now no more, not indeed for the minstrel himself, but for the product of his genius. The man himself was not always of the highest character; often times he was no better than a literary vagabond wandering about from town to town, frequenting taverns, or in the courtyard of castles singing to the retainers ballads and songs that were in inverse proportion to his character. These lays of theirs constitute a peculiar feature in our literature; they possess a charm and a romantic turn, the outcome of the romantic life lived by the minstrel himself, and by the people of whom he sings. Lovers of good things, we do not like to see ourselves stunted in the production of their songs and in obedience to this spirit, many attempts have been made to reproduce to-day ballads that would be not a whit inferior in poetic excellence to those of our early literature. But, as an English writer has said, "the most profitless thing on this planet is the simulation of ancient ballads." If ever a man was qualified for the task it was Sir Walter Scott. No one lived more in the past than he—his great knowledge of past customs and traditions made him more familiar with the people and things that existed long ago than with many a custom of his own day; he was better acquainted with the men of the middle ages than with those who brushed him by in his own Scotch town. And yet, as this same writer has said, his efforts in the ballad form—beautiful though they are—have betrayed their authorship. It seems quite a surprising thing that a genius such as he was, whose imagination dealt only with the scenes and doings of a time gone by, was unable to achieve success in his imitations.

The principle has been asserted that poetry of whatever age is the reflex, the mirror of the spirit and feeling of that age. If this be true, it seems to us the secret of the inspiration and of the success of the minstrels of old must lie in the life of the times in which they lived. And this life the minstrel did not keep aloof from, but entered fully into. He was a courtier, the companion of kings and lords; he was a warrior leading in the van of battle; he was a traveling "rimer," as was our Goldsmith after him for a short space, dealing out his stock of ballads to the simple poor, and from a bench or barrel-head giving a fit of mirth for a groat; or

he was a moss trooper in steel jacket, driving some terrified cows before him with many a prick of his lance, and afterwards on reaching home relieving his spirits by pouring forth his wild songs. He led the life of the times, and he has depicted its spirit in his stanzas.

Percy, in his *Reliques*, describes the ancient minstrels as an "order of men in the middle ages who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sung to the harp verses composed by themselves or others. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action, and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times. Their arts rendered them exceedingly popular, and no scene of high festivity was considered complete that was not set off with the exercise of their talents." They were honored and caressed because their songs tended to do honor to the ruling passions of the times and to encourage its martial and chivalric spirit. Indeed, their songs were a rude kind of fame, conferring a new distinction on the deeds that were then enacted.

The character with which their calling was invested gave them extraordinary rights and privileges. We have many beautiful tales in proof of the freedom they enjoyed. In those days when men were hardly respecters of persons, they passed unmolested from place to place, dared walk boldly into hostile camps, and even took part in the carousals of foes. In the more peaceful features of life they were none the less shares. At court, when the prince or lord sat on his throne surrounded by his courtiers or followers, there also was the singer or minstrel. What were a banquet without his presence, without the song or recital of the deeds of heroes. The boar's flesh, which was gotten only after much hard labor, and with great danger, was tasteless, the mead that warmed their hearts was flat and insipid without him. Our minstrel's life, however, is not given in detail in history; only facts, isolated and scanty, in his existence have come down to us. And perhaps it is just as well that a certain obscurity hangs over him. Fulness of detail is very often hurtful to the freedom of the imagination. It is as well the old chroniclers have not dealt freely upon his every day doings. Our fancy likes to have a share in the formation of the pictures of real character. It has woven around our minstrel a romantic coloring that it would scarcely care to have marred by the light of facts. And if history could unfold its hidden pages, we would no doubt have disclosed to our view many things quite in opposition to the romantic and imaginative pictures we have formed. But the facts we have in narrations of the past are certainly full of interest.

There is a beautiful story told of a minstrel in the reign of Richard the First of England, himself a great hero of chivalry and no mean composer of verses. It was known that Richard had returned from Palestine, but no one could

tell in what country he was detained. His subjects had been for more than a whole year without hearing any tidings of their king. Richard had trained up in his court a "rimer or minstrell," Blondell de Nesle by name. This minstrel had grown weary waiting for his master and, as the old chronicle has it, "became confounded with melancholy." He could stand it no longer, and so going in search of him, he traveled through many lands, till at last his wanderings led him to a strong castle. He asked of his host to whom the castle belonged, and his host told him to the Duke of Austria. He further inquired whether any one was detained as prisoner there—this last was always one of the questions he asked wherever he came. His host gave him as answer that the castle contained a single prisoner who had been detained there for more than the space of a year. Blondell stationed himself directly under one of the windows of the castle and began to sing a song which he and the king had composed at one time together. When Richard heard the song he knew who it was that sang it, and when Blondell paused at the first half, the king took it up and completed it. By this token the minstrel knew it was the king, and returning to England made known to the barons where their master was confined.

One of the most honored and successful of minstrels was the Saxon *gleoman* or gleeman. He had not to depend so much on the fickle humors of a prince or people. He seems to have had a recognized position. A welcome was always ready for him at Court. Wherever he went hospitality was always bestowed on him as on an honored guest. The gleeman in the Traveller's Song visited the chiefs of Europe and was well received. He seems to have been as highly honored as are the poet-laureates of our own day. The humbler gleeman, too, who sang not to such noble audiences,

meet likewise with the same respect. He enjoyed the same immunity from his country's foe, a privilege our own poets would scarcely receive to-day. We all know the well-known tale of King Alfred, how in the guise of one of these singers he penetrated unharmed the camp of the Danes, and while delighting the king and soldiers with his song, took a mental inventory of their strength. There are many other interesting stories of these singers of old, and they all go to show the free-and-easy and romantic life they led. They make us almost wish that such a beautiful institution as their craft was had not ceased to be, but that it had lasted on through the centuries to our own prosaic days. Were they in existence now they would throw a halo of glory and romance over this essentially unromantic century. If in the present day there are men who sigh for the past, for all its high-minded deeds, its ballads and lays, who imagine that the most suggestive things in poetry lie in moated and turreted castles, in knights at joust, in lords and ladies gay, who can find much fault with them? There is a tinge of the romantic in all of us, and we have but very few occasions offered for enjoying the feelings it gives rise to. People of this class must feel somewhat out of patience with Queen Elizabeth for abolishing the ancient minstrel; she should have striven, think they, by law enactments to correct the abuses which had crept in among them. But abolish them she did. During her reign the singing craft seems to have lost all credit and respect. They were sunk so low that an act was called for abolishing them, and the statute was passed by which minstrels wandering abroad were classed among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and punished as such. This act did away with minstrelsy as a profession.

F. L.

SPANISH SHROVE-TIDE; THE CARNIVAL.

AS TOLD BY AN EYE WITNESS.

DEAR EDDY: Seeing that my short and upretending account of the Italian Presepio has pleased you so much, I make bold to task your attention once more. I have been spending a few days in Spain—at Madrid, the capital. I had always been under the impression that the Spaniards are a people of a morose, staid character—seldom to be found in the buoyant humor of the French, of the English, or of the Italians. After witnessing, however, the doings of the late carnival in this capital, I cannot but conclude that I was mistaken, and that, despite all that books say to the contrary, these dignified Dons have their share of popular merriment and amusement. Now, you are up too well in Latin to be told the derivation and the meaning of the word "carnival," so I will immediately speak of the way it is held in Spain, as I have seen it.

Being familiar with the manner in which the Italian car-

nival is carried on—from a letter written about a year ago, you may safely say that you also know the ceremonies, if they may be called such, attendant on the Spanish celebration. The Spanish carnival differs from the Italian inasmuch as the Spaniards are wont to increase the bounds of merrymaking whenever their dignified spirit gives way to its tide. From sunrise until long after twilight yesterday, Madrid re-echoed the numberless brass bands which paraded the streets all the livelong day. Countless banners of gayest colors streamed from the oriels of houses, and towards the latter part of the afternoon, proud Dons and lovely damsels thronged the balconies. The hour had come for the masquerade procession to begin its triumphal march. It was accompanied by the craziest music I have ever heard, for no less than a thousand masked striplings managed to drown the strains of the bands with a host of instruments as divers in sound

as in kind. The odd figures came whirling and dancing and capering all along the decorated street. They pelted the helpless and unmurmuring bystanders, male and female, old and young, with hail storms of chalk *confetti*. Harlequins, tom-fools, devils, Chinamen and a thousand other different figures ran about as if they had just broken loose from a menagerie.

The balcony, where we were standing, was evidently the most favored by the greater part of the maskers, for I had at one time to seek protection against the showers of bonbons which pattered around us. Some of the masked gentlemen carried eggs which they threw at the on-lookers. The very first of these eggs thrown struck the wall just above my head, and, to my delight, broke without doing any damage to myself or those near me. Just at this juncture a half a dozen masked figures ran up behind one of their comrades, who stalked along before them in all the arrogance of confident disguise. He was dressed up in a Chinaman's costume

—the latest fashion, first used in the days of Temuigin—with a gorgeous tail streaming behind his head, which his six assailants seized, and with one united effort, pulled from the Celestial's head. Unfortunately they carried away the mask with the tail, leaving the ill fated Don exposed. No sooner had his face been revealed than a crowd of youngsters raised a merry yell on the other side of the street. It seems that he was their school teacher. In that one moment the luckless pedagogue paid for all the punishments which he had ever inflicted on his pupils. A moment later he disappeared among the crowd. Although I could not suppress a smile at the schooboy's freak, I heartily sympathized with the unfortunate Don. Well, the merry-making continued into the small hours of the night, and was all but identical with the Italian celebration, of which you know a vast deal, so here I cut myself short, having already prattled too long. Hoping that you may have a lenient Lent, I remain,

Yours ever,

D. A., Madrid.

IN WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

THE VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER.

F. J. WINGERTER, '90.

IN my last paper I confined myself principally to a description of the interior of West Virginia and the town of Jerryville. Now a word about the inhabitants of that unique village. The one that amused me most was the "Village Philosopher." His name was Dave Turtle. His familiars, however, in token of his scholarly attainments called him the "Doctor." To show the geniality of their affection they often shortened this into "Doc." They did not intend this as a sarcastic nick name, but merely as a fond term of endearment. He was not a jolly, dumpling-shaped man like the groceryman, his dearest friend, rather the reverse, but he always laughed in rainy weather, and attended all the funerals, and was consequently considered a pretty good citizen. He was not one of those who believed in setting themselves up as men of wisdom. He knew what he knew; and he could say more if he wanted to, which he not unfrequently did. What "Doc" doesn't know isn't worth knowing, was the universal opinion of the good people of Jerryville. He was only an humble painter, but even the school-master waived his claim of the most learned person in the county in favor of him. Many stories are told of his prowess in debating, and Sam Traddle, the barber, the great talker of the village, quailed more than once under his glance. I had often seen an individual, attired in a faded blue coat of the genuine swallow-tail kind, and a pair of narrow spring breeches that had passed so often through the wash-tub and were so shrunk that they appeared to have been strained on over his limbs, walking about in front of the

village store with his hands in his pockets, perfectly satisfied with himself, whistling Yankee Doodle and other patriotic airs, but it had never occurred to me that he was the person about whom I had so often heard. When I learned that he was, I determined to make his acquaintance.

Under pretence of calling for the mail, I one morning entered the grocery, in a corner of which was the post office. After exchanging a few of those abrupt, jerky, stereotyped phrases—the same yesterday, to day, and to-morrow, I fell in conversation with the fellow and was so well entertained that I kept company with him almost the whole morning—until the hands of a little clock that was perched up in a corner of the store warned him that it was time for him to go, as he said, and tell his wife what to cook for dinner. When he assigned this reason for leaving, the grocery man gave me a sly wink and said he guessed he would do so, too, and invited me to join him. I was at first a little taken aback, but said I would be delighted to meet his wife, or I would drop in and see them at a less busy part of the day—in the evening. He stopped short; he looked at me; he looked at the door; he folded his arms, blinked once or twice through his silver rimmed spectacles and then laughed outright. If it had been any other man I would have felt insulted. But he had such an honest expression on his broad face, such a good natured, merry laugh, and his bright open blue eyes met my glance so frankly that I could not help smiling myself. When he extracted a little brown jug from a mysterious apartment in the wall and diluted three

fingers of apple-jack with two of water and asked me if I would take sugar with it, my cross smile changed into a laugh louder than his.

He then explained to me that Dave had an eccentric habit of always being at home at eleven, unless he was at the tavern, because—"Well, you know, he is a pretty cold-blooded chap, and finds it hard to keep comfortably warm without the aid of a little corn juice." But what of that. Most philosophers have been eccentric. Democritus laughed all the time. Heraclitus wept all the time. Aristotle walked while he was discoursing. Don't, however, misunderstand me to say that eccentricities are to be limited to philosophers. Demosthenes, who was only an orator, was peculiarly eccentric. To cure himself of stuttering he macadamized his mouth. Another eccentric habit of Dave's was that of talking to himself; and when questioned about it, his answer was that he liked to talk to a man of sense.

It was indeed unfortunate that he had been born and brought up before the schoolhouse was built. Had he been imprisoned in one six or eight hours a day, and been flogged a half dozen times a week by a crusty old master, he might have turned out an historical, instead of a house painter. Mr. Snook, the groceryman, told me that his pet subject for philosophical discussion was snakes. He knew, or at least thought he knew, more about reptiles than any other man in the county. I determined to hear him at his best. It was very easy to procure a snake in Jerryville. I gave one of the village urchins a silver piece for killing one for me, and he pronounced me one of the best fellows in the whole world. With my prize suspended by a string I entered the store. The "Village Philosopher" had indulged his eccentricity and was sitting philosophically upon the counter at his old and expert business of doing nothing. I addressed my query to him: "Is this an adder?" He answered promptly, "No; that snake's no adder. He's a 'wiper.'"

He saw he had an opportunity of expressing his views and he jumped at it just as a cat would at a mouse. O! that I might have heard him in a grove! It would have been so Athenian like, so thoroughly Grecian. But the *true* philosopher is as much at home on the counter of a grocery store as Plato was in his Academy Garden or Diogenes in his tub. The 'wiper' was lying stretched out on the floor as dead as a door nail. He looked at the 'wiper.' He looked at me. It was a knowing look, and was followed by the quasi question: "I suppose you think that snake is dead?" I replied that I rather thought it was. "Well, he isn't," was the rejoinder, with something of philosophical sharpness in his voice at my being of so decided an opinion. "Some of you young fops imagine yourselves awfully learned. My wife hasn't remembered the one-hundreth part of what I have told her, and *she* knows a darn sight more than you do." I felt flattered and was going to remark that *she* (the apple jack) evidently had the best of even *him* on the present occasion, but the dignity with which he said it was so oppressive that I could not open my lips.

"Going to college and studying books isn't everything.

There must be observation. That snake isn't dead, I tell you, and she won't be until after sundown. I don't 'spose' you ever heard my *views* about snakes."

I knew it was coming, and replied no, with that inflection of voice which indicates that it would give me great pleasure to hear them. He caught at once the signification of the inflection and began:

"I lay it down as a fact," he said, "that heat is the principle of animal life. You chop off a chicken's head, or bleed a critter, and you find the blood hot." I suggested red hot, but he was not in a sportive mood, and went on. "Now, as soon as the blood of a bullock runs out, it dies: not as most people think, from loss of blood, but from loss of heat. And this is proved by the fact that it grows cold when it dies, which could not happen except from absence of heat. It is a kind of a stove inside the animal."

I asked whether the simile of steam-pipes would not be more in keeping with the arterial system than that of a stove, but he was in too serious a mood for joking.

"Do I understand you to say that the bullock does not bleed, but chills to death?" "You have my view exactly," was the response. "Heat, as I told you, is the principal of life. Take away the blood which gives out the heat, and death speedily follows because of cold. I instanced as to the point a man freezing to death. His reply was that the case established the correctness of his views; and he also added that he thought I was coming round to his side. "Now, it is very different with that 'wiper.' He is *cold-blooded*. He has no stove inside like the bullock. He is kept alive by heat that comes from the outside." Here he told me the story of the man who put what he thought a dead "wiper" in his bosom. "The snake revived when he got warm, which goes to show that snakes depend on heat from the outside to keep warm. So that just as long as the sun shines on that 'wiper' he'll keep alive. But when the sun sets, he'll have to die, because of the want of heat."

I congratulated him on the originality of his views, and started to leave. He thought he had triumphed over me, and said at parting: "Now, when you reach the city, read the matter up, and see if my views are not correct. You city chaps may be up in politics and sich like matters, but you haven't seen snakes as I have. You people get your ideas second handed, from books. You have read how Galileo and Columbus and Newton got their views—by observation. I am one of those people who observe for themselves." I could stand it no longer. His extreme modesty was too much for me. I thought I would try and bring him down a peg. "If that snake must die for the reason you state, after sundown, how will the rest of the snakes that are out in the fields and the woods manage to keep alive?" His "views" were completely upset. With a woe-begone expression on his face he looked at the snake and he looked at me. He rummaged distractedly in both of his pockets. He tried to think but it was of no use. He had to confess it. "I vow," he said, after a painful silence, "I never thought of that. Cuss the snakes!"

DOST THOU NOT KNOW?

T. A. DALY, '91.

TELL me, O! mighty Lord of light
 In gold bedight,
 O! thou who cheerest all the earth
 At day-dawn's birth,
 What master wrought thy frame?
 And hark the answer murmurs soft and low:
 "Dost thou not know?"

Fair Dian of the silver bow,
 Whose mellow glow
 Kindles to hope with flame-tipped dart
 The love-lorn heart,
 Who feeds thy lambent flame?
 The answer wings across the waste of snow:
 "Dost thou not know?"

Ye stars, that pin the robe of night;
 Ye gems of light,
 Reflected on the wimpling stream,
 Soft as a dream,
 What hand has set ye there?
 Faint falls the answer like a song of woe:
 "Dost thou not know?"

And thou, O! wild north-nurtured gale,
 Full-armed with hail,
 Who sings't thy war-song through the trees,
 And frozen leas,
 What hand directs thy course?
 The wailing pine-tops whisper wild and slow:
 "Dost thou not know?"

Ye clouds! grim pilgrims of the air,
 Low-hanging there,
 Who set your stamp upon the land
 With flaming brand,
 What master forged your shafts?
 The thundering answer echoes from below:
 "Dost thou not know?"

Tell me, O! man of higher birth,
 Thou lord of earth,
 What awful power gave thee breath?
 Tell me is death
 The end of all thy hopes?
 Reproachfully my conscience whispers low:
 "Dost thou not know?"





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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FEBRUARY, 1889.



The American College at Athens, supported by the Archaeological Institute and by contributions from its American sister colleges, has been doing very successful work in the past. A wider field of exploration and research is now offered it. Delphi, that famous oracle of old whence issued so many ambiguous prophecies, has been put on the market and may be had for \$80,000. The village of Castri is on its site and must be bought and removed. To gather the requisite sum Professor Norton, of Harvard, came, not long ago, to this city and endeavored to interest some of the wealthier members of our community in the project. The project is a worthy one, and we heartily wish him success in it. Max O'Rell, in the book he lately published about our nation, says in equivalent terms that money is our god and we worshipers at his shrine. Here is a chance to do away in part with this odious reproach. Our knowledge of the Greek has been very greatly changed by these explorations, and the excavations at Delphi, the richest of all the oracles, will change it still more. We ought to be lovers of things Grecian, for, as one of our late great English authors has said,

the source of all real poetry and literary culture lies in Greek art and literature. We hope that our men of wealth appreciate the truth of this, and that they will help accordingly.

* * *

What with but little skating, with still less tobogganning, and with no winter course of lectures, nor occasional entertainments from a defunct glee club, we have managed to eke out a pretty comfortable existence. Without these little amenities of college life we have done fairly well, thanks to the weather. We don't know how much longer Grim Winter is to belie its nature and gaze with mild aspect upon us. Prophets other than Higgins tell us of nasty weather soon to come. With the ant like providence of the old fable it were well to prepare for the long dreary nights that may be ours. We can not have skating and tobogganning to order, but if Shakespeare says aright, entertainments of a musical kind are accessible.

* * *

A thing that has not always been done in past years was done on February 2d, the feast of the Patroness of the Parthenian Sodality. A holiday was given on that day to enable Sodalists and those who were not Sodalists to celebrate it in a worthy manner. When given it was with the special proviso that it should not be regarded as a precedent for future years. We do not for a moment question the wisdom of the proviso, but it would please all much to see it removed. Sodality day, such as we had it, is too good a thing to have to depend for repetition on a proviso. February 2d was a memorable day in the history of the college. We would like to see more days of its kind on which the memory could dwell in after years with pleasure and profit. There are too few days in college life, as a rule, that are remarkable for any other thing save oblivion and dull routine.

* * *

The article in our last issue on Pedro Calderon was written by our clever assistant in the journalistic line, Mr. D. Arellano. Through an oversight the credit of it was not given him. We now make amends for the omission.

* * *

Catholic Journalism in this country has just sustained a very great loss in the death of Mr. Patrick V. Hickey, the founder, editor and chief of the *Catholic Review*. While it is impossible to do justice to his memory or work in the short space at our command, it would be unworthy of us as Catholic Journalists, in embryo at least, not to pay our tribute to his work. Gifted with exceptional natural abilities, he brought to the great work of his life a mind and energy well equipped for the task he set himself to do. His was a life of public usefulness; his voice through the columns of the paper he established was a power for good in the land. The works reared by his own hands and filled with his spirit are the best record of his life and the best monument to his memory. May he rest in peace.

DULCIS MAE.

WE have quite a relic this month in the shape of a clever Latin version of the famous old plantation song "Dearest Mae." Accompanying it are two letters which we print just as we received them.

MESSRS EDITORS:—In looking over some old documents formerly belonging to the late Father Madden, an alumnus of St. John's, a most worthy Priest, whose memory is most dearly cherished by all who knew him, I found the much noted translation into Latin of the famous old song of "Dearest Mae." It was composed at St. John's, under the presidency of Father Harley, in 1843, by Father Carroll, who died in harness, of hasty consumption, shortly after his ordination—a brilliant intellect, and at the time the brightest student St. John's possessed. This translation was published in some of the old-time newspapers and made quite a literary sensation. I send it as copied by Father Madden at the college, knowing it will interest both the old and the new

timers of St. John's, as well as the readers of your spicy MONTHLY.

Very truly,

G. J. THEBAUD.

MESSRS. EDS.: I send enclosed, hoping it will prove a valuable addition to your archives, but add this request, which I hope you will kindly heed, which is to return the manuscript to me as soon as it leaves the printer's hands. Need I say that I hold to this heirloom, for both author and copyist were of my most treasured friends.

You see by this a *beginning* towards the promised "remiscences."

Ever faithfully yours.

GUS J. THEBAUD.

Regards to Fr. Doucet, *le bon Doucet*. By the way, can you send me a list of all the old students, alumni or otherwise, up to say '52? It will refresh my memory of the wondrous doings of yore.

G. J. T.

Nunc aures, Mauri, regite,
Et ego recinam
Quod accidit in valle,
Carlina dum eram.

Hero danti diem festam,
Ut! saepe det mihi,
Grate persolvi gratiam,
Tunc scapham impuli.

CHORUS.

O dulcis Mae, es pulchrior die
Oculi splendent, nocte fulgent,
Cum lumen flet lunae.

Ubi arbores pendent
In ripis demissae,
Mixtes celare se gaudent,
Sed ludit "com" alte.

O Mae effudit lacrymam
Ut illa abii,
Quum ego valedixeram,
Ad herum redii.
Cho.—O dulcis Mae.

Eramus saepe gaudio
Sub robur obumbrans,
Beati nos quam buteo
Florem circumvolans.
Cho.—O dulcis Mae.

Foenum hic in pascuo
Secare solebam;
Laboro magis strenuo,
Recordans Mae pulchram.

Percurro cito fluvium,
Cor laetus misere,
Ad pulchrae Mae tugurium.
Optarem visere.
Cho.—O dulcis Mae.

En locum! et quam gracilis
Apparet domina;
Betae est color labiis,
Scintillant lumina.



MONTHLY BULLETIN.

LITERARY ACADEMY.

THE Feast of the Purification, February 2d, was celebrated in a very elaborate way by the members of the Parthenian Sodality. The morning exercises began by a procession to the Parish Church, the sodalities of each division participating. At the church, twenty-four new members were enrolled and received. The ceremony was impressive in every part. Immediately after the reception, solemn high mass was sung, Fr. Maes acting as celebrant, Fr. Ziegler as deacon, and Mr. Schmidt as sub-deacon. In the afternoon, the sodality held a literary academy in the First Division study hall, in the presence of the faculty and all the students.

Although every one knew that when the Parthenian Sodality had invited its friends to an entertainment, much was to be expected, few, if any, had an idea that such an elaborate programme had been prepared. The stage was tastefully arranged, and the display of plants added much to the scene.

The introduction by the prefect of the sodality, Mr. Keane, was a terse statement of the purpose of the academy. He stated that the purpose of the sodality in the present event was to honor in an especial manner the great patroness of the Parthenians. The introduction was in every way worthy of the succeeding parts of the programme.

Mr. Daly's poem consisted of three triolets. Although the complicated construction of the piece rendered the reading somewhat difficult, the gentleman did remarkably well.

"Our Lady in Art" was the title of a well written paper by Mr. Clare. It treated chiefly of the mediæval period of art, and described the Madonna paintings in a way that showed a thorough knowledge of the subject. Many thoughts were accurately expressed, and on the whole the paper was among the most interesting and instructive of the evening.

"Our Lady in Literature," was ably read by Mr. Wingerter. The article brought forward those classical poems wherein allusion is made to Heaven's Queen, and right well were the selections made. There was an especially fine part which spoke of the Protestant portion of the poets who, in their actions and lives showed little respect for the Mother of God, yet in their more spiritual parts—in their poetry which expresses more than aught else the feelings of the higher part of man, plainly gave due honor to the Queen of Heaven. He concluded with the Hymn to the Madonna, by Poë, whom he justly termed Fordham's own poet. From first to last the hearers listened with great attention to the able paper by Mr. Wingerter.

With a broad subject to be condensed into a small paper, Mr. Donovan in "Our Lady in Battle," selected only such topics as tended to bring out with the greatest prominence our Lady's wonderful power upon the field of battle. The instances of her intervention in behalf of the Christian soldier, were well chosen, only those being selected which are attested by the best authority. His paper dealt

chiefly with the Middle Ages, and from the accuracy of its details showed great care and no little original thought.

David Arellano read a paper entitled "Our Lady in Devotion." He described the three great shrines of Our Lady, at Lourdes, Loreto and Auriesville. The description was relieved of even a tendency to tediousness by a certain indescribable quality of style which brought the subject so plainly before the minds of the hearers that one could imagine he was really present at those noted shrines of Our Lady.

The History of the Magnificat was given by Mr. Burrow and was well received. After a merely historic beginning, the gentleman explained that well known affection for the great Canticle which every student of St. John's, from the first to the present generation has ever shown. Many pleasing stories were related, and the gentleman made it evident that the Queen of the Magnificat had often shown a visible interest in the affairs of Fordham students.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Heffern for his excellent reading, as well as the splendid composition, of "A Song of Hope." The poem with the majestic tone of Milton modified at times into a rapid musical movement, gave undoubted proof of the gentleman's ability in the art of poetry.

Nor can we pass unnoted the musical part of the entertainment. The cornet solo by Mr. Livingston was of unusual merit. The solos by Masters Byrnes and Reynolds were excellent and materially aided in the success of the Academy. The duet by Masters Sinclair and McDonnell, and the trio by Messrs. Heffern, Blun and Marrin were all well sung and argue well for what we may expect from the future of the College choir, which so kindly lent its aid.

At the close of the exercises diplomas were awarded to fifteen members for long and honorable service in the Sodality. When the diplomas had been conferred, Rev. Fr. Rector arose and in a few happy words congratulated the members of the Sodality for what they had done that day in honor of their Patroness, and spoke a hearty welcome to the members newly enrolled under her banner. "Those students of St. John's," he, said "who are now succeeding beyond all others in the highways of life, are those who were once members of the Parthenian Sodality." As he finished all the students rose to their feet and in a grand chorus made the whole building re-echo to the strains of the Magnificat—a fitting end to the exercises which had contributed so much to the honor of the Mother of God.

In the evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. Fr. Langcake. His subject was "Mater fidelis, ora pro nobis." The reputation of the Father is sufficient proof of the worth of the sermon. His eloquent words closed the second of February. Of that day the Parthenian Sodality can justly be proud, for it has shown anew and with redoubled proof that the devotion to the Queen of Heaven can be accompanied by many intellectual as well as spiritual blessings.

J. DUNN, '91.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The dramatic society held a meeting on Wednesday evening, February 13, for the purpose of electing officers for the present term. The meeting was very exciting at times and brought forth several bursts of eloquence. After a sharp contest the following gentleman were chosen to fill the offices: President, J. C. McNeilly; Vice-president, T. G. Taaffe; Secretary, J. J. Walsh; Treasurer, W. Wright; Messrs. J. P. McNally and J. P. O'Neill were appointed stage managers and Mr. T. H. Daly, property man. The Rev. Moderator, Mr. French, announced the coming play, "Wenlock of Wenlock," which will be produced in the early part of March.

OUR BALL CAGE.

Perhaps the most satisfactory event of the season is the arrival of our new ball cage. It is a matter which has been talked of these few years back. It was too necessary a means for successful ball playing, so thought our players, not to be gotten, and at last they have it. The cage on First Division is a departure from those now in use in other colleges. The first idea, broached early last autumn, was to erect a wooden building covered on the inside with wire netting. This, apart from the great cost, was impracticable, owing to the fact that there was no suitable place for the erection of the building. The proposition to build a wire cage in the gymnasium was also rejected. The one finally adopted, and which, we think, we are the first to use, was our present cage. It is made of twine, such as fishermen use for their nets, and is, as some one remarked, strong enough to catch a full grown sturgeon. The special feature of it is that once within it the player can bat as hard as on the field, the ball, no matter how great its force, on touching the sides of the cage immediately falling to the ground. The cage runs along the entire centre of the gymnasium, stretching across overhead from column to column. It is so arranged on wires that when not in use it can be drawn up to the centre column on either side, thus leaving the gymnasium free for other sports.

We don't like to play the prophet, but if we have been successful in past years we see no reason why we should not be much more so this year. The Rose Hills have now an excellent opportunity for practice, and especially have they a chance to increase their batting powers. As some one has pleasantly remarked, there is now no need of sending our men to the hot springs of Virginia, or of any other place, nor to the sunny groves of Florida. We possess all these climatic advantages in the shape of our new twine cage.

H. C. QUACKENBOSS, '89.

ST. JOHN'S SENATE.

The St. John's Senate held a session on Feb. 17. Mr. Heffern's bill to increase the term of the president to six years was passed to its second reading and discussed in a committee of the whole. A bill to form a university was introduced by Mr. Morris. The session was very stormy and many of the members spoke well. The next session will be public.

THE DAY SCHOLARS.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," or that gives no occasion for doing something good. Quite lately we have had the "ill-wind" but, better still, we have had the good that blew with it. We are placed so far from the centre of activity, railroads and horse cars, that when the late strike down town was announced we felt no concern at all at it. We fancied we had no need for horse-cars, but we did not calculate aright. Our views were not broad enough to take in the relation between learning and horse-cars. There is a close connection. Placed a college at one end of the city and a batch of students of the same college at the other, it is more in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that the students should come to the college, than that the college go to the students. The day scholars have all along been acting according to this fitness, their medium of action being the horse-car. The other day, however, the strike broke the connecting link, and for a time we feared we should miss the happy faces of our day scholars. Here again we failed in our calculations. "Shank's mare," that old reliable, was brought into use. Our scholars came just as promptly and regularly as ever—their faces just as smiling, with the superadded charm of a rosy glow from a bracing walk in the crisp morning air. All honor, then, to our band of school loving students.

D. A., '91.

SECOND DIVISION GLEE CLUB.

An ancient institution of Second Division has lately been revived. In former days a very pleasant factor in the winter amusements of the college, was our glee club. Mr. Richley, S. J., was its director, and under his able management it achieved quite a name. It even had the honor of being the developer and producer of histrionic talent that largely helped to increase the fair name of our "Fordham Stage." But with the departure of its director from the college, came the departure of the club out of existence. Since that time there has been no outlet for the pent-up music of the Division. We have an outlet now; we have our glee club. Mr. Taaffe is its director. If we may take an analogy from a field that has been lying fallow for a space, the material Mr. Taaffe has now at hand should be very rich, and we doubt not but that it is. At any rate he feels confident from the quality of his singers that he can make it the factor that it used to be, and give it back its old name. A very necessary condition for the existence of any thing on this earth, namely a place where to live, was for a while a source of anxiety, but the Rev. Moderator of the Dramatic Society has come to the aid of our new-born club, and given the free use of the stage, scenery, and all. A programme has already been adopted, and next month is the time assigned for the presentation of the maiden effort of its renewed existence. The club held a meeting on February 8th, when the following officers were elected: President, B. McKeown; Vice-president, T. S. Reilly; Treasurer, J. J. Reilly; Secretary, M. Lennon.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. G. TAAFFE, '90.

The *College Journal* (Georgetown), is full of preparation for, and anticipation of, the coming centennial celebration, which, if we may judge from current report, will be conducted on a scale of unwonted magnificence. The literary department of this issue is up to the usual high standard of the *Journal*, and is brilliant with gems both in prose and verse. Conspicuous among them are a translation of Horace's ode to Melpomene, a pleasant dissertation on that "old old problem," education, and a relic of a by-gone generation in the shape of an elegy on the death of General Washington, which was read by Dominick Lynch, a student of Georgetown, on February 22d, 1800.

In the *Academian* (Canandaigua), we find a study of the character of Hamlet. The thought is well carried out and the article itself carefully elaborated; we compliment the writer on his excellent conception of this most unfathomable of Shakespeare's characters.

Once more, and for the first time in many moons, we extend our editorial hand in fraternal greeting to our old-time friend from the West, the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Of late the *Scholastic's* calls at our Sanctum have been like angel's visits, few and far between, but we raise no plaint for, when it does come, it is freighted with such a goodly store of the muse's gifts that we are obliged to unbend our dignity and mitigate the righteous wrath of an outraged editor. The most remarkable feature of the issue of January 12th is Professor Maurice F. Egan's lecture on "Literature as a Factor in Life." Knowing Mr. Egan's high standing in the world of letters, to attempt to criticise his work would be an unwarranted presumption on our part. We regret that space forbids us to publish this article or even sections of it, as we feel it might do some good in this quarter of the globe; for although it was delivered at a young ladies' academy, and although the remarks on the intellectual poison to be met with in such novels as those of Ouida, the Duchess, Bertha M. Clay, and others of the same ilk, were intended as a warning to the aforesaid young ladies, still there are a number of young "men" in the immediate neighborhood of Fordham who might well hearken to and profit by them.

—The visits of the *Niagara Index* to our Sanctum are not so frequent as to earn for that journal a very enviable reputation for promptness. We have not seen a copy of it for some time. In the last issue we saw there is a translation of Horace's Ode to Thaliarchus which is worthy of some mention. Portions of it are well written and certain thoughts happily expressed, but on the whole, it is too freely rendered to be a good translation. We take advantage of this opportunity to draw attention to one of the most notable features of the *Index*, the exchange column. It is vigorous and unsparing, although, at times, we notice in it a tendency to drop into slang. While we are on the subject, however, we would like to draw the attention of the Ex-man of the *Index*

to one or two points in connection with his department. We admire vigor and energy in a department of this kind, as well as in all other things, but, at the same time, as in everything else, there should be a limit to the critic's combativeness and pugnacity. There are other functions in criticism than a condemnation of whatever comes in the critic's way. There is no need of defining what criticism is, although if one fancy it is made up of fault-finding, in that he only knows a half truth. Whatever be its nature, it has its amenities, as have other things in this world, and it is a most pleasant thing to come across them now and then in a college paper.

—A sprightly little paper is the *Acta*, edited by the Freshman class of Georgetown College. The idea of a class paper, though not an original one with our friends of Georgetown, is an excellent one, and worthy of imitation. It would please us much to see the example of the *Acta* followed here in our own college. Such a paper is a fit school of preparation, we think, for the higher journalism of the recognized paper of the college.

—A new college is to be erected at Detroit, Mich., by the Jesuit Fathers, at the cost of \$100,000; \$35,000 have already been subscribed.

—Recitations at Harvard are voluntary as long as the student is doing a fair amount of work.

—The College of Mexico is the oldest American college, being fifty years older than Harvard.

—An effort is being made to place Swarthmore among the supporting colleges of the American college in Greece.

—A plebiscite as to whether children shall receive religious instruction in the schools of Milan was taken in that city, and 25,000 out of 27,000 voted yes.

—So much dissatisfaction was manifested by a portion of the Cornell freshmen class, because the Sage maidens were invited to join the class banquet that the president decided to withdraw the invitations and have only gentlemen present.

—A movement is on foot at Harvard College to provide an economical club house for the students. The establishment will include a lunch room, study rooms, and a reference library. It is expected that simple board can be furnished each member for \$2 a week. The college authorities will furnish rooms free of rent, and will also give a small portion of the Price Greenleaf money in furtherance of the experiment. About fifty students have already consented to join.

—A lacrosse association has been formed at Cornell.

—Students at Harvard have the choice of 189 courses of study. Students at the University of Michigan have the choice of 242.

—A speech by the Athenian orator Hyperides has been discovered in Athens and given to the Louvre. He was the defender of Phryne.

—President Cleveland and his entire cabinet attended the centennial celebration of Georgetown University, District of Columbia, held February 22, 1889. The president delivered the honorary degrees awarded on the occasion.

—The committee of the Board of Trustees of Brown University on the admission of women, reported against the plan, saying there was no demand for it in Rhode Island.

—Cardinal Manning has prepared an exhaustive paper on the American public school system based on the statistics of Hon. Zach. Montgomery. The Cardinal strongly favors parental as opposed to public school control. The paper will shortly be published.

—The fund for the new Catholic seminary in New York has reached \$25,000. The site of the old building at Troy will be sold. The new structure will cost about \$400,000. The Sulpicians will have charge of it.

—I. V. Williamson, the millionaire of Philadelphia, is about to found an institution similar in many respects to Girard College. He is determined to begin operations at once, the entire cost of which will be \$5,000,000. It is to be an institution for the education of boys in all departments of mechanical labor.

—The divinity building of the Catholic University at Washington will be completed in May and opened for students in September. The contracts for furnishing are now being made. The cost of the building is about \$100,000. It is simply a wing, and has been built with relation to the entire future structure. At the meeting of the trustees of the university next September, after the opening of the divinity school, it will be decided whether the building of another part shall be begun at once. It is believed that the whole university can be completed in five years, and the total cost is roughly estimated at between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000.

—On Thursday, Jan. 10th, the first session of the academic year of the Pontifical Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas was held in the Palace of the Nobile Accademia Ecclesiastica. The erudite Avvocato Fabri read a brilliant dissertation on the doctrine of St. Thomas, contained in Article III. of the first question L. II. Summa Theologica. At the close of the dissertation Rev. Father Cornoldi, S. J., secretary of the academicians, proclaimed the names of the alumni who have obtained prizes during 1888, in the higher course of the philosophy of the angel of the schools, among whom were the following students of the North American college: Rev. Frederic Rooker, of the diocese of Albany, cut for the first medal, and Dennis Dougherty of Philadelphia and Patrick Supple of Boston, cut for the second prize medal.

—Jacob Tome, of Baltimore, the millionaire banker, has increased his gift of \$500,000 for the founding of a manual training school to

\$2,500,000. Half a million is to be expended in the erection of suitable buildings, and with the \$2,000,000 the school is to be endowed. It will be located in Port Deposit, Cecil County, Maryland.

—Under the quaint title of *Gott will es*, which was the war cry of the Crusaders, a new journal has been established in Germany as the special organ of the Roman Catholic portion of the crusade against African slavery.

—Senator Stanford, a California millionaire, has allotted £2,000,000 for the institution of a university which is to bear his name, and which is to provide education from the kindergarten stage up to the highest point to which it can be carried. Seven thousand acres in the Valley of San Jose are now being laid out with the view of forming a forest and a garden around the university buildings.—*London Athenæum*.

—The following extract is from the laws of Yale College, published in 1775: "No freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard except it rains, hails or snows, unless he be on horseback or hath both hands full."

—It appears that Delphi, in Greece, where Apollo prophesied for a thousand years and the Amphictyonic counsel sat, may now be purchased by the Americans for the purpose of exploration at a cost of \$80,000. To raise this sum, Professor Charles Elliot Norton, of Harvard, recently came to New York and laid the matter before a few prominent men, at the house of Bishop Potter. The American school at Athens has been maintained for six years since its foundation by the Archaeological Institute, supported by contributions from American colleges.

—The first volume of the Oxford Dictionary has been published. The aim of the work is declared to be "to furnish an adequate account of the meaning, origin and history of English words now in general use, or known to have been in use at any time during the last 700 years. It endeavors to show, with regard to each individual word, when, how, in what shape, and with what signification it became English; what development of form and meaning it has since received; which of its uses have, in the course of time, become obsolete, and which still survive; what new uses have since arisen, by what process, and when. The first volume, which deals with the letters A and B only, contains 31,254 words in 1,240 pages. In Johnson's Dictionary, A and B occupied 127 pages.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

H. C. QUACKENBOSCH, '89.

THE batting 'cage' in the gymnasium is a great success. It has been the means of putting new life and enthusiasm into the winter practice. In a spirit of prophecy we are tempted to predict a gloriously successful season for the "Rose Hills."

—That was a delightfully enjoyable literary entertainment given us by the members of the Parthenian Sodality on the evening of February 2d. A treat of that kind would bear repetition more than once in the year.

—Division elections took place a short while ago. During them the excitement rose at times to a fever heat, but out of the babble and confusion the following results were evolved: *Billiard Room*—President, C. Reilly; Treasurer, T. Daly; Secretary, R. Johnson. *Reading Room*—President, L. Mejia; Treasurer, N. Arellano; Secretary, I. Brennan. *Base Ball*—Treasurer, J. McNally; Secretary, G. Plunkett.

—At the Intercollegiate Convention, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Saturday, February 23d, the Fordham College Athletic Association was well represented by Messrs. J. Clare and C. Livingston.

—The billiard tournament had an untimely end. Lack of interest and want of money were the prime factors of its early death.

—Messrs. Tom and Rob Carmody were recently called home to the death-bed of a near relative. They have our sincere sympathy.

—Rev. Fr. Jouin, professor of Philosophy, who has been ailing for some time past and, in consequence, obliged to interrupt his lectures, is improving in health. The members of his class wish him a speedy convalescence. Rev. Fr. Maes lectures during the absence of Fr. Jouin.

—Word reaches us that Harvard, Yale and Princeton will, in all likelihood, withdraw from the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. This news should be a note of encouragement to our men of brawn and agility, as they have thus a better chance of bearing home laurels from the next intercollegiate meeting.

--The question has been raised as to the advisability of forming a Tennis Association. Many look with favor upon the project.

--We would like to see introduced again the winter course of lectures. Last year's course was a very successful one, and was the means of our passing many a pleasant and instructive evening at a time when the elements without were far from agreeable.

--Mr. Hanselman, S. J., got up an entertainment for Washington's Birthday. It consisted of odes and patriotic speeches. A farce closed the entertainment. He has our thanks for his zeal in endeavoring to lighten the dreary hours of winter.

--Word comes to us that the dressing room of the Rose Hills is to be furnished with individual lockers.

--There is a fair prospect of opening the base ball season on our home grounds by a game with Harvard.

--Many of the students seem to appreciate the advantages of a good physical training, judging from the large number of those not Rose Hill candidates, who go through the antics of training.

--Present indications give promise of some very exciting Sunday games to be played during the first months of the coming season. One sided contests are hardly to be looked for from the Mott Havens and others of equal strength with whom we are to cross bats.

--Quite an amount of talent has been discovered among the new aspirants for positions on the Rose Hills.

--At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following were chosen officers for the ensuing term: President, C. Livingston; secretary, J. Clare; treasurer, J. Marrin. At the spring meeting of the association Messrs. Westing, Copeland, L. E. Myers, Conniff, and Norton will give exhibitions.

--The Parthenian Sodality has chosen the following officers for the present term: Prefect, James J. Keane; 1st assistant, Joseph P. Walsh; 2d assistant, Ferdinand J. Wingerter; Secretary, Rudolfo Gutierrez; Treasurer, David Arellano; Director of music, F. J. Donovan; Councillors, J. F. Clare, J. R. Blun, L. A. Mejia, and A. G. Burrow; Lectors, Messrs. Feeley and McNally; Sac., J. B. Farley.

--St. John's House of Representatives have elected the following officers for the session of '89: Speaker, Mr. Dowdney (re-elected); Clerk, Mr. Gallagher; Minutes clerk, Mr. Stewart; Sergeant at arms, Mr. Mermoud (re elected).

--Saint Patrick's Day falls this year upon Sunday.

SECOND DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

--Second Division is well pleased with the result of the examinations, as far as standing is concerned. We do not think we were second or last in the race for first place among the three divisions.

--The snow has been a transient visitor, but while it was with us, every one availed himself of the opportunity it gave for tobogganing. The Division turned out in force, even those, who usually seek the gentle warmth of the reading room, joining in the fun and excitement of a slide. The honor for the greatest distance covered is due to Mr. B. McKown, he having beaten the record of last year.

--The Pool Tournament is over. It was very exciting while it lasted, the final series being especially so. The winners in the contest were, A. Hart, 1st; M. Lennon, 2d, and W. Kyle, 3d.

--Late studies were very well attended during examination week, particularly by those youths who were in doubt as to results. Some have been malicious enough to attribute this sudden zeal for study to the desire the backsliders of the term had of making a good impression on the examiners. The issue seems to prove that not all were successful.

--A dignified gentleman of our acquaintance, who had the misfortune to be sentenced to "jug" for a time, so far repented of

his misdeeds as to send a petition to the powers that be, begging a release from "durance vile." He forgot, however, to add a promise of future amendment. He is still in "jug."

--It has been asked by some why it is that in the selection of officers of the different companies no appointments are made from Second Division. On the plea of excellence in drill, and on the principle of representation, more than one officer should be chosen from our Division.

--Boxing has become of late quite a favorite pastime on the Division. Many are enthusiastic over it, and very often after supper certain youths may be seen trying to acquire the manly art of self-defence by knocking each other out. The art as yet is in its infancy and the "knock outs" are few.

--Third Division still continues to send up applicants for residence in Second. Mr. Foster is our latest arrival. Without having undergone the experience ourselves, we think he must have much the same feelings as did our brethren lately departed for First. In a moment of confidence they confessed to a mingled sensation of bashfulness, increased self-importance and joy at the possession of larger privileges.

--All the Division officers have been assigned. They are as follows: *Billiard Room*—President, M. Lennon; Vice-president, A. Hart; Secretary, J. Maher; Treasurer, T. S. Reilly. *Reading Room*—President, R. Dooley; Vice-president, T. Durkin; Secretary, F. McCann; Treasurer, Ed. Kenney. *Gymnasium*—J. Dougherty, F. Loughler.

--At the weekly meeting of the Sodality, held on Thursday 14th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term, Prefect, T. S. Reilly; 1st assistant, J. J. Reilly; 2d assistant, M. Lennon.

--Owing to late arrivals, the Division is now crowded to its utmost capacity. There is not a vacant desk to be found in the study hall. In consequence of this, an exodus began not long ago to a place across the way. Paul Conniff is the last to leave us. Rumor has it others will shortly follow in his footsteps.

--The gymnasium which, during the month of January was found entirely deserted more than once, is now regaining its old-time popularity. A few lovers of things gymnastic now give nightly exhibitions, under the direction of Mr. J. Vargas.

--Certain gentlemen have been following for some time past a course of studies in the history and doings of the aborigines of the western plains. A sudden interruption of studies occurred a few days ago—their library was seized.

--Considering the mildness of the winter we have had a fairly liberal allowance of skating. We have enjoyed it when we could.

--A novel feature of in-door winter sports has lately been introduced in the shape of dancing. It is hardly of the artistic kind, but it serves the purpose just as well. It is accompanied with music of a peculiar kind. Stamping of feet and clapping of hands, together with a confused sound of voices, are the ingredients that go to make up this peculiar music. Its notes, however, seem to fill the dancers with as much inspiration, and the on-lookers with as much delight almost as would the strains from some of our famous symphonies.

--The Pound institution of our Division is really a feature of the place. It is growing apace and is now a veritable curiosity shop. A raffle has been suggested as a means of relieving it of its bric-a-brac.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

--Club swinging with piano accompaniment is an after-supper amusement for some of the ambitious among us.

--The billiard tournament will begin as soon as the tables are repaired.

--The boys are making great progress in singing at mass.

--Many of the older ones among us have gone to Second Division.

ion. It is some time since they left us, and they ought to be well acquainted now with the mysteries of their new home.

—The reading room is a new and very pleasant feature of St. John's Hall. We now enjoy the reading of several new papers and magazines.

—The aspiring lights of the Division have formed a dramatic society, and are at present rehearsing a play which they will soon produce. Fr. Walsh, S. J., has put up a handsome curtain in one of the class rooms for the use of this society.

—At a recent meeting of the St. Stanislas Sodality the following officers were chosen for the new term: Prefect, Wm. M. Boyle; 1st Assistant, Arthur Valdeavellano, Sacristan, George Rosado.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

—Rev. Fr. Smith, S. J., and Mr. Jas. J. Walsh, S. J., have joined the faculty. Fr. Smith lectures to the students of the post-graduate course.

—Rev. Fr. Moylan, S. J., under whose presidency our spacious first division building was erected, made us a short call not long ago.

—We were quite surprised to hear that our vice-president of a few years ago, Rev. Fr. Finnegan, S. J., had left us and joined the Southern province of the Society of Jesus. We are sorry not to have had the pleasure of seeing him before his departure.

—Rev. Fr. Desy, a member of the faculty some years ago, is now Superior of the Jesuit's house in Quebec. He visited the college recently.

—An excellent lecture on Frederick Ozanam was delivered by Rev. Fr. McAvoy, S. J., before a large audience in St. John's Church, on Feb. 9th. It was not the first time this year we had the pleasure of listening to the Reverend Father's eloquence.

—Dr. Geo. Leitner, '85, is a frequent visitor at the college. He is still the same genial George that he ever was.

—Dr. James Butler, '84, paid us a visit a short time ago.

—Rev. Wm. Mulhern, '68, who has preached so ably on the school question, made a short stay at the College lately.

—We had the pleasure of listening to a very fine sermon from Rev. F. Langecake, S. J., on the evening of February 2d. It is now more than a generation of years since he was professor at the College.

The following is a list of those students who, in the mid-winter examination, obtained a general average of ninety per cent. or over in all the different branches in which they were examined:

Rhetoric: James J. Keane.

Belles-Lettres: James A. Dunn, David Arellano, James Slevin.

Classics: John J. Perilliat, Eugene J. Lamb, Richard F. X. Dooley, Paul Conniff, John J. Reilly.

First Latin Grammar: Francis S. Renasco.

Second Latin Grammar: Hugh E. McLaughlin, Herman Arellano.

Third Latin Grammar: J. Harding Fisher, James M. McDonnell, Henry White, Maurice I. Clark, Arthur Valdeavellano, James T. Fisher.

Special Latin: Rudolfo Gutierrez.

English Rhetoric: Francis L. Manning, William A. Conway, Gilbert J. Egan, Narciso Arellano.

English Belles Lettres: Arthur A. Nicholson.

First English Grammar: Robert T. Stark.

Second English Grammar: J. Henry Foster, and Otilio Franyuti.

Rudiments: Francis Perilliat, Benjamin O. Edge, Arthur P. Kenedy, Aloysius M. Tighe, E. Ballard McCall, Jos. J. O'Brien, William J. McDermott.



MID-WINTER EXAMINATION.

THE FOLLOWING MARKS REPRESENT, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MATHEMATICS, THE ENTIRE WORK OF THE TERM, INCLUDING THE RESULT OF EXAMINATIONS.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

<i>Class.</i>	<i>Honor Men.</i>	<i>Average.</i>	<i>Class Average.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>	<i>Years at College</i>
Rhetoric	James J. Keane.....91	}	68.....	New York.....	4
	John A. Ryan.....87			New York.....	5
	Joseph P. Walsh.....84			Pennsylvania.....	5
Belles-Lettres.....	James A. Dunn.....94	}	74.....	Connecticut.....	1
	David Arellano.....91			Central America.....	6
	Francis J. Donovan.....90			New York.....	3
Classics.....	Eugene J. Lamb.....94	}	74½.....	New York.....	3
	John J. Perilliat.....93			Mexico.....	2
	John J. Reilly.....89			New York.....	3
First Grammar.....	Francis S. Renasco.....97	}	65.....	Central America.....	2
	John Keane.....90			Ireland.....	1
	Henry J. Bigham.....82			New York.....	4
	Thomas B. Burke.....82			New York.....	2
Second Grammar.....	Herman Arellano.....97 5 6	}	75.....	Cental America.....	3
	Hugh E. McLaughlin.....97			New York.....	3
	Edward T. Hughes.....96			New York.....	2
Third Grammar.....	James T. Fisher.....90	}	76.....	New York.....	1
	J. Harding Fisher.....89			New York.....	1
	William M. Boyle.....89			New York.....	1

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Rhetoric.....	Gilbert J. Egan.....96	}	73.....	Rhode Island.....	3
	Narciso Arellano.....92			Central America.....	6
	William A. Conway.....88			Mississippi.....	2
Belles-Lettres.....	Arthur A. Nicholson.....92	}	71.....	New York.....	2
	Andrew Demartini.....88			California.....	1
	Charles S. Keith.....83			Kansas.....	2
First Grammar.....	Robert T. Stark.....89	}	83½.....	Hayti.....	2
	Edward J. Uribe.....88			United States of Columbia.....	2
	William J. Gonzalez.....85			Cuba.....	2
Second Grammar.....	J. Henry Foster.....89	}	73.....	New York.....	1
	Otilio Franyuti.....86			Mexico.....	1
	Oscar T. Krueger.....85			New York.....	1

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

Rudiments	Arthur P. Kenedy.....86	}	—.....	New York.....	1
	Joseph J. O'Brien.....85			New York.....	1
	E. Ballard McCall.....84			New York.....	1

* * The best examination in the College was that of John J. Perilliat, '92, his note being 99 5-12.

* * The best examination in St. John's Hall was that of Francis Perilliat (Rudiments), his note being 100.

* * The best examination in the Grammar Classes was that of Francis S. Renasco (1st Latin Grammar), his note being 99

* * The best examination in the Commercial Course was that of Robert T. Stark, his note being 98.

WINTER'S DEATH.

FEAR no more the winter's frown,
Nor his chilling breath ;
Fear no more, for life has flown,
Cold he lies in death.

Who has killed him ? crabbed fellow,
Never friend had he ;
Never merry, never mellow,
Rude, unkind to me.

Fear no more, give joyful praise ;
Speed him every one !
Greet the Spring-tide's happy days ;
Winter's reign is done !

A FEATURE IN THE LIFE OF GERMAN STUDENTS.

IT IS a peculiar feature of Germany, that to whatever part of it you go, you are sure to hear singing. Germans are naturally very fond of song, and all indulge in this pastime except, perhaps, the children who are too young, and the aged who are too feeble to sing. The laborer sings on his way to work; he sings while he works, and he pours forth his song, as he returns from his toil. A pleasure without the accompaniment of a song he hardly understands. Indeed it is said that singing is almost indispensable to a German, and that if wine and song were taken away from the nation, it would be a very different country from what it is. We will not vouch for the truth of this statement. However, it may be said that of all the Germans, there are none who sing so much as the students. They are faithful worshippers at the shrines of Euterpe and Polyhymnia, and their spirits find an outlet in their songs. But it is especially at their merry meetings or *commers*, as they are called, that they give unbridled vent to their love of song. This is the time they are in their best humor, when their feelings burst forth into songs of love, fatherland and friendship. The students sing them with all their soul, with a passion largely assisted, no doubt, by the generous inspiration of some favorite beverage.

The Germans never despise their cups, so Tacitus has said, nor do they ever despise a song.

As a writer on German students has quaintly put it, "The popular songs live, without books, permanently in the minds of the students. An individual student often sings a song solo. The greater portion of them are only what may be called natural singers; but in a large *chore* this is not of much importance." And as this same writer very naïvely adds, "In most of the German schools a portion, but a very scanty portion, of instruction in singing is given, and this mainly with the object of preventing the people from too much disturbing the devotions of the congregations in the churches by their dissonance. By this, however, so much is gained that every one who has afterwards neglected singing, yet still retains a notion of it. * * * When, as often happens, in summer, the students suffer their songs to float in the open air, and when the cups have not gone too diligently their round, it is then a genuine pleasure to listen to them."

A dubious compliment this on their singing qualities. But we do not wish to dwell on this feature of their doings; it might not be a very pleasant one. Happily, the songs they sing and the interest attached to the ceremonies accompanying their merry-makings are entirely independent of voice or person.

A glance at their *commers-book*, or *song-book*, will readily reveal the fact that there are really many beautiful gems among them. The following is one of the most beautiful

and at the same time a special favorite with the students. We quote but a portion of it:

From high Olympus comes our pleasures crowning,
From thence our dream of youth was sent;
Therefore trust brothers, spite of envy's frowning,
Who would our youthful joys prevent.

Solemnly sound ye the jubilant song,
Revelling brothers with beaker clang.

* * * * *

Deep in the sea of youthful pleasures drinking,
Joy smiles and beckons from the shore;
Till on some evening late the bright sun sinking,
Delights us with its beams no more!

Solemnly, etc.

One great object of the German students is to make life for the time being as pleasant as possible. It is a matter of history how well he has succeeded. The following well expresses his sentiments on this point:

"An unbounded jollity is of my life the rule, sir,
Since it leads me gayly through youth's rosy paradise;
Comes a Manichean in, an old dunning fool, sir,
I'm sure to give him much good advice."

But let us take a peep at their beautiful feast, the *Commers*. The old moralist has said, "You should not purposely throw yourselves into an artificial gladness; the true gladness comes from within." Though the saying does not seem to us altogether true, we can hardly agree with our German friends' interpretation of it. We do not think that wine drinking, and song singing, such as are in vogue among them, is a means of true gladness. The feast of the *Commers*, as it now exists, is a festive assembly, "which consecrates itself by a higher tone and signification by the singing of 'The Landsfather.'" It has not like many another feast, degenerated in the course of time, though it has been shorn of many rude customs that disfigured it in earlier days. We may not be actually present in body at it, as Bayard Taylor was, although he gained entrance only by disguising himself as a student. They cannot hinder us, however, from taking a peep at it through the many books written about it.

The first part of the *Commers* is given up to feasting. Of this we will say nothing. All of us, dear readers, know what this means from actual experience. But a peculiar ceremony takes place after the feasting, doing duty for our "toasts." When this portion of the feast is about to begin, the presidents cry "Ad loca," which command all must obey if they wish to avoid a small penalty. The chief president announces the songs and the particular verses that are to be sung. Certain ancient songs are then rendered, which

we will not give here. Singing and drinking come in regular course, until it is time for the "Landsfather" the chief event of the feast. When this is to be sung, the presidents again command "ad loca." Every one must quietly take his seat. Whereupon all join in :

"Silence all ye, each one call ye
Unto solemn tones his ear!
Hark, the song of songs I raise now,
German brothers, join in praise now,
Sound it, sound it back a chorus clear!"

"Of our Fatherland the song;
Fatherland! thou land so famous,
Sacred to thy glory claim us—
Germans proudly, swell ye loudly,
We, our swords, to thee belong!"

* * * *

"Song the proudest, swell it loudest;
Brave and German be we too;
See the consecrated band here,
As brave Burschen take your stand here,
And the free cap strike ye through."

During the singing of these stanzas the two presidents at the head of each table cross swords, and then each one pierces his cap through and leaves it hanging on his sword. While this is being done all sing :

"Thus thou strik'st the cap through, swearing,
Honor bright for ever wearing,—
Still to be a Bursché brave!"

The presidents, singing a convivial couplet, pass the swords to the two next students, who go through the same ceremony.

When the presidents, still singing and stopping only to quaff a cup, arrive at the foot of the table, they exchange their swords strung full of caps, and each one sings:

"Come thou drawn sword consecrated,
Of free men the weapon free!
With transpierced caps thus freighted,
Yield it solemnly to me.

Let us gaily it disumber,
Cover each one now his head;
And unspotted in his bed,
Till next feast day let it slumber."

Each president then reaches to the student across the table his cap, which he has taken from his sword, and then stretches the sword over his head, both presidents singing:

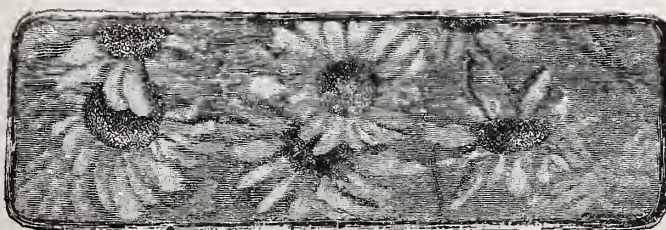
"So take it back;—
Thy head I now will cover,
And stretch the sword it over."

While all are singing, the president extends his hand to him whose head he has covered. They thus gradually and in succession cover all heads till they arrive at their own places again.

In conclusion all sing:

"Rest thee from the Burschen feast rites,
Now thou dedicated band;
And be each one's high endeavor—
Freedom for his fatherland."

This, dear readers, is a simple description of a dearly loved custom among German students. Shorn of many minor features in the ceremony which add life to it, our description is necessarily cold and incomplete. The reality, however, is far from being cold and spiritless to those that participate in it. We can readily fancy the glow of patriotism that must thrill the heart of each as he bows under the upheld sword, and listens to the burning words of that patriotic song, the "Landsfather." As the writer whom we have quoted above, says, "to this celebration we certainly are not at all disposed to refuse our approbation." The German student, as history has given him to us, is rather a boisterous person, revelling in convivial fun and song, but not all is frivolity in their feasts as this interesting custom proves.



IN WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.

F. J. WINGERTER, '90.

INHABITANTS of small towns, as a rule, place great confidence in strangers. Jerryville proved no exception to this rule. Before I had been there two weeks I knew almost every person of importance in the place. My acquaintance with them increased with my stay among them, and before I left, it had become quite general. I soon regretted this. In a sound sleep, with not even a dream to disturb me, I was suddenly aroused early one morning by a banging at my door. Before I had a chance to collect my senses the banging was repeated. "What's up? Who's there?", "Pardon me, stranger, for troubling you so early, but I am Jeremiah Gribble, the constable, and I am here on legal business. I am in a hurry, and if you will quicken your movements a little I will finish my business and be off."

A little nonplussed as to the object of his visit, I hastily dressed myself and descended to the floor below, where the Hon. Jeremiah impatiently awaited me. He was a little pot-bellied person, with a round face, bald-head and swelled nose, and had only one eye, the remains of the other being concealed by a green shade. He snapped out a cross "Good morning," and forthwith proceeded to business. It was about as brief as his person, and consisted in very authoritatively serving upon me a "venire," which commanded me to be and appear before Joshua Petertub, at his office, in the village of Jerryville, at one o'clock, P. M., to serve as a jurymen in a case then and there to be tried, between Belinda Tulkins, plaintiff, and Titania Spinks, defendant, in an action of slander, etc.

Mr. Gribble remarked, after reading this threatening legal epistle to me, that I had better be up to time, as Squire Petertub was a man who was not to be trifled with. I protested that I was not a citizen of the county, that I was under age; but it was no use, my words might as well not have been spoken. He merely smiled grimly at my discomfiture, then, having leisurely folded the document up and pushed it deep down in his capacious vest-pocket, he mounted his horse and hurried away in pursuit of the balance of the panel. I could not, of course, think of being guilty of contempt of court after being so solemnly warned of the consequences, and I was therefore promptly on the spot according to command.

Squire Petertub held his Court at the village tavern, in a room adjoining the bar-room, because the statute prohibited his holding it in the bar-room itself. I found, on my arrival, that the whole country for miles around had assembled to hear this interesting case. Men, women and children had turned out and made a perfect holiday of it. The "butcher, the baker and the candle-stick maker" were there, attired in their best. They were dressed in every kind of fashion, or rather the fashions of the last twenty-five years were scat-

tered through the crowd. The women were waddling about, gossiping and discussing the latest summer styles. The men were amusing themselves talking "horse flesh," pitching pennies and quoits, racing their horses and betting upon the result of the trial to come off, for every one was expected to form some opinion of the merits of the case.

At a little past one, the hour stated, the Court was convened. A board placed upon two barrels across the corner of the room constituted the desk of the Squire, behind which his Honor's solitary dignity was caged. Lawyers and spectators sat outside. This is not usual in the State, but it was very proper in this case as Squire Petertub was a great man and some distinction was due him. Permit me to describe him: He was short and stout, and had a green, "bulgy" eye, a retreating forehead and double chin, and his hair was as red as a brick. It was sheared to his skull in ridges made at a clip, presenting much the appearance of a short haired cocoa-nut, except that the foretop, which was brushed, stood straight up to a point forming what is termed a "cow-lick." He was very pompous. The dignity he carried around with him was really oppressive to bystanders. He was the "end of the law" in Jerryville; and no man could sustain a reputation who presumed to appeal from his decision. The Squire was not a specialist. He transacted every sort of business for anybody and everybody. He settled accounts and difficulties of all kinds. He was, however, a little peculiar in his ways. Sometimes he rendered judgments, sometimes decrees and oftener he divided the case between both parties. Precedents he never acknowledged, not even his own.

The Court, however, as I said, was convened. The Squire took his seat, lit a long Virginia seed stogey, opened his docket and in a voice like the tearing of a strong rag, called the parties: "Belinda Tulkins! Titania Spinks!"

"Here," cried a back-woods pettyfogger, named Hiram Brown. "I'm for Belinda Tulkins, and don't you forget. I'm always on hand at the tap of the drum."

"Who answers for Titania Spinks?" continued the Squire.

"I answer for myself," squeaked out Titania, "I hain't got any counsel, 'cause he's on the jury."

"On the jury, ha! Your counsel on the jury! Humphrey Petticord, I suppose? Counsel is guaranteed by the constitution—it is a personal right—one of our glorious rights. Titania, you will have counsel. Humphrey Petticord step out here and defend Titania." And so Humphrey stepped out in the capacity of counsel.

"Titania Spinks," exclaimed the Squire, taking his stogey from his mouth and putting it on his desk, "stand up and raise your right hand." Titania arose. "You are charged with slandering Belinda Tulkins, with saying 'She war'nt no better than she ought to be;' and if you were believed it when

you said so, it is my duty as a peace-officer to say you have been guilty of a high offense, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul. What do you say?"

"Not guilty, Squire Petertub, by an eternal sight, and we are telling the truth, though we are accused," replied Petticord, "and the Lord knows it." "Besides, we claim a set-off and will bring counter charges."

"I say it is false! You are guilty!" cried Belinda at the top of her lungs.

"Silence!" roared Petertub, "the dignity of the Court shall be preserved."

"Easy. Go slow there, Squire. Be a little easy," grumbled a voice in the crowd, proceeding evidently from one of Belinda's friends, "never speak to a woman in a passion."

"I fine that man one dollar for contempt of court, *whoever* he is," exclaimed the Squire, as he stood on his chair, trying to catch the offender with his eye.

Now if there was any thing Squire Petertub was hard on it was contempt of court. That, he had often declared, was the worst of all offenses. He didn't care so much what might be said in the presence of or against Joshua Petertub, but *Squire* Petertub, Justice of the Peace, must and should be protected, and it was on this principle that he had fined Lem Rumble ten dollars for contradicting him in the street.

"I guess it weren't anything but the grasshoppers sighing," ejaculated Hiram.

Order being restored, his Honor petulantly ordered the case to proceed.

Hiram Brown opened his case to the jury. He said Belinda Tulkins was a maiden lady of about forty; some called her an *old* maid, but it warn't so, not by several years: her teeth were as sound as a nut, and her hair as black as a crow. She warn't a person who had a heap of money and she was consequently obliged to hire herself out as a nurse in the village. And you bet she was a good one! "She nursed me out of a sickness." She had probably given more wild cucumbers, pennyroyal, catnip and other roots and herbs to the Jerrysvillians than all the rest of the women in the county. "Well, you know, Seth Williams, the proprietor of the Glue Factory, was down with the fever. Belinda nursed him, and when he got well he was kinder fond of Belinda. Titania Spinks, your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, didn't like this. She was jealous, you know, and in consequence had slandered her and completely ruined her reputation and broken up her business, to the damage of twenty-six dollars." Pettycord, the opposing counsel, here told the Court that it had no jurisdiction in an action of slander. The Court advised Petticord not to repeat the remark, as that was a kind of contempt of Court. Some time had been lost in settling preliminaries and at last the case was ready.

"We call Cynthia Tomkins!" bawled out Hiram at the top of his voice.

"No you don't," replied the Squire. "You don't come any of that business on us yet. This Court is adjourned for fifteen minutes; all who need refreshment will find it in the next room, but don't bring it in here, it might be agin the constitution."

Everybody seemed to *need* refreshment and a general rush was made for the next room. There was nothing but cider there and almost everybody drank, some, judging from the remarks, "to wet their whistles;" some to Titania, others to Belinda. Court, at the expiration of the fifteen minutes, was convened again.

"Cynthia Tomkins!" roared out Hiram, louder than before.

"Object!" exclaimed Petticord; "no witness; hain't lived six months in the State."

Squire Petertub slowly drew his stogey from his mouth and fixed his eyes on the floor in deep thought for several minutes.

"Hain't lived six months in the State," repeated he at last; "ain't no resident, of course, under our constitution."

"And how in all created airth will you punish such a person for perjury? I should just like to know," continued Petticord, taking courage from the Squire's perplexed state of mind; "our laws don't bind residents of other States."

The Squire was evidently losing his head, but some one whispered in his ear and cheering up, he replied: "Well, it tain't sure Mrs. Tompkins will lie because she don't reside here."

"Well, very well, then," said Petticord, ramming both hands into his breeches pockets very philosophically, "go ahead, if you wish, subject to my objection. I'll just appeal and blow this Court into fiddle-strings. It won't breathe three breaths in the Circuit; we know our rights and are going to have them."

Hiram had sat very quietly, inasmuch as the Court had been leaning in his favor, but this last remark of Humphrey's had somewhat intimidated it. "May it please your Honor," said he, rising, "we claim that there is no proof of Mrs. Tompkins' non-residency. Your Honor hain't got anything but Humphrey Petticord's word for it, and what's that good for in a court of justice? I wouldn't believe him as far as you can swing a coon by the tail."

"I'm with you on that," cried another voice.

"Silence! put that man out," cried his Honor. Here there was some confusion in consequence of Humphrey's having hurled an ink bottle at Hiram's head. As might have been expected it missed its mark and struck an unobtrusive bystander. Several missiles were hurled and a general melee would have ensued had not the Squire, with rare presence of mind, leaped over the desk and restored order by solemnly invoking them, through Joshua Petertub, Justice of the Peace, duly elected and qualified in the name of the State of West Virginia, to desist. After the restoration of order the counsel took their seats, and the Squire returned to his corner again. Cynthia Tompkins was then called for the third time. She was an old lady with a pinched up black bonnet of the style of 1702, a very wide frill to her cap through which her gray hairs strayed. She sighed frequently and heavily. She said she didn't know anything worth talking about. She didn't know anything about law suits and didn't know how to swear; at least she wouldn't do it. Swearing was a thing she was always opposed to. She didn't believe in breaking the second

commandment, not even with the sanction of Squire Peter-tub. She didn't allow her children to swear, etc. After running on with a long preliminary about herself and family and the number of chickens she had raised that spring, she was called to order. The Squire explained to her the distinction between swearing in a court of justice and that swearing which is against the commandments, and she promised to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. She started with a good intention, but talked at such a galloping speed that you could not tell whether she was delivering a lecture on "chicken raising," or saying the Apostle's Creed backwards.

Hiram remonstrated with her and told her not to talk so fast and only answer the questions that were put to her.

"State to the jury what you heard Titania Spinks say about the plaintiff."

"Well, you know, my darter Jemima is an uncommon smart gal. She takes to larnin' more natural than a goslin takes to water."

"Mrs. Cynthia Tomkins!" exclaimed Hiram, rising to his feet, a little enraged; "do you know anything about what Titania Spinks said about Belinda Tulkins? Answer *this* question."

"So you have really broke loose, Mr. Pettyfogger," for now the old lady's temper *was* up. "Why, didn't you know I was old enough to be your grandmother? Why, my child," continued she, hurrying on her spectacles and taking a long look at Hiram, "I knowed you when you warn't more than *so* high," and she measured about two feet high from the floor. "You want me to *answer*, do you? I told you all I know about it, and if you want anything more I guess you'll have to get it yourself, that's all," and jumping up, she left the witness stand and disappeared in the crowd.

"I demand an attachment for Cynthia Tomkins!" roared out Hiram; "an absconding witness." "Can't do it," replied the Squire; "its agin the constitution to deprive anybody of their liberty an unreasonable length of time. This witness has been confined here by process mor'n an hour. Can't do it! Be guilty of trespass. Must stick to the Constitution. Call your next witness."

Hiram swore. He was fined one dollar. He swore again. He was fined another. The faster the Squire fined him, the faster the oaths rolled out of Hiram's mouth, until twenty dollars, the limit, had been registered against him. Hiram stopped to take breath and then uttered an oath more fearful than all the rest. The Squire was about to fine him, but was interrupted. "Hold on, you old reprobate, now I have got you. You have reached the limit of the law. You can't inflict more than twenty dollars in any one case. Now stand and take it."

And such a volley as he did send; oaths, cant phrases, wrath, sarcasm and fun, sometimes addressed to the Squire, sometimes to the audience. He began with the Squire's history, when, as he said, he was a rafting lumber down on the Kanawha river, and ended with his instalment as Justice of the Peace of Jerryville. He commented on his personal appearance, his general character and his capacity for the office of Justice of the Peace. During all this time there

was a complete uproar. Belinda's friends cheered and hurrayed, Titania's groaned and bellowed, while the Squire was trying at the top of his lungs to compel the constable to commit Hiram for contempt. Hiram closed and sat down. The Squire called for the constable, but Jeremiah was not to be found. He had foreseen the approaching storm and had taken a walk into the woods "to hear the birds sing." Several accommodating persons in the audience asked his Honor what he would give to have him *caught*, but their offers were not appreciated nor accepted. A long silence followed this outburst; not a word was said and scarcely a sound heard. Every one was eargerly looking at the Squire for his next movement. Hiram kept his eye on the floor, apparantly in a deep study. At last he arose. "Squire," said he, "we've been under quite a press of steam for the last half hour. Suppose we adjourn for more refreshment."

"Done!" said the Squire. And the Court adjourned for the second time.

It was nearly dark when the Court convened again. The trial of the cause, Tulkins *vs.* Spinks, was resumed.

Tobias Vance was called. Tobe was a broad-backed, double-fisted fellow with a blazing red face and he chewed tobacco continually. He was pretty well refreshed and didn't feel the least concerned for all the Spinkses and Tulkinses in the world.

"Know Titania and Belinda?" inquired Hiram.

"Know 'em? Thunder, yes."

"How long?"

"Ever since the year one."

"Ever heard Titania say anything about Belinda?"

"Heard her say she seemed to be sorter gone on Seth Williams."

"Anything else? Have you ever heard Titania say anything about Belinda's character?"

"Heard her say she was a good enough sort of a body when she had a mind to be."

"Anything else?"

"Sha'n't answer; hain't had my regular fees paid as witness."

Squire Peter-tub informed Tobe that he must answer.

"Sha'n't do it; not so long as my name is Tobey Vance."

His Honor said he would commit him.

"W-h e-w!" drawled out Tobe, sitting down and putting his arms a-kimbo, as he gave the Squire a long look straight in the eye.

"Order! order!" exclaimed Peter-tub.

"Whew! Whose talking? Whose afraid of a Justice of the Peace?" screamed Tobe, jumping about a foot in the air and squirting about a gill of tobacco juice as he struck the floor.

Tobe's fees were paid him at last and the question was again put if he heard "Titania say anything else?" and he said "*He never did*," and thus ended Tobe's testimony.

Miss Euphemia Sheets was next called. She came sailing forward and threw herself into the chair with a kind of jerk. She took a few sidelong glances at Titania which told plainly enough that she meant to make a finish of her in about five minutes. She was a vinegar-faced old maid, and her head

kept bobbing and her body kept hitching, and now she pulled her bonnet this way and now that. She finally went out of the fretting into the languishing mood and declared she *should* die if somebody didn't get her a drink of water.

When she became composed Hiram, inquired if she knew Titania Spinks.

"Yes, I know her to be a mean, old scandal-monger."

"What has she done?"

"What hain't she done, the mean thing? She's lied about me and Betsy Crady and about Doctor Buckhart's folks, and said as how I was always peeping out through the window blinds at Tommy Cockaine—the contemptible thing!"

"But what have you heard her say about Belinda Tulkins?"

"Oh! everything that's bad. She don't never say anything that's good about nobody. She's allers talking. There ain't nobody in the settlement she hain't slandered. She even abused Deacon Stone's house—the brass-faced thing!"

"But what did she say about '*Belinda Tulkins*'?" repeated Hiram again.

"What do you want me to say she did? I hain't got any doubt she called her everything she could think on. Didn't she, Belinda?" she continued, turning to the plaintiff.

Belinda nodded.

"Did she say she warn't no better than she ought to be?"

"Did she? Well, she did, and that very few people were."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Hiram. "You talk too fast! I guess she didn't say *all* that."

"She did, for Belindy told me so, and she wouldn't lie for the whole race of Spinkses."

Squire Petertub thought Euphemia had better retire, as she didn't seem to know much about the case.

She said she knew as much about it as anybody; she wasn't going to be abused, trod upon; and no man was a man that would insult a poor woman; and bursting into tears of rage, she jerked out of her chair and went sobbing away. The case for the plaintiff closed and Humphrey was ready to open the case for the defense. He arose, unrolled a long account, measuring some four feet, and held it up to the Squire and jury. This, he said, was a regular statement of the slanderous words used by Belindy Tulkins against Titania Spinks for the last three years, with the damages annexed; all had been itemized and kept in tip-top style, all in black and white, just as it happened. He was about to read this terrible document when word was brought to the Squire through his youngest son, that "Ma wants pa to come home to supper, it's getting cold." In his excitement he had forgotten the wants of the inner man. With a sudden start his Honor kicked over the two barrels, grabbed his hat, barely stopping to cry out, "Case postponed until 10 A. M. to-morrow."

TO SPRING.

ALAN G. BURROW, '90.

COME, gentle Spring,
And with thee bring
Thy birds that ever sing
Sweet songs and glad,
That never had
A doleful note or sad.
Come touch the tree
On yonder lea,
And touch it cheerily,
And make it bloom
From out its gloom,
From out its wintry tomb.
Come, touch the field
And make it yield
To thee; and gently wield
Thy wand of power
O'er bud and flower,
With sunshine bright and shower.
Come to the shore
And wander o'er
The sands, and hear the roar
Of breakers high
That rolling nigh
Upon the sea beach die.
Come, with thy grace
Light all the place,
With thy sweet smiling face.

AN OLD ALMANAC. BEING A PEEP AT ITS CONTENTS.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

IT IS seldom now-a-days that we come across an almanac—I mean an almanac such as Franklin's Poor Richard's—a little book teeming with useful information, with quaint recipes, old saws and bits of advice put in the queerest wording imaginable. An almanac of this kind is a thing of the past; there is no room for it in these days of progress. What need of an almanac's prognostications when we have the unerring weather forecasts of our newspapers? We smile at the mere mention of the word, and, though perhaps we do not express it in as many words, we think what a simple and credulous set our ancestors of the last century must have been who could put an almost unshaken faith in the childish and not rarely palpably absurd things which were printed in their almanacs. A writer, whose name we have not in mind just now, says that we know too much now-a-days. This may sound heretical, but, at any rate, it seems true in this sense, that through the vast stores of knowledge ready at hand we have lost much of our credulity and with it a source of much harmless pleasure and joy that our forefathers possessed. Anything rare and novel is welcomed, so when not many days ago we chanced on an old almanac, published in the last century, we deemed ourselves lucky. It is a literary relic of those times and we took great pleasure in reading it thoroughly, all but memorizing its contents. It is a curious relic, this almanac of mine, and a valuable one, too—of small octave size, a trifle dog-eared and dressed in dusty paper cover. Age and exposure have destroyed whatever was its original appearance. The nearest approach to anything like a pronounced color in it is the faintest suggestion of pink. The owner of it evidently prized it quite highly for he has interleaved it to record some of his observations and reflections. He has made it serve the twofold purpose of almanac and diary. On its title page he has written:

"For man's neglect I love thee more."

We cannot exactly see the fitness of this quotation, altered from Campbell. Perhaps our friend, the owner, came into possession of the almanac when almanacs were forgotten and neglected—

"Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were."

At any rate he must have lived during or after the poet whom he quotes. But this matters but little, if anything; let us open the book. Ah! here is a page pretty well filled with scribbling. It is over against the date of April the twentieth. What has our New England friend got recorded here? "This morning, as is my wont, I took a look at the almanac." "It predicted fine weather for to-day; so off I started for a ramble in the woods at the edge of the town. I

'Whistled as I went for want of thought;'

The birds, they sang merrily, and my heart it was blithe. I never once looked up at the sky, until, after some considerable time, I missed the light of the sun. I looked up; a host of gathering clouds had hidden its light, and forbode a storm near at hand. I took warning, and beat a hasty retreat. But it was too late; and I did not escape a good drenching. Once home, I took my almanac to see if I had read aright in the morning, and there confronted me these words, which I had not seen before: 'When it is fair weather, take you cloak; any fool would take his in a storm.' 'I am resolved never to stir out of doors again, without my cloak, even though the sun be shining bright.' Quite a natural resolution for one who has been caught napping. I wonder if our friend stuck to it. He does not inform us as to whether he did or not, which does not speak overloud in his favor.

Here is a prophecy that in distinct type is scattered down the length of the page. "About—this—time—expect—much—weather." What a penetrating prediction! This gentleman must have "dipped into the future, far as human eye can see." This prophecy, resulting from so desperate a plunge, is as clear and to the point as that famous one dealt out to Pyrrhus by the Delphic oracle. "Dico to Romanas vincere passe." It weakens our confidence—if confidence we had—in the weather prophet, whoever he was; and leads us to suspect that he knew just about as much of weather as did that royal astrologer of old who, in the words of Butler,

"With the moon was as familiar
As e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear
That some believed he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood,
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow peas;
He made an instrument to show
If the moon shine at full or no;
That would, as soon as she shone straight,
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her diameter to an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese."

Our friend does not make any comment on this prophecy of his darling almanac; probably he began to lose the faith "that was in him."

But read this, the deepest of all our friend's observations. "That orb, which we call the moon, exerts other influences on the earth, besides making the tides rise and fall. It has a dominion over the human body." He proceeds to inform us that when the moon gets into "Cancer" we must be on the lookout for every sort of bedevilment in our breast and stomach; when she comes into "Gemini" we are to expect the same in our breasts and arms; and when she enters the

sign of Scorpion, our bowels and belly are in danger, and so on through all our body. What a wonderfully absurd reflection to arrive at! But we must not be too hasty in setting him down as a fool. We must remember that our ancient friend might be said to have lived in a time when witches and all their diabolical doings were believed in. Our ancient worthy perhaps was as rational and shrewd in detecting anomalies as any of us. But who can blame him if he went astray in his calculations on the invisible influences exercised by things beyond this earth? He expressly disavows his connection with witches. Here are his sentiments written out neatly. "Witches are a baleful set, I trow. They work harm to the village and place where they live, and they are said to be fond of having quite a number of residences. The council did right well Monday last in hanging the witch hag that dwelt in Pickney street. And I doubt not Martin Roger's daughter pined away to death from the influences of the old hag." We leave our reader to form his own estimate and opinion of all this.

Of course our friend had to write a commentary on the derivation of the word "almanac." We were expecting this all along. We had not to go far before we came upon it. "The word 'almanac' smacks of the Arabic, and is thought by the majority of etymologists—myself included—to come from the East. 'Almanach' is the French and Ger-

man, 'almanaco' the Italian, and 'almanaque' the Spanish of the word. From this common use of the word in so many languages we conclude that it is coeval with the Tower of Babel."

That the word *almanac* is of Arab derivation we will not dispute, but we are totally at variance with our friend's opinion that the word is coeval with the tower of Babel, simply because the word happens to be all but identical in French, German, Italian and Spanish. Such a conclusion is evidently drawn from false premises. Are French, German, Italian and Spanish coeval with the tower of Babel? We doubt it. Our ancient friend, had he himself been coeval with the tower of Babel, probably would have added another story to it. But we have had enough of our friend's profound observations. Let us read another of the almanac's prophecies, whereupon we will close the book to open it once more, peradventure, "ad Kalendas Græcas." Here is the last of the prophecies:

A cherry year—a merry year;
A plum year—a dumb year.

Bravo! this at least, smacks of truth. It's true of Fordham, if of no other place on this earth.

D. A. '91.

TO SPRING—AFTER ANACREON.

J. A. RYAN, '90.

A T Spring's approach the Graces gay,
With buds and flowers festoon the way.
In spring the waves with softened roar,
Plash softly on the sandy shore.
In lakes and rivers full to brim,
Behold spry ducklings live and swim.
From southern climes the scraggy crane
Wings back to northern lakes again.
From heaven the golden king of day,
Smiles on the earth with warmer ray;
His arrows winged with golden light
The misty day clouds put to flight.
On hill, in dale, both far and near,
The works of mortals now appear.
First pushing up the moistened ground
Green, tiny sprouts peep all around.
In buds the olive tree is found,
And now the Bacchic stream is crowned,
While underneath each leafy bower,
As if to flee Spring's freshening shower,
Behold, first here, then there, then all about
Gay infant fruits with laughing eyes peep out.





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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MARCH, 1889.



We have had to listen for some time past to the various criticisms of our judges of good taste with regard to the change in the MONTHLY's cover. They have been favorable and unfavorable. The most sensible of them all, in our opinion, was that of one of our exchanges whose criticism was to the effect that the present cover, while giving a more solid and substantial air to the paper was hardly as pretty as the former cover. In common with all well-established institutions, we possess the gift of conservatism. Therefore be it known that it was through no whim or fancy of our own that we had the temerity to change the external appearance of the MONTHLY. We take no blame to ourselves for the change, we put it all at the door of necessity. The garb in which our paper has won credit for itself for the last few years is now out of print. Therefore we ask our readers to bear in patience and with resignation to what must be, the

shock that their aesthetic sense has received. It will only be for a while.

* * *

We learn from the manager of the Rose Hills that the outlook for the nine this year is an exceptionally promising one. This opinion we had formed ourselves, from the willingness with which the winter practice was taken up. Hitherto training in the gymnasium seems to have been regarded as a necessary evil. The novelty of the new cage, however, has dispelled this feeling, and it has been a pleasant sight to note the fidelity with which each one has gone through his quota of exercise. The MONTHLY has always felt a lively interest and sympathy with the Rose Hills. They are the exponents of one feature in our college life, just as we are of another. For this reason their success has been our joy, their defeat our sorrow. And if for nothing more than ourselves, we rejoice in their present excellent condition and in the not unreasonable confidence they feel of a very successful year.

* * *

A new feature has been introduced this term into our college life. The various classes of the undergraduate course are, each in its turn, to favor the college with a specimen of the work they are doing. It is the intention that these exhibitions be real honest specimens of class work, from which may be gathered the status and spirit of each class. The great good resulting from these specimens is too obvious to need comment or mention from us. We need only say that the two specimens already held have been very successfully given, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

* * *

We here in this country have more than once been a source of wonder to the people on the other side of the Atlantic. The productions of younger, fresher intellects have more than once startled their old-time ideas. We hope to startle them once again by another exhibition of American ideas. College journalism has come to be recognized as one of the noteworthy features of our American Colleges. It has a value and an interest among us, and this value and interest we are now going to unfold before the eyes of the visitors to the World Exhibition to be held at Paris this summer. For this purpose Prof. Wellman Parks, of the Troy Institute, has been given a corner in the American Exhibit. To him has been entrusted the task of exposing the literary wares of the various colleges who will take part in the exhibit. To make the show more attractive, the room put at his disposal is to be hung round with the pictures of the staffs of the different papers. College journalism has long since passed its infancy, and the proof that it has now the strength of manhood is made clear from the inspection which it solicits from the eyes of a curious and criticising public. Praise is the stepping stone to higher things, and from the fame and glory that will await this unique feature in our American Schools, we may look for greater things in the way of College journalism.

OUR MAIL BAG.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

To the Editors Fordham Monthly:

AS I was glancing over the columns of a Philadelphia sporting paper, I accidentally came across a detailed score of an old game between the Rose Hills and the Alerts, of Seton Hall, in which the latter club came off victorious after a hotly contested game of fifteen innings. All my old interest in St. John's was revived, and I had fully determined to write to some of the boys at Fordham the first time I had the opportunity.

One beautiful winter afternoon, a few days afterwards, as I was enjoying a delightful skate on one of the small lakes in the suburbs, I happened to notice a young man who stared very intently at me every time I passed him. My curiosity being naturally aroused, I stopped to see if I knew the gentleman, and to my great surprise and pleasure, he turned out to be an "old Fordham boy," and whom I knew quite well in my short sojourn at St. John's. As we skated around the lake together, talking over old times it did not require a very great stretch of my imagination to take me back once more to the old pond near the Boulevard, enjoying the fresh air and dreading to hear the tinkle of the Prefect's bell which would call us to six o'clock study.

Oh! how I enjoyed that skate! and the questions I put to my old schoolmate would have staggered an ordinary individual, endowed with the amount of stoicism possessed by Joe Kerrigan. Yes, it was our quiet Joe fresh from Fordham, with the evidence of being a possessor of a St. John's sheepskin written on his forehead. He had been in Pittsburgh for over three months, and he had never thought to look us up. It was just like Joe. He could give me all the latest news in regard to the Rose Hills, Foot Ball eleven, Athletic Association, Military, and everything in fact in which I took an interest. I did not permit my prize to slip away from me very easily, and as it was Saturday evening I insisted on my friend of "Fordham '88," staying with me over Sunday, so that I might enjoy the pleasure of questioning him more closely concerning all the changes.

I never had heard a word from Fordham since I left there and as I was not a subscriber to the MONTHLY, I was naturally in the dark to all that had been going on at Fordham during the past three years. My friend sent me the December edition of the MONTHLY, and oh! with what zest did I not devour its columns. I came across a communication from our old friend from West Virginia in your Letter Box, and it then occurred to me that as I had never written anything for the MONTHLY, while at school, though I had often aspired to that honor, that I might send this letter to you, and perhaps it might accidentally find its way into your letter box. I see by your journal that my old class of "'89" has fulfilled its promise, and has distinguished itself in every branch (how about losing the Class Base Ball Pennant?) and bids fair to send out one of the most promising set of youths in June, "'89." Oh, that I were one of them! However, I

hope to see them all on Commencement Day and congratulate them in person. With kind regards from my brother, I remain, an old student,

WILLIAM J. BARR.

The Fordham College Monthly, Fordham, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs.—Please address THE FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY to Henry H. Dodge, Bowling Green, Wood County, Ohio, instead of addressing same to Perrysburg.

The MONTHLY is very interesting to the old graduates, I assure you; although the old names are rapidly dropping out and new ones appearing in their place. Still your old societies remain the same, the debating, dramatic, etc., in which we used to figure nine or ten years ago. Others have merely stepped into our old shoes.

Query.—What has become of our old Class of '82? Where are they? McGurk, Ryan and McManus, I think, are priests; Aspel and O'Connell, doctors, practicing somewhere—but where? Where are Sedgwick and our "boy Lucius," otherwise known as Denny Walsh; also Kennelly? Creighton is in business in Pittsburgh.

Last, but not least, McGuinness, the most genial and popular boy of our class. Where is he? He was a philosopher, a poet, and a fiddler, welcome everywhere, and *he was* a "scholar and gentleman" of the truest refinement—a noble character.

Denny Walsh could sleep faster than a lightning express train could run on the down grade with the throttle wide open. Walsh was everybody's friend, and everybody Walsh's friend. N. B.—Walsh couldn't sing much! He and Jack Keenan, "the member from Glens Falls, N. Y.," were A No. 1 in a duet; in a chorus they would break up the choir every time.

Creighton, McGurk, Aspel and Kennelly were our dramatic stars. Had to have O'Malley, of '83 or '84 to help 'em out occasionally, though.

The winter of '81 and '82 was a lively and progressive one. Under the guidance of Prof. Fargis the Dramatic Society eclipsed the glories of all past achievements. Prof. Petersen brought the orchestra to the front, and at the front was little Fred Williams, of New York City. The hope is entertained that the class of '82 will have a reunion at St. John's on June 24, 1892, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their commencement day. Perhaps then my questions may be answered in person by the gentlemen themselves. For fear, though, that they may not be so answered, I am sure any information which you could give respecting the class of '82 would be gratefully received by the members thereof.

Very truly yours,

F. D. DODGE, Class '82.

[We are not able to give you the information you desire, as our vision of things upon this earth is just at present limited to a space of four grey walls. We feel a very strong pre-sentiment, however, that your letter will meet the eye of some who will send us the wished for knowledge.—EDITOR.]

Editors of Fordham Monthly:

Compassion is a very strong virtue of mine. I exercise it on every possible occasion, and just now I would like to make an exercise of it through the columns of your paper for the benefit of those at large—the students I mean—who have not had the opportunity I have had of enjoying a great intellectual feast. I want to make them enjoy, as far as I can from words, what I had the pleasure of seeing *in re*. I speak of the Greek play, *Electra*. It is the first play of its kind that I have ever seen. Some of the impressions it made upon me are so very vivid that I would like to recount a few of them in your paper.

With a philosophical friend whose acquaintance I hope to make next year, I shall begin at the beginning. On entering the theatre what first struck my gaze, and filled me with no little surprise, was the way in which the stage was constructed. I had always imagined, from my reading and the pictures I had seen of the Greek stage, that it was perfectly level, just as are our own stages to-day. Here was my first mistake. It wasn't level, for in the rear part of it was an elevation from which the actors spoke. My next source of wonderment was the darkness that filled the audience circle. At the time I couldn't fathom the reason of it, nor the things that were hidden within it, for the first thing I knew I had tumbled clean over a row of seats. When I managed to get to my place, I failed to fathom that my seat was turned up and here I got my first impression of the play—on the floor. This first impression put me in a very favorable mood for enjoying all the fine features and delicate bits of acting that came after. I shall now proceed to tell you just what most took my artistic sense.

Taking the play as a whole, I liked it very much. *Electra* was just simply perfect. Take, for instance, the scene where the Herald comes in to announce the death of her brother to the Queen. Never for a moment did she forget her part, but in a half-sitting posture, with heaving bosom, she gave forth sighs and laments at every new incident without ever once having to stop to think of a word. I forgot to mention that her lines were not in Greek but in English. She was guilty, I think, of only one mistake. When welcoming her

brother's return, she forgot that brothers and sisters are not so very affectionate, even after an absence of eight years. And the action of American sisters will, I think, bear me out in my opinion.

A thing that impressed me very much was the fine form and muscular limbs of Orestes. Just the kind that would take by storm the members of our Athletic Association. I was impressed at a distance, an impression indirect, and the only one I care for when there is a question of muscle. But if anything harrowed up my soul it was the singing of the choruses. Just think of a Greek attempting to sing—I mean one who impersonates a Greek.

It heartily disgusted me. Their actions, too, were very amusing. It only now occurs to me, that perhaps that is the reason why I didn't like the singing; walking up and down, while singing, I should think not very helpful to good notes. I prefer to have it just as our Glee Club does it, standing still.

Some one near made the remark, that the costumes of the actors were very appropriate; and that also impressed me very much. Some one in our crowd would, every now and then, quote a passage from the original *Antigone*. I don't know whether the words came to the quoter on the spur of the moment; (I am afraid not), nor what impression they made on the audience around us. It was too dark to see. The play ended before I knew where I was. After the play was over and I had time to think, I came to the conclusion that it was a perfect success. I don't think I was as much bored as I expected to be. I even thought I could sit and listen to a complete tetralogy of this kind.

I have given the substance of the play, and you, whose imaginations are sufficiently strong, picture it to yourselves as best you may. I saw it, and don't need to.

Yours truly,

A GREEK.

[We are at a loss to understand from your letter just in what spirit you viewed the play and in what spirit you relate your impressions. From your impressions we gather our impression that you have attempted to mingle seriousness and humor. An injudicious mixture in this case.]

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

THE St. John's Senate met in the Library Hall, Sunday evening, February 24th, a great part of the faculty being present, together with the members of the St. John's House of Representatives.

Business was discussed in general session, with Mr. Clare, '89, the president, occupying the chair.

Bill No. 2, limiting the wholesale distribution of degrees in medicine, law and art, introduced by Mr. Morisse, '89, then passed to its second reading, and when the time for its exposition had expired, the bill, introduced by Mr. Heffern, '89, prolonging the term of office of the President of the United States, was taken up and discussed; it being the order of the day.

Mr. Marrin, '89, put the merits of the bill before the house, and the vigor which he put into his remarks and the eloquent manner in which he supported the bill during the entire meeting won for that gentleman much applause.

Mr. Morisse, '89, also defended the bill vigorously.

The opposition was led by Mr. McNeilly, '90, who put forth all his well-known oratorical powers against the passage of the bill. Mr. McNeilly's fluency and eloquence were to be especially noted.

Mr. Taaffe, '90, also opposed the bill with might and main, and in the course of his remarks brought forth some very weighty arguments against it.

Messrs. Marrin, '89, and McNeilly, '90, whenever they

arose, commanded the undivided attention of their hearers, and too much praise cannot be given to those two gentlemen. They seemed to put their whole spirit into what they were saying, and thus kept the audience continually interested.

This was the first public meeting given this year, and if one can judge from the interest manifested by those present, and a few more public meetings would be sure to prove a great source of pleasure.

A. G. B., '90.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

It has been said that the patriotic spirit in this country is dying out. If by patriotic spirit is meant that spread-eagle kind of patriotism that expresses itself in ways most boisterous the remark may be true. Our patriotism this year was of the gentle, quiet kind, so quiet in fact that February 22d would have gone by as an ordinary holiday were it not for our Assistant Prefect of First Division. Through his suggestion an entertainment was gotten up, patriotic of course in its nature. The preparation of it was left to the boys themselves. It was made up of songs and addresses which had Washington or our country for their theme. These were followed by a farce "A Lost Child." It would be unfair to criticise the entertainment in an unkindly spirit, so short was the time allowed for preparation. Perhaps this very want of sufficient preparation was all the more agreeable to the audience since it gave them a chance to indulge in a hearty natural laugh at some of the slips that were inevitable. At any rate all were pleased, and so the object of the entertainment was gained—a pleasant, happy evening.

DIOGENES.

RHETORIC SPECIMEN.

A series of specimens by the classes of the undergraduate course, undertaken at the instance of Rev. Fr. Rector, was opened by the class of Rhetoric on the evening of March 20th, in the senior division study hall. We all had the pleasure, and the class of Rhetoric the honor, of having Rev. Fr. Campbell, our former Rector and now Provincial of the Society of Jesus, present at the entertainment. After a duet on the piano by Messrs. James Boylan and John Whelan, Mr. James Keane, the presiding member of the class, opened the entertainment in a few apt words. Mr. John Whelan then read a Latin salutatory. It was written in imitation of Cicero's opening remarks in the "Pro Lege Manilia," and the happy knack with which Mr. Whelan caught the sonorous rhythm of the Roman orator, does him no little honor. We have since read the introductory chapter to the "Pro Lege Manilia," and have justified ourselves in the opinion we formed of Mr. Whelan's discourse before we had become acquainted with his model.

The "Fidelity of Uri" was the subject which the class chose as a theme of metrical composition, and they handled it with no little success. Mr. George Plunkett read the prose narrative of the story very clearly, but with a tone of carelessness which must have imparted some of its own nature to his audience, made up, as we had forgotten to

mention, of the college faculty and the members of the junior and senior divisions. Mr. Ferdinand Wingerter was the first of the three to read his metrical version of the story. Though he read his poem with a great deal of expression and feeling, we cannot but pronounce it too long. Much that he dwelt upon might have been omitted with no disadvantage, and perhaps with advantage, to the general effect of the story. Despite this element of length which we have no hesitation to declare was handled skillfully, we congratulate Mr. Wingerter on the effort of his muse.

Mr. Alan Burrow followed Mr. Wingerter. Mr. Burrow's version of the story, to say the least, was very good; and we are sorry he did not seem to appreciate its worth, for he read it in a manner unworthy of the story itself and of his own powers as a speaker. We ourselves were near enough to Mr. Burrow to catch every word, carelessly and low though they were uttered, and we have no doubt that had he read as he ought to have read it he would have won more honor for himself and given more pleasure to his hearers. As it was, however, he is deserving of no little praise.

We now come to Mr. J. G. Taaffe, the last of the three. Mr. Taaffe's version was in one of those good old ballad metres, especially suited to the character of the story. Although it is not to be judged by the same standard of excellence as the others, it was, in its own way and to our mind, perfect. Nor was the reading inferior or unsuited to the composition. Mr. Taaffe may well lay claims to our praise as may his worthy class-mates, Messrs. Wingerter and Burrow.

After all this poetry came some exquisite music by Mr. Charles Livingstone in the shape of a cornet solo. Mr. Livingstone drew an encore from his audience. He has our congratulations for his success and our thanks for his good will in wishing us "happy dreams."

Then came an examination of the class in the precepts of Rhetoric. Rev. Fr. Fagan did not spare his boys. He questioned them right and left. He confided in them, and they did not prove unworthy of his confidence. Mr. Jno. C. McNeilly then favored us with a declamation. The piece was a very pathetic one, and Mr. McNeilly, alive to all its tender sadness, wrought upon the sympathies of the audience. He was very earnest in reciting, and, we assure him, his hearers were as earnest in listening. The song called "Boyhood Days" was intoned heartily by the whole class. It was one of the most pleasant features of the entertainment. Mr. Jos. Walsh's paper on the "Attic Stage" was exhaustively written, and would have been exhaustively read had a gentleman other than Mr. Walsh attempted to read it in the same manner. But Mr. Walsh has a lung power somewhat above the ordinary. We commend his way of reading; he has a voice to use with advantage, and he knows how to make good use of it. What we have said of the class examination in the precepts of Rhetoric is applicable to the examination in the "Antigone."

We admired Mr. Jas. Keane's translation of the choral ode in "Antigone" for its choice diction and its faithful adherence to the original—this, to our mind, is the highest praise which can be given to a metrical translation, and of this

praise, we have no doubt, Mr. Keane is deserving. At this juncture Mr. Livingstone once more favored us with one of his ever welcomed solos. Here he was again encored. Anacreon's beautiful ode to Spring, first translated and read by Mr. Thos. Doherty, was given in English verse by Messrs. John McNeilly and John Ryan. The former gentleman's version was worthy of praise for its fidelity to the original; and the latter gentleman's, for its happy expression. Both were excellent. Mr. Taaffe followed with an all but perfect declamation. At times a sameness of gesture and tone seemed to mar its good effect; but on the whole it does Mr. Taaffe no little amount of credit. Mr. James Boylan then gave us a piece of music, which our friends the rhetoricians have dubbed March, "Class of '90." This, we suppose, is a figure of Rhetoric; for, we dare say, the class of '91, or '92, ay, even '93 has as much right to seize on a march, and dub it March, Class so and so. Mr. Jas. Keane closed the entertainment by thanking the audience for their attention. Rev. Fr. Provincial then rose. He said he was very well pleased with the entertainment, praised especially the two translations of Anacreon, with Mr. Keane's choral ode, the narrative poems of Messrs. Wingerter, Burrows and Taaffe, and last, though not least, Mr. Whelan's latin discourse. We hope that the excellent example which the class of '90 has set will be worthily emulated by the classes that are to follow in their footsteps.

D. A., '91.

WENLOCK OF WENLOCK.

On Shrove Tuesday E. O. T. presented "Wenlock of Wenlock," and so acceptably that by special request it was repeated on March 18th, for the benefit of friends outside. The invitations were heartily responded to and a well filled hall greeted its second representation.

The play is excellently adapted for us here and we must compliment the Rev. Moderator on its selection. It is, we believe, its first presentation at St. John's and we feel sure that from this out it will be a prominent feature of our dramatic repertory. It is written by Wilkes, the author of the "Seven Clerks," "Secret Service," etc., himself an actor, and displays a knowledge of stage effect such as only one thoroughly acquainted with practical dramatics could have had. The situations are telling, well introduced, and carefully led up to. The characters except, perhaps, *Cynewulf*, are shadowy, but the story lends an interest that carries the spectators on in delightful, if not quite thrilling suspense, until the very end.

The time of the drama is the Eleventh or Twelfth Century, shortly after the Norman Conquest, just the time of *Ivanhoe*, with which the drama has more than one feature in common. The plot, some of the characters in which were modified to suit the impersonators of them, is briefly this:

Cynewulf, the Saxon, with characteristic love of liberty refuses to yield to the Norman Baron Wenlock of Wenlock who has been arbitrarily assigned as his feudal lord. The haughty Norman ruthlessly burns Cynewulf's home, slays his wife and compels him to take to the mountains. The Saxon leaves his son to the care of an old retainer in the village who brings him up as his own child. In the first scene the

son and father meet and the child is repelled by the Mosstrooper's rough appearance. The feeling fades away, however, when he learns of his father's heroic love of liberty and his self sacrificing efforts against the Norman oppressors.

Cynewulf, or Wulf, as he is called in the play, has come to the village, secretly, from fear of Wenlock, but through his spies the Baron hears of it and resolves to take the Saxon's son and thus perhaps bring the father to terms.

He does so, claiming him as his serf since he was born on his domain, but only after being threatened with the curse of the Church by the friar, whom the villagers have called to prevent the injustice. It is the first step of his prophesied downfall.

"When the western turret totters and falls,
When the black mantle floats in the midnight halls,
With the curse of a priest, a child's scream of woe,
Shall Wenlock of Wenlock to darkness go."

The very night that the child is taken a prisoner to the castle, the spirit of the black mantle is seen. The next day the place is stormed by the Saxon peasants headed by Wulf and his band of Mosstroopers from their hiding place in the mountains. The jester, ill-treated by his harsh Norman master, escapes from the castle by a secret passage and is captured by the Saxons and compelled to conduct them into the castle. They come upon Wenlock just in time to save Wulf's son whom, the Baron, enraged at being besieged in his castle by a horde of Saxon boors, is on the point of putting to death.

Wenlock dies by Wulf's sword just as the black mantle appears for the last time.

From this short sketch something of the interest of the plot may be gathered, though scarce anything of its dramatic effectiveness. The comic element, impersonated by the jester and the tailor, gives variety and spice to the action, and is admirably introduced to relieve the heavier parts.

The title role was filled by Mr. J. Heffern. It was one of the careful impersonations that that gentleman has been giving us in so many plays of late. As the haughty Baron, angered by what seems to him Saxon presumption, and defiant even of fate, his acting was magnificently done, and he fully deserved the applause that was lavishly bestowed on him.

Wulf, the real hero of the piece, was well represented by Mr. J. Blun. His apostrophe to liberty and his declaration of his resolve to be revenged disclosed powers of declamation that even his friends had not credited him with.

The favorites of the evening were, as usual, the comic characters—the jester, presented by Mr. McNeilly, the tailor, by Mr. Dunn. Both have shown their powers before, and both added not a little to their already flourishing and well deserved reputations amongst us. Mr. McNeilly's appearance was always the signal for bursts of laughter, to be continued until his exit. This was due not to the comic-alities of words or situation alone, but to the really excellent acting. Some of the by-play was exquisitely done.

The acting of Master Thomas Sinclair as Elwan Wulf's son, was one of the most entertaining features of the evening. We can foresee a grand future for college dramatics if the

Hall will furnish a few more such recruits. Mr. Joseph Morris, as Hubert A. Lyle and Mr. T. A. Daly, as Oswick, his son, deserve a mention for painstaking and studied delineation of character that were important to the story, and by no means easy to act.

The others sustained their parts with that judicious intelligent appreciation of the characters that is always a trait in our dramatic performances, and was a particular feature in this one. There was scarcely a weak point in the cast. The scenes, though no new ones had been painted for the performance, had all the charm of novelty. New arrangements and a variation from the conventional manner of setting old flies produced some surprising effects. Some of the scenes were models of tasty arrangement, and all had an element of freshness that added not a little to the genuine success of the play. The stage effects were managed with a

completeness of illusion quite professional and we owe much to stage managers and property men for the smoothness with which everything went off.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Historical Society held a meeting on February 28th, and elected officers as follows: Pres., J. W. Heffern, '89; V. Pres., J. C. McNeilly, '90; Rec. Sec., J. P. Whelan, '90; Cor. Sec., J. I. Blun, '89; Treasurer, Louis Mehia, S. S.

At the meeting of March 13, J. N. Aylward read a very interesting essay on St. Thomas; a compendium of the age of Henry VIII. was read by D. J. Dowdney. The project of securing a lecturer was discussed and many names were considered by the society, so that it is certain that we will listen to a public lecturer in the near future.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. G. TAAFFE, '90.

IN the February issue of the *Concordinsis*, Union College, appears an excellent article on the advantages of small colleges, in which the writer sets forth some sound and convincing arguments to uphold his opinion. He divides his subject well and considers it respectively in regard to the moral assistance, the superior advantages for study, the more marked freedom from those distractions arising from base ball and atheletic sports, and the still greater advantages arising from an intimate acquaintance and constant contact with the professors and instructors, to be found in the numberless smaller institutions of learning scattered throughout our country. There are several other equally interesting articles in this issue and, on the whole, it makes a very creditable appearance.

—The *Fayette Collegian* usually makes a neat appearance, and the January number, which has only just come to hand, is no exception to the general rule. It contains some very creditable reading matter, but seems to have a decided tendency, in the article on Lincoln and Davis, to wave the bloody shirt, to reopen the wounds and sores of twenty or thirty years ago, and kindle anew the flame of rancor and ill-feeling which is fast dying out in both North and South. Setting aside the spirit which seems to pervade the article, we would like to take exception to one or two expressions in it. The writer says that "Lincoln naturally infused the liberty and patriotism of the North; Davis the dignity and arrogance of the South." What did they infuse it into? Whom did they infuse it into? How did they infuse it? We think the writer is a trifle mixed as to the application of the word.

—The *Atlantic* (Richmond, Ky.), contains a very pretty poem on New Year's Eve. The same paper has the audacity

to perpetrate on us that simple, winning, but, alas! so heavy and chestnuttty tale of the "newly married couple on the train coming into the town of Sawyer; and the brakeman, etc., etc." Alas! why will ye thus thrust forth on a cold, unfeeling world these decrepit and time worn witticisms? Have mercy on them. Pity the sorrows of a poor old joke and leave it to pass away the rest of its existence in peace and quiet.

—We are glad to welcome to our Sanctum the February number of the *Echo* (Olivet, Mich.). The *Echo* is as yet in its infancy, but gives promise of much greater things in the future, if we may be allowed to judge by present indications. "Coming events," it is said, "cast their shadows before."

—The *Wesleyan Argus* of this month has a very pretty ballade, entitled "The Ballade of the Lost Comrade," which reads very fairly; but there is hardly anything else in the paper worth reading, with the exception, perhaps, of a few items of local interest.

—The *Sunbeam* (Whitby, Ont.), bright as ever, has again found its way into our Sanctum, to cheer us up in our hours of loneliness, and dispel the gloomy clouds that overshadow our poetic mind and cast their baneful influence over us. The *Sunbeam* is always welcome.

—The consistency shown by the contributors to the *College Student* (Lancaster, Pa.) is certainly remarkable in its way. It is as unique and extraordinary, after its own particular fashion, as that poetic (?) inspiration which is so striking a characteristic of the same paper and which occasionally bursts forth in such effusions as "The dudelet and the goatlet." In the February issue, in an article on "Wallenstein," bristling from beginning to end with bigotry

and venom, the writer confronts us with the startling assertion, that "In his total absence of bigotry and in his desire for religious toleration, in his detestation of the Jesuits and his hatred of priests generally, he was certainly much in advance of his period." Such a collection of contradictions needs no comment from us; we leave it to the good sense and judgment of our readers. As for its unfortunate author our only prayer is, that as he grows in years he may grow in sense and intelligence, and learn, in the course of time, that "consistency is a jewel."

—The Yale library is the largest college library in the country, containing 200,000 bound volumes. Harvard is second, with 165,000; and Cornell third, with 150,000.—*Ex.*

—Cap and gown have been adopted at Haverford and Lehigh.—*Ex.*

—The University of Pennsylvania base-ball club has a cage which is 220 feet long by 110 feet high.

—Students before they can enter the University of Mississippi must swear that they have no fire arms about them, nor will have while attending the university.

—It is the intention of the New York Club managers to present a handsome silk trophy to the College Club making the best showing against the New Yorks in the spring games.

—The ruler of China, the dowager Empress, has ordered for the benefit of "the son of heaven" that Shakespeare shall be translated into Chinese,

—One of the most interesting features of college life at Amherst is the developement of the college senate. This is a body of college students composed of four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman, elected by their respective classes, whose president is the president of the college, and who decides upon all matters that pertain to order or college decorum. Their decision is not valid without the approval of the president; but with his approval it is binding upon the whole college.

—George Bancroft, the historian, is the only surviving member of the class of 1817, at Harvard, and the eldest living graduate in college seniority. He is, however, younger in years than three survivors of the class of 1818, viz.: Sidney Bartlett, aged 90; Rev. Francis A. Farley and Rev. Wm. Goddard, each 89. Mr. Bancroft will be 88 in October next,

—One million dollars have been subscribed for the erection of a college at Washington, D. C., for the education of Indians.

—A papal brief approving the statutes of the Washington University will appear soon. The Pope authorizes the professors of the university to confer academical degrees in philosophy, theology and canonical law. In conclusion, the brief places the university under the control of the American Primate, the Pope reserving the right of revising the programme of instruction.

—The two Argentine universities, under the patronage of the government, are among the best in South America, and rank with Yale and Harvard in curriculum and standard of education. The public school system also is under the patronage of the government, under a compulsory education law, and includes all grades from the kindergarten to the normal school. There are thirty colleges and normal schools for the higher education of men and women in the republic, and 2 267 public schools.

—At the Johns Hopkins University meeting, on Washington's Birthday, President Gilman asked the friends of the institution to raise for it a bounty of \$100,000 to aid its current expenses. This sum, he said, would make certain the university's smooth running for three years, and by that time he hoped the dividend paying of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad would be resumed.

—Some time ago a movement was inaugurated in Paris to establish a library in which only the works of women were to have a place. The completion of the scheme has just been crowned by a public opening by Carmen Sylvia, the Queen of Roumania, who was chosen President of the Library.

—The Trustees of Princeton have given Dr. McCosh a pension of \$2,500, whether engaged in his duties or not.—*Ex.*

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

H. C. QUACKENBOSCH, '89.

—Our players are indulging in all the wild vagaries of base ball with never a thought of flowers and the gentle gales of Spring. In consequence of this spirit an aesthetic member of the Division has dubbed them Philistines.

—We shall no more this season need the instructions of our genial guide, Mr. Lynch. He has gone back to the Metropolitans to reap anew the laurels he gained in former years.

—Our stage has lately undergone extensive repairs. That they were much needed has been amply proved by the facility and success with which the scenic part of our last play was conducted. Much space also has been gained by the new dispositions of the wings and drops.

—It is with regret that we announce the departure of Mr. Mulry, S. J., from amongst us. He has been obliged to go South for the sake of his health. The Division has reason to be grateful to him for the interest which he has even taken in the Parthenian Sodality. May he soon return thoroughly restored to health.

—That Lieutenant Squiers' work during the winter months has

not been an unfruitful one was well proven last Sunday afternoon. The cadets really made a splendid appearance and compelled admiration from the spectators.

—There is a great deal of interest manifested just now in athletic sports. Our new talent, and our old, too, are to be seen on the ball field braving all the chilling winds of March as in sporting costume they practice all the different features of the coming contest.

—The Junior Class, on March 20th, treated the College to a very pleasant and instructive exhibition of class work. Rev. Fr. Provincial was present and from the close attention that he paid throughout, we gather that he was very much interested in it.

—The Historical Society still goes flourishingly on. It has been the means of our passing some very pleasant hours of late.

—Our representative at the N. A. A. A. games held on March 2d, did honor to our Fordham Association. He was the victor in the seventy-five yards dash, and with it the winner of a handsome gold medal.

—The following men have been chosen to uphold the honor and fame of the Rose Hills for the coming year: D. Kieran, J. Clare,

M. Sweeney, D. Hanrahan, T. Daly, T. Carmody, R. Carmody, D. Orpheus, J. Keane, P. Callan, M. Hickey and V. Delany.

—The Gorhams, a semi-professional club, will be the first outside team to have a game with the Rose Hills. We are promised on that occasion the pleasure of listening to some very original coaching.

—The members of the Junior Class, on March 22d, attended a matinee at one of the theatres in the city. The play was the "Electra of Sophocles." It was produced by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The only drawback, in their minds, to complete success was the fact that it was presented in an English garb, and not in its original Greek.

—The annual spring meeting at the Fordham College Athletic Association will take place on April the 21st and 23d. Trial heats will be run on the first day. On the 23d the final heats will occur. The events are scratch, with gold medal to the winner, and silver medal to the one that holds second place. The first three men in each event will be allowed to compete at the Inter-collegiate Meeting, which is to be held on May the 25th.

—The new suits for the Rose Hills are almost ready. They are made from Providence grey flannel with maroon trimmings. The name "Rose Hills," in maroon letters, is to adorn the shirt front of each suit.

—The following games have been arranged for the month of April :

April 2d.	Brooklyns, at Brooklyn.
April 4th.	Gorhams, at Fordham.
April 6th.	Newarks, at Newark.
April 7th.	Sylvanus, at Fordham.
April 14th.	Pastime Athletics, at Fordham.
April 21st.	Mott Havens, at Fordham.
April 27th.	Lehigh University, at Fordham.

—The base ball season was opened last Sunday by a game with the Invincibles of Second Division. The only noteworthy feature of the game was the fact that the Invincibles have some very promising players among them.

SECOND DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

—We have been the victims of credulity. Some time ago we were led to cherish as true the rumor that school would close on June 15th. Our delusion has been wrested from us, and in its stead we are allowed to solace ourselves with the authoritative statement that Commencement Day will be, as usual, the last Wednesday in June.

—Our new division library, like some of our friends, has been attesting its youthful vigor by its growth. Many new books are being added to it. Those who have been granted the special favor of being allowed a peep at their contents, promise our dealers in romance a rare treat. As a result some are longing for the day when it will be thrown open to the public.

—We are glad to announce that Mr. Faye is back again at his old position of Collector for the Holy Childhood.

—The muffled strains of song that of late have been making their way, at a rather late hour of the night, through deal door and oak up to the dormitories have put their occupants on the tip-toe of expectation. We are sure that is not going to prove a case of "distance lends enchantment to the view."

—It has been suggested that in true medieval style our Glee Club serenade us from time to time when the moon is full. They will thus have a chance of learning whether any soporific germs lurk behind their notes. It might be a good step to take before the public exhibition.

—Rumor has of late so often played us false that it is with a

skeptical ear we listen to the story that a celebrated pitcher from First Division is to select worthy material, batteries especially, for the re-organized Invincibles and then give them a few of the finer points of the game. We think it might be well were he to widen the circle of his patronage and educate some of the batteries that are daily on the field. A curve that knows no law save the law of contact with on-lookers surely needs to be reclaimed from its erring way.

—Mr. Willis, who, on account of health, has been away from us for quite a long time, has come back renewed, so he tells us, in body and mind. Mr. Joseph Brown has also returned. He is looking well.

—The air for the last week has been so balmy that all thoughts of snow seem strangely out of place. Yet, while the snow lasted, we had many an exciting encounter with First Division. We were not always successful in our sallies; we revenged ourselves, however, when chance threw some solitary member in our way.

—Speculation is rife as to the new status of the Invincibles. There is an abundance of material and good-will on the Division and we see no reason why we should not have a very good team this year.

—Those whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of base ball had ample opportunity for indulging it during the late pleasant spell. Numerous batteries dotted the field. It is safe to say that as yet no phenomenals have been discovered. The diamond, through the efforts of our Prefect, has been put in excellent condition, and is now the land of probation and test for those who aspire to positions on the ball team.

—The billiard-room in consequence of the fine ball weather of the past week has suffered a real exodus. It is now as lonely as in midsummer, save for the faithful few who still haunt its precincts with unshaken devotion.

—St. Patrick's Day was spent in a very quiet way; our patriotic feelings venting themselves in no more boisterous way than the wearing of the green of all kinds and hues from a silk rosette down to a piece of billiard cloth. In the evening the boys contented themselves with singing a few of the more famous melodies.

—Mr. Bertier, of lawn tennis fame, is just now busy forming a tennis association. His efforts have met with great success, the new club numbering already fifteen members. A tournament has been mooted to take place in the near future.

—On Friday last a meeting was held for the purpose of electing the officers of the base ball association. Excitement ran high at times. The following results, however, were gotten: President, A. Hart; Vice-president, W. Ronan; Treasurer, F. McCann; Secretary, B. McKeown; Manager, T. Burke.

—Stray bits of chords and choruses stealthily purloined from the rehearsals of our new glee club are heard irrespective of time and place all over the Division. The fact we regard as a delicate compliment to the success of the glee club.

—Some one has been mischievous enough to start the rumor that certain members of the club are already suffering from the first symptoms of stage fright, caused by the thought of the approaching entertainment. For the cure of this malady we refer them to the late debutant from St. John's Hall, who has been kind enough to inform us that "it is not very difficult to stand upon the stage and be looked at."

—Rev. Fr. O'Reilly, who was Moderator a few years ago of the St. Stanislas Sodality, spent a few pleasant hours with us a short time ago. He did find some of his old boys on Second Division, although many are now on First.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

—We are more than delighted that spring days have come. We may now play outside in the fresh air.

—St. Stanislaus' Sodality held a reception on March 19th, the

feast of St. Joseph, at which several new applicants were received into membership with the Sodality.

—In our own way we think our base ball team is as of much importance as that of either Second or First Division. One of our smallest members has put the question "Why couldn't we have some one to teach our club just as the Rose Hills have?"

—A green ribbon was the badge of the Hall on St. Patrick's Day. It was worn regardless of nationality.

—Among those proposed for the captaincy of the Tyros, George Rosado seems to be the most favored candidate. His captaining of the team last year has won the applause of all.

—We do not seem to have been the losers by our generosity in sending up recruits to swell the ranks of Second Division. Several new comers have already stepped in to fill up the vacant places.

—The Tyros have already crossed bats with their larger brethren of Second, and in the two games played they have proved themselves worthy of their name. It is uncertain whether the defeat is to be put down to umpire or to the superior size of their opponents. New base ball suits have been ordered for them, so it is said, to pay for which an entertainment has been proposed.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

—Rev. Fr. Campbell, our rector of last year, has been staying with us for the past week. The affection in which he is held by the students has been largely increased, we are sure, by the granting of a holiday.

—Rev. Fr. Roche, our Pennsylvania friend, and a warm encourager and patron of the MONTHLY, favored us with a visit at the opening of the month.

—These genial days of spring have brought other things than swallows and fair weather. They have brought in their train many a face we hadn't seen in a long time. We are always pleased to see our old students visit us. It is a gratifying proof that St. John's still retains a place in their affections.

—Capt. Malloy, the lost one, whom Tom Kelly, our sojourner in the land of the Germans, has been so eagerly inquiring after, has at last come back to the fold. He is looking well, Tom, and still has that soldierly bearing of old.

—We have had the unexpected pleasure of a visit from our old student, Hugh Waldron. He is at present a naval cadet at the Annapolis Academy. His honors and uniform quite become him. His brother, William Waldron, also favored us with a visit lately.

—P. Hopkins, '88, was with us for awhile this month. Canker-ing cares do not seem to have wrought much of a change in him.

—Rev. Fr. Zwingi, S. J., dropped in lately. He finds Fordham much changed for the better since he was here as a student. He cannot say the same for the village itself. In his opinion it has been asleep for quite a space.

—Many and anxious have been the inquiries of the students after the health of Mr. Coyle, S. J. We are glad to announce that he is now out of all danger and almost restored to health again.

—Our Seminarian friends, John J. Doyle, '87; Thos. Riley, '88, and P. Lennon, '88, did not forget us during their late vacations. They spent a couple of happy hours here chatting with their old friends.

—We are sorry to have lost Mr. Mulry, S. J. He has been obliged to go South on account of ill health.

—Drs. Butler, '84, Dunn, '84, and Leitner, '85, attended the play on the 18th instant. There is always a feeling of security when so many of the "profession" are around.

—Mr. F. D. Dowley, '83, LL.B. and Mr. Martin O'Shea, whom many an old second "divisioner" will recall with pleasure, favored us on the same evening. Mr. Dowley is looking very well. We are surprised that the ex editor in chief, whose articles on old Fordham institutions we read with ever so much pleasure only a few days ago, should not visit a little oftener the scenes he wrote about too well not have happy memories of them.

—Mr. Tom Shea, '87, called on us on Sunday, the 24th. Tom is looking very well. We understand he is to be a member of the Columbia ball team this year.

MONTHLY TESTIMONIALS.

Rhetoric: James J. Keane, Thomas A. Doherty.

Belles-Lettres: James A. Dunn, Francis J. Donovan, James Slevin.

Classics: John J. Perilliat, Rudolfo Gutierrez, Paul Conniff, Eugene Lamb.

First Latin Grammar: Francis S. Renasco.

Second Latin Grammar: Christopher I. Tighe.

Special Latin: John B. Barrington, John J. Noonan, John E. Kelly.

Third Latin Grammar: William Boyle, John Mulcahy, J. Harding Fisher.

English Rhetoric: William J. Gallagher, William A. Conway, Gilbert Egan, Joseph J. Dougherty.

English Belles-Lettres: Kenneth F. Ives.

First English Grammar: Robert Stark, Edward Uribe, Bartholomew Donegan, Timothy McLaughlin, William Stark, José Vasquez, Gustave Bertrand.

Rudiments: Benjamin Edge, Stephen Lett, Arthur Kenedy.



SING HAPPY LAND.

F H.

WHEN April comes by dale and hill,
And lightly walks upon the earth,
And laughing flings out daffodil,
To deck brown fields at Springtide's birth,
Sing happy land
For joy's at hand.

When busy insects stir their wings,
And buds peep shyly from their beds,
And robin to his mate soft sings,
And grasses raise their waving heads,
Sing happy land,
For joy's at hand.

When chilling mists melt from the sea,
And skies do grow more blue and fair,
When green leaves burst on every tree,
And tender blooms do scent the air,
Sing happy land,
For joy's at hand.

POPULAR CUSTOMS AT EASTER TIDE.

S. F.

THE Transition from the days of Holy Week to those of Easter is one from sorrow and depression to that of joy and merriment. This difference is readily seen in the customs peculiar to the two great weeks. Those commemorative of Holy Week are sorrowful in their nature, while those proper to Easter are of a happy, joyous kind. The people of former times well understood this distinction, as will be easily seen from their customs. On Good Friday they celebrated the custom of making Christ's bed. After assisting at the ceremonies of the day the youths and maidens used to meet together, and going to the river gather a large quantity of long reed leaves. These they wove together into the shape of a man. Then laying the figure on a wooden cross they brought it to a retired part of a field or garden where they left it—a custom somewhat changed from the one Barnaby Gooze describes in his translation of Nao Georgus:

"Another image they do get, like one but newly dead,
With legges stretched out at length, and hands upon his body
spread;
And him with pomp and sacred song they beare unto his grave."

The customs celebrated at Easter tide have undergone a complete change in tone, and of these we will now mention a few. On the eve of Easter great preparations, we are told, are made for the finishing of Lent in the middle district of Ireland. Many a fat hen and dainty piece of bacon is put into the pot by the cotter's wife at about eight or nine o'clock, and woe to the person who should dare to taste it before the cock crows. As the few remaining hours of Lent slowly drag themselves on, expectation is a tip toe, and when twelve o'clock rings out all feelings of restraint give way before the laughing and dancing and clapping of hands. In the midst of it all is heard the loud cry, "out with Lent!" Merriment reigns supreme for a space, when all retire and are up betimes to see the sun dance in honor of the Resurrection of Our Lord. The people of the last century were too credulous and possessed too much simplicity to refuse for a moment to believe that the sun did not actually cut some caper or other away off in space on Easter Day. Knowing and simple alike put their trust in this "solary" phenomenon, preferring to believe that Nature itself felt sympathy with the doings of its Master. Wiseacres, however, have since laughed at them and their belief and dubbed it by the harsh name of superstition. A writer in the "British Apollo" puts on it an even still more sinister construction:

"Old wives, Phœbus, say
That on Easter Day
To the music of the spheres do you caper:
If the fact, sir, be true,
Pray let's the cause know
When you have any room in your paper,"

"The old wives get merry,
With spic'd ale or sherry
On Easter, which makes them romance,
And while in a rout
Their brains whirl about,
They fancy we caper and dance."

But good old Sir Thomas Browne, in his chapter "compensively of many popular customs and opinions," writes in a strain the most charitable of all: "We shall not, I hope disparage the resurrection of our Redeemer, if we say the sun doth not dance on Easter day. And, although we would willingly assent unto any sympathetical exultation, yet we cannot conceive therein any more than a tropical expression. Whether any such motion there were in that day wherein Christ arose, Scripture hath not revealed, which hath been punctual in other records concerning solary miracles; and the Areopagite, that was amazed at the eclipse, took no notice of this. And if metaphorical expressions go so far, we may be bold to affirm, not only that one sun danced, but two arose that day; that light appeared at his nativity, and darkness at his death; and yet a light at both; for even that darkness was a light unto the Gentiles, illuminated by that obscurity."

As Poor Robin says:

"At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will it rue."

No new custom this, but, as the phrase is, as old as the hills. It is a consolation to find that our ancestors of a century back had a touch of vanity in them and were as fond of appearing in brand new clothes at Easter as we are to-day. There is this difference, however, betwixt us and them: very little was required of them for the observance of the custom. Fashion then was not the imperious mistress that it is now-a-days. Maidens then found no great difficulty in satisfying its whims and vagaries, a piece of new ribbon being sufficient to appease it. It was just as lenient towards the sterner sex, if we can believe Mr. Barnes, our Dorsetshire poet:

"Laste Easter I put on my blue
Frock cuot, the vust time, vier new;
Wi' yaller buttons aal o' brass,
That glitter'd in the zun lik glass;
Bekaize 'twere Easter Zunday."

This renovation in dress, however, was not the only mark of Easter. In fact it was looked upon as the opening day of a new season wherein everything that served to remind one of the dreary winter just past must be banished out of sight. "This daye is called Godde's Sunday. Ye know well that it is the manner of this daye to do the fyre out of the hall, and the black wynter brandes, and all the thynges that is foule with funi and smoke shall be done awaye; and there the fyre was shall be gayly arrayed with faire floures and strewed with grene rysshes all aboute."

A lady writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* gives us a description of a peculiar custom gone through with on Easter Monday, in which children only participated. It was called "Clipping the Church." "When I was a child," she writes, "as sure as Easter Monday came I was taken to see the children clip the churches. The ceremony was performed amid crowds of people and shouts of joy, by the children of the different charity schools, who, at a certain hour flocked together for the purpose. The first comers placed themselves hand in hand with their backs against the church, and were joined by their companions who gradually increased in number till at last the chain was of sufficient length to completely surround the sacred edifice. As soon as the hand of the last of the train had grasped that of the first, the party broke up and marched in procession to the other church (for in those days Birmingham boasted but of two) where the ceremony was repeated."

The children, however, had another custom in which we may be sure they took far more delight. In merry little groups, miniature minstrels begging a small pittance, they used to go from farm house to farm house begging "pasch eggs," or, as they are also called, "paste eggs;" eggs, as we are carefully informed, that were boiled pretty hard so as not to break in the pocket. Trolling with their sweet voices the pleasant little ditty,

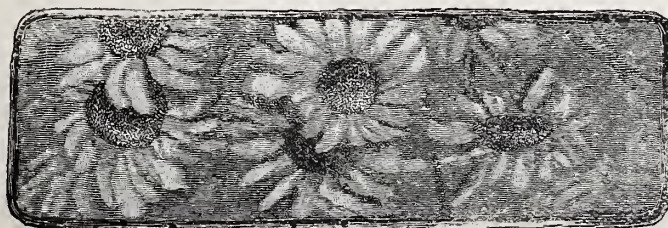
"Eggs, bacon, apples or cheese,
Bread or corn, if you please,
Or any good thing that will make us merry,"

they were sure to obtain their request. Then began the merriment. Rolling them along the ground, throwing them up in the air, or in the more serious sport of gaming with them, they made the hills and valleys resound with the joyous doings of Easter. The picture was enlivened too by a practice which has managed to withstand the neglect and decay put upon so many of our old Easter customs, and exists to-day just as it did of yore, namely: the custom of proving who had the hardest eggs by challenging your rival to give blow for blow.

"Every Easter Tuesday, in pursuance of an ancient custom," says an old chronicler, "the boys of Christ's Hospital,

London, pay a visit to the Mansion House, and receive from the Lord Mayor the customary Easter gifts. On reaching the Mansion House they march into the Egyptian Hall, and as they pass the Mayor receive a gratuity in coins fresh from the mint. To the fifteen Grecians a guinea each is given; to the nine probationers half a guinea; to the monitors half a crown, and to the ordinary scholars a shilling each. Each boy also receives before leaving a glass of wine and two buns. The boys wear linen badges on which is inscribed the words, "He is Risen." After this ceremony the Lord Mayor with his lady and the rest of the civic authorities go in state to Christ's Church there to listen to the customary "spital sermon."

In times gone by Easter was the very synonym for mirth and innocent sports. Essentially a religious feast, its customs were all symbolic in some way or other of the Resurrection of Our Lord. For a time before the great reformation this relation between the customs and the feast they commemorated was well understood; but all this connection between them has ceased. Then came the great religious upheaval which, like a blight, either swept them out of existence, or if it did allow them to remain, it was only after their nature had undergone a radical change. From being fitting commemorations of the greatest feast in the Church's calendar, they descended to the level of purely profane celebrations, and in many cases, as an almost natural sequence, they took on a character far otherwise than innocent and religious, as may be seen in the custom of *heaving* where the men on one day used to seize whatever woman they met in the street and raise her aloft four times, demanding at the end the usual fee of a kiss, whilst the women reciprocated on the men the next. We, to day, still retain a few of the old English customs, but, as has been said, with us they are completely shorn of their symbolic character. Whoever, nowadays, sees in our two great Easter customs, that of the Easter eggs, and the custom of appearing in new clothes on that day, anything of a religious or symbolic nature? Yet each was primarily a religious custom and had a direct reference to the great feast of the season. But their deeper meaning is gone, and it is left us now to enjoy things decrepit and expressionless.



THE SONG OF ROLAND.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

WE are told that Voltaire, when at work with his "Henriade," was urged by a nobleman, who seems to have been a moving power in the literary circles of the day, not to finish his poem, because the French did not take to epic poetry. This was true, for no other reason than that epic poetry did not take to the French. Voltaire, of course, finished his poem, and it passed as an epic in France, but not among the other great nations of the earth, which would never accord the "Henriade" a place with the Iliad, with the Æneid, and with the other great epic poems. So the warlike and romantic land of France, oddly enough, was justly accused of not having her epic. Nor was the want supplied by Beranger's "Souvenirs du Peuple," despite the widespread and merited popularity of the Napoleonic idylls. But centuries before Beranger sang of the "Little Corporal" to the French peasantry, an unknown minstrel, a wandering Homer, had sung the "Song of Roland" to the people of mediæval Gaul, although the echoes of it had faded "along the corridors of Time," forgotten even by the ear of France herself. No longer can Greece, Italy, England and Spain fling the "Henriade" scornfully in the face of France; she, too, has her Achilles, her Æneas, her Arthur, and her Cid—she has her Roland. Yet France seems to have been altogether ignorant of her true epic, the most Homeric poem out of Homer, until some years ago an industrious and learned literary antiquary took the pains to have it put into language intelligible to his modern countrymen. The translation of the poem from the old idiom into the new and from the assonant rhythm into modern rhyme, is not, perhaps, what the French would term "par excellence," yet we dare say that Mr. O'Hagan's English version is a very happy one; nor do we doubt that the poem read in English has a greater charm than when read in French; this, of course, is due more to the superiority of the English over the French ballad.

The theme of the poem is the disaster which befell the rear guard of Charlemagne's army at Roncesvalles. After his incursion into Spain, in which he failed to subdue Saragossa and razed Pampeluna to the ground, having made a favorable treaty with the enemy, Charlemagne returned to France. As the rear guard of his army was passing through a defile in the Pyrenees, it was attacked by a host of Basques who, lightly armed and familiarly acquainted with the locality, had no great trouble in killing the Franks to the last man. Among the number of the slain is given the name of Roland Huiotlandus, Prefect of the March of Brittany. This is the history of the event, come we now to the story.

Instead of the Basques, we have the enormous army of the Saracen power in Spain. Roland, the hero of the poem, historically known simply as Prefect of the March of Brittany, is the Emperor's nephew, his cherished and trusted com-

mander. He is in the prime of life, full of strength and martial ambition, but likewise full of love and loyalty toward his uncle and emperor. He has often been called the Christian Achilles; nor is it a slight resemblance he bears to Homer's hero, but a very striking one, when we remember that the unlettered author, or authors, of the poem cannot be thought to have read the Iliad. Like Achilles, Roland is dauntless in battle; and, like Achilles, he is hot headed, proud and rash. As Achilles refuses to fight against the Trojans, after his quarrel with Agamemnon, so Roland refuses to sound his horn in the "sepulchral strait" of Roncesvalles for the aid of Charlemagne, after he had promised him to hold the Saracens in check with his twenty thousand Franks alone. This, with his rash defiance of Ganelon, is Roland's sin; and, unfortunately, it does not prove temporarily fatal to the Franks, as Achilles' defiance of and quarrel with Agamemnon has to the Greeks, but permanently so, because it brings about Roland's own death.

Charlemagne, who as a matter of history was but thirty-six years of age at the time, is represented as being in the sunset of life; his hoary beard streams down over mail and belt, and his enemies deem him supernatural, attributing to him some two hundred years of age, and counting him still as vigorous as Alexander at twenty eight. His mien is striking and majestic; he is every inch a king, and none who seek him among his knights may mistake him. Even Ganelon, the traitor, has a deep and sincere reverence for him, and calls him, in the teeth of his foes, the noblest of men and of princes, preferring to undergo death rather than abandon his service. Archbishop Turpin, stretched upon the fatal field, in his dying moments has no deeper sorrow than that he will look on his Emperor no more. As is the case with all great chieftains, Charlemagne tolerates freedom of speech among his knights even to open contradiction; but when once his command is given, it meets with unflinching obedience.

Olivier is Roland's Patroclus, and their friendship was to be bound by still stronger ties, Roland being betrothed to Alda, Olivier's sister. Olivier's consummate prudence contrasts with the headlong courage of Roland. The friends quarrel once only, when Roland at length determines to blow the horn, whose seasonable blast would have saved him and his comrades. Olivier, seeing all is lost, reproaches him; Roland takes the rebuke meekly and soon after is reconciled to his friend by Archbishop Turpin. Nothing, to our mind, is so beautifully conceived in the poem, or in any other poem, as the parting scene between Roland and Olivier. Olivier has been mortally wounded, and summons Roland to his side, who seeing all hope is gone, faints upon his horse. The song gives us the touching picture in the following words:

See Roland there on his charger swooned;
Olivier smitten with his death wound!

Olivier's eyes are clotted with blood, and when Roland approaches he smites him on his golden crest, piercing the helmet to the nasal, but no farther. Roland wonders at the blow, and accosts his companion, asking :

"Hast thou done it, my comrade, willingly?
 Roland, who loves thee so dear, am I;
 Thou hast no quarrel with me to seek?"
 Olivier answered, "I hear thee speak,
 But I see thee not. God seeth thee.
 Have I struck, dear brother? Forgive it me."
 "I am not hurt, O, Olivier;
 And, in sight of God, I forgive thee here."
 Then each to each his head hath laid,
 And in love like this was their parting made.

This is as original in conception as it is tender and pathetic in execution. A modern poet would have given a longer description of such a scene; and the Phidian hand of the laureate would have made it more than charming; but the mediæval minstrel chooses, not without reason, that his thought speak out for itself. Of Archbishop Turpin little may, and indeed little need be said. He is a prelate of the class which abounded during the crusades; full of faith and valor. One of his personal deeds of prowess at Roncesvalles makes the Franks cry out,

"Well the Archbishop his cross can save!"

Before the beginning of the battle he harangues the Franks, telling them they are to fight for their God and for their emperor; bids them cry "*mea culpa*," and for penance gives them to "smite their best." Turpin, it seems, is the least historical character in the poem; for, although Charlemagne may have had an Archbishop Turpin, or Tylpin, in his army, there is no historical proof to warrant his death at Roncesvalles.

Ganelon, the traitor, is not a traitor from intrinsic baseness, but from a sensitive and overbearing nature. He suspects that Roland, in mentioning him to Charlemagne as ambassador to King Marsil, is plotting against his life, expecting that he will meet the same doom as former envoys to the Saracen king. He thinks that Roland is Charlemagne's evil genius, urging him to wage perpetual war; and finally Roland's defiance and scorn rankles in his heart, until he wreaks his revenge. Another proof of Ganelon's nobility of character, despite his unpardonable crime, is the fact that his clients weep at his departure, fearing he will return no more, and ask him for leave to accompany him, which he nobly refuses. Having thus outlined the different characters of the poem, we will now proceed to give an abridgment of the story itself.

Saragossa still holds out against Charlemagne, who has been warring for seven years in Spain, subduing it on every side. The Saracen king, Marsil, sends an embassy to the Emperor, offering everything but a surrender; and his terms, albeit they smack of treachery, are accepted. Blancaudrin, a crafty old heathen, comes into the Christian camp as envoy from his king who, after musing much on the law of grace, is willing to barter a number of bears, lions, camels, hounds, and mules laden with silver and gold, and give up

his creed, for a termination of Charlemagne's long war in Spain. The Emperor turns to his council. Roland is the first to rise, saying with much displeasure, "This Marsil, believe him not!" Ganelon follows Roland, and urges Charlemagne to accept the terms. Upon the Emperor's approval of Ganelon's advice, Roland requites his step-father by proposing him as the envoy to Marsil. Ganelon leaps to his feet, throwing aside his mantle of fur, and with eyes gleaming in a fierce unrest, threatens Roland, saying:

"I promise to work thee seathe and strife
 Long as thou breathest the breath of life."

Roland laughs his threat to scorn. Ganelon plans his revenge, and departs on the embassy. He whispers to King Marsil that as long as Roland lives the Emperor will wage war, and suggests a plot to do away with the cause of so much bloodshed. The Emperor will retire from Spain through the pass of Cimra, and Roland and Olivier will bring up the rear guard with twenty thousand Franks. Thus Marsil may bring a hundred thousand against them, and weary them out although at the cost of many gallant lives—

"For another battle your powers be massed;
 Roland will sink overcome at last,"

and so Marsil may win his freedom.

Marsil's offer has been accepted by the Emperor, and the day of the retreat arrives. Charlemagne has been troubled by ominous dreams the night before. Upon his asking who is to bring up the rear, Ganelon cries out "Roland than whom none meets;" the Emperor confirms the proposal with a frown. Roland divines his step father's treacherous aims, but accepts; and with a look of scorn turns to Ganelon, crying—

"Ha! deem'st thou, dastard of dastard race,
 That I shall drop the glove in place,
 As in sight of Karl, thou didst drop the mace?"
 Then of his uncle he made demand:
 "Yield me the bow that you hold in hand;
 Never of me shall the tale be told,
 As of Ganelon erst, that it failed my hold."

The Emperor bows his head and yields him the bow, shedding tears in despite of himself.

Count Roland sprang to a hill-top's height,
 And donned his peerless armor bright;
 Laced his helm, for a baron made,
 Girt Durindana, gold-hilted blade.

At sight of his white pennon, with its rim of gold, the Franks exclaim, "We will follow thee!" Twenty thousand warriors crave admission to the rear guard, among whom are the twelve great Paladins; but in the meantime the Saracens have secretly occupied the neighboring mountain passes. Twelve Moslem princes, from the far East, vow themselves to fight the Christian Paladins. Here is a sketch of one of these Moslem:

Cherunbles is there from the valley black,
 His long hair makes on the earth its track;
 A load, when it lists him, he bears in play,
 Which four mules' burthen would well outweigh.

In his native country no sun shines, no rain falls, no corn springs, no dew drops and the very stones are black.

Before long the numberless host comes down from its ambush; but the Christians look upon them unmoved. Olivier tells Roland that the battle is at hand, whereupon the latter answers, "God grant it may be so!" After telling Olivier that the vessel endures and risks all things for his king, he exclaims:

"For mighty blows let our arms be strung,
Lest songs of scorn be against us sung,
With the Christian is good, with the heathen ill;
No dastard part shall ye see me fill."

This instinct of loyalty, ever ready to bear and forbear, Roland displays even towards Ganelon himself; for, when at the approach of the whole Saracen host Olivier cries that Ganelon has wrought the perfidy,

"Hush!" said Roland, "O Olivier,
No word be said of my step-sire here!"

Olivier, seeing the Franks outnumbered, bethinks him of the only hope remaining, and cries to his compeer:

"My comrade, Roland, sound on your horn;
Karl will hear and his host return."
"Twere mad," said Roland, "to do such deed;
Lost in France were my glory's mead."

* * * * *

"O Roland, sound on your horn,
To the ear of Karl shall the blast be borne;
He will bid his legions backward bend,
And all the barons their aid shall lend."

Roland says he will never bring shame on his race by a deed so unworthy of him. He is implored a third time, and a third time he refuses, urging

"It shall never be spoken of me in scorn,
That for the heathen felons one blast I blew!"

But he will give many a sturdy stroke, and his Durindana will drip with gore—

"Death were better than fame laid low;
Our Emperor loveth a downright blow."

The conflict consists not of one battle but of many. In the first the twenty thousand get the better of the hundred thousand; and one by one the twelve Paynim champions bite the dust beneath the chargers of the Christian Paladins. But the Franks have been reduced to a mere handful, while Margaris, a Saracen king, has forced his way through a mountain defile with sixty-thousand fresh heathens. The storm which the poet says swept over France is an incident nobly conceived, and reminds us of the wondrous signs in the heavens which foreran the assassination of Caesar and of the awful storm which overran the little rock of St. Helena and parts of Europe the day the First Napoleon died. Previous to the death of Roland an earthquake ran from Besancon to the Bay of Wissant, leaving not a house unrifted from St. Michael's mount to Cologne Cathedral; the sun refused its light, except an occasional lurid gleam;

people feared, and deemed the end of the world near at hand, but

"Alas! they spake with idle breath—
'Tis the great lament for Roland's death."

Still the immense army of Margaris is defeated. He returns to King Marsil, who renews the fight, seven thousand trumpets sounding the onset. The Archbishop blesses the Franks, and another battle ensues. Once more twelve Moslem champions are pitted against the Christian Paladins; but this time Frank falls as well as Saracen. Still the battle wavers, and King Marsil, bringing his last division, overpowers, by mere weight of numbers, the Franks, who are now reduced to sixty men with only three of the Paladins left, but these are the greatest of them all. Roland realizes the perilous situation and his former folly. He turns to his friend, but upon his suggestion of a blast from the horn,

"Twere a deed unknighly," said Olivier;
"Thou didst disdain when I sought and prayed;
Saved had we been with our Karls' aid."

Charlemagne is not to blame, and Olivier swears that should he ever look on his sister Alda, she shall never be Roland's. Archbishop Turpin makes peace between them; the horn is to be blown, and if Karl returns too late, they will at least not die graveless to be eaten by birds of prey. Roland draws his horn to his lips.

The mountain peaks soared high around,
Thirty leagues was borne the sound,
Karl hath heard it, and all his band,
"Our men have battle," he said "on hand;"
Ganelon rose in front and cried,
"If another speak, I would say he lied!"

Roland once more blows his horn. The Emperor hears it and says that a battle must be going on; this Ganelon refutes—

"He would sound all day for a single hare."

A third time Roland sounds his horn, but his mouth is full of blood—

Said Karl, "That horn is long of breath,"
Said Naimes, "'Tis Roland who travaileth!"

The Emperor commands a return, and orders Ganelon to be bound by kitchen knaves, flogged and shorn of his beard. Meanwhile Roland gazes around him; but he forgets himself, and his thoughts turn to France, and to those who for him have given up the lives he could neither shield nor save. Meanwhile in vain do the few remaining Christian warriors slay thousands of the Moslems. Olivier is mortally wounded. Roland looks on him, and then comes their parting whose beautiful description we have already given. The Saracens retreat from Roland and the Archbishop, but they wound them mortally from a distance. The trumpets of Charlemagne are heard at this crisis, and the infidels take to their heels. Roland takes the dying Turpin in his arms and lays him on the sward; he then gathers ten of the slain Paladins and places them about the dying archbishop, who laments over their doom but trusts that they are now happy in Paradise. Roland finds the body of Olivier, and bringing it

beside the Archbishop swoons over it. The dying prelate rises, and taking Roland's horn, totters towards a brook near by ; but after a few steps cries " mea culpa " and dies. Roland bends over him, and according to custom, addresses his plaint to the honored dead. No one had served God more devoutly, now winning the hearts of men, now saving his faith with his sword, than the good brave Archbishop, and Roland cries out to him —

" Nor pain nor torment thy soul await,
But of Paradise the open gate ! "

Roland's own death is fast approaching. He moves toward the Spanish boundary and a bow shot beyond it drops at the base of a flight of marble steps under a stately terrace. His Durindana, with which he has conquered many a province for Charlemagne, must never degenerate into the hands of a heathen ; so twice he smites it upon a dark rock near by, but in vain, it will not break. So taking it with his horn he places them under him, and with his face toward the heathen horde, after imploring God's mercy, he yields up the ghost. God sends two of his angel cherubim to him, who bear his precious soul to Paradise. Meanwhile Charlemagne puts the Saracens to flight, and the sun stops in its course to give him ample time. On the banks of the Ebro, where thousands of the Moslems have perished, the Emperor rests with his Franks. Ugly dreams disturb his sleep, and in the morning he marches to Roncevalles. He and all

his Franks bewail the loss of Roland and his compeers, and give them an honored grave. In Saragossa the heathen have lost all faith in " Apollyn " and his prophet ; after King Marsil's death, the Queen surrenders the city, whose inhabitants embrace Christianity, subject to Charlemagne's rule. The Queen herself becomes a Christian captive, and is baptized in France. Karl, returning to Aix, enshrines Roland's horn on St. Severin's altar at Rondeaux, and entombs the bodies of Roland, Olivier and Turpin in St. Ronan's sanctuary at Blaye. As he sits at Aix, surrounded by his courtiers, Alda, Roland's bride, and Olivier's sister, demands of him the fate of her espoused, and brother. Karl in tears offers her the hand of his son and heir Louis. This cannot be, for God forbid that she should live without Roland, and so, out of grief, she dies on the spot, lamented by Karl and all his Franks. Then comes the trial of Ganelon ; he scorns to deny his deed, but says there was no treason in it. He is condemned and when allowed the trial by single combat his champion falls. He is torn to pieces by wild horses, and thirty of his kinsfolk who had gone bail for him are hanged. Charlemagne now hopes for rest ; but God's angel appears to him and bids him marshal his troops and march to Bira's coast, there to succor Vivian, the Christian king.

Fain would Karl such task decline,
" God ! what a life of toil is mine ! "
He wept ; his hoary beard he wrung,
So ends the lay Turaldus sung.

"AGAIN WE HAIL THE CHEERFUL DAY."

J. C. McNEILLY, '90.

A GAIN we hail the bright and cheerful day,
And greet the birds that flock from Southern climes,
Whose notes fall on the ear like vesper chimes
In ev'ry leafy bower and shady way,
See how the nimble lambskins frisk and play ;
The flow'ring vine around the lattice twines,
Upon the wall the verdant ivy climbs,
For Spring has come, so fairy-like and gay.
Ah ! Nature lays aside her snowy gown
And with what rarest beauty and what grace
She comes along the vale and o'er the down
All radiant with her flowers and smiling face,
As if she mocked dull care and sorrow's tears
And cared not for the pains of dreary years.



CHILDHOOD IN GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE.

JNO. C. McNEILLY, '90.

“THERE was a time, just beyond the memory of men now living, when the child was born in literature.” This is the remark of an able

litterateur, and indeed there appears to be much truth in it. For if we compare the literature of the last century and that of ancient Greece and Rome, we find that childhood in the former holds a very important place, while in the latter it is notably absent. There were, undoubtedly, children in literature before Wordsworth created Lucy Gray and Alice Fell, but since Wordsworth's time there have been so many childish figures in song and story that it seems childhood became a prominent feature of literature at the close of the last century. Indeed the child has become so prominent that we do not consider how absent he is from ancient literature. In that literature we find men and women, lovers, maidens and youths, but the child is absent. It is difficult to explain this fact that the ancients did not see in the young something wonderful, something to be admired, and that they did not give them a place in their poetry. Certainly the literature of the ancients was not a domestic literature; it did not treat of the hearth and home, and this may be the reason that the prattling child is absent and the mother's lullaby is not heard.

Greek and Roman literature was concerned mostly with battles and strife, and so the child found no place.

However, we find several indirect mentions of childhood, for Homer speaks of the tenderness with which Athene turns aside the arrow shot at Menelaos as a mother brushes a fly from the face of her sleeping babe. Again, Apollo sweeps away the ramparts of the Greeks as a boy razes with his hands and feet the pile of sand he has heaped upon the sea-shore. There is still another reference to childhood, when Achilles says to his weeping friend Patroclus:

“Wherefore weep, my friend,
So like a girl, who, though she sees her mother cannot tend
Her childish humors, hangs on her, and would be taken up,
Still viewing her with tear-drowned eyes, when she has made her
stoop.”

These are a few of the indirect references, but turning to others the first picture of childhood that presents itself is the beautiful parting scene between Hector and Andromache, where little Astyanax is present in the nurse's arms. Here is Pope's translation of Homer's lines describing the scene:

“Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, the nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,

And placed the beaming helmet on the ground,
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods prefer'd a father's prayer.”

This is considered the most charming scene in ancient literature in which a child appears.

The fear of the child when he sees his father's shining helmet and frowning plume is the main feature of the picture. Little Astyanax shrinks back into the nurse's arms, as we have often seen a child shrink back into its mother's loving embrace when some stranger stretched forth his hands to take it.

This is the chief picture of childhood in Homer, where the little ones are considered as very ordinary creatures, invested with no mystery, but merely a part of that society which has passed beyond the bounds of childhood. Still it is a noticeable fact how great a part is played by children in the spectacular parts of the Greek drama. Many scenes are made more complete by their presence, where they serve in the temple or suffer quietly in the woes that overthrow a royal family. For all this there is scarcely a child's voice heard in all Greek literature. Represented not as acting or speaking, but as a passive member of the human family, his life is contemplated only as it affects others.

Speaking of the Greek plays, let us not fail to mention that scene of supassing pathos in Sophocles, where the children appear. After Oedipus, in his anguish, has destroyed his eyes, there comes over him a moment of tender grief, and he stretches forth his arms for his children, that he may bid them farewell.

He forgets for the time his own terrible fate when he thinks of the suffering which the curse of the house will bring upon the lives of his little ones. He dismisses his sons, knowing that they can battle for themselves; but he turns to his defenseless little daughters and pours out for them the burning, heartfelt tears of an afflicted father.

Besides the references to childhood in poetry, we find several in other parts of Greek literature. Plato speaks frequently of childhood in his ideal state, and gives his idea of the mode of teaching children. Children are also mentioned several times in the epigrams, epitaphs, proverbs, fables and other odds and ends of Greek literature that have been collected.

None of these, however, is more touching than the tender domestic passage from Simonides where Danae sings over the boy Perseus:

“O darling, I am miserable;
But thou art cozy, warm, and sound asleep
In this thy dull, close-cabin'd prison-house,
Stretched at full ease in the dark, ebon gloom.
Over thy head of long and tangled hair
The wave is rolling; but thou heed'st not;

Nor heedest thou the noise of winds,
 Wrapt in thy purple cloak, sweet, pretty one.
 But if this fearful place had fear for thee,
 Those little ears would listen to my words ;
 But sleep on, baby, and let the sea waves sleep,
 And sleep on our immeasurable woes.
 O, Father Zens, I pray some change may come ;
 But, father, if my words are over bold,
 Have pity, and for the child's sake, pardon me."

In writing of childhood it would be well to remark that the Greeks, like ourselves, comforted themselves for the loss of a little one with the assurance that there was something better in store for it. Here is an elegy that fully expresses this hope and belief :

Thou hast not, O ruler Pluto, with pious intent, stolen for thy underground world a girl of five years, admired by all. For thou hast cut, as it were, from the root, a sweet-scented rose in the season of a commencing spring, before it had completed its proper time. But come, Alexander and Philatus ; do not any longer weep and pour forth lamentations for the regretted girl. For she had, yes, she had a rosy face which meant that she should remain in the immortal dwellings of the sky. Trust then to stories old. For it was not Death but the Naiads who stole the good girl as once they stole Hylas.

As we stopped to look upon the charming group which Homer, the chief Greek poet, gave us, so we will stop before a group presented by the great Latin poet, Virgil. The picture of Aeneas bearing upon his back the aged Anchises and leading young Ascanius by the hand is a distinct Roman picture. The two great poems of the ancients move through somewhat similar circumstances, but the Greek idea of individuality is shown in one, in the other the Roman idea of relationship. Odysseus is essentially a single figure but Aeneas appears always to be the center of a family group.

In the Aeneid the figure of Ascanius is an important one and there is a disclosure of growth in personality, and one feels that the boy is coming forward to take his place as a member of the family. In the Roman literature childhood is not considered as a beautified revelation of nature. In the grosser conception children were regarded as little better than cubs ; however, the family tie and the idea of family had such a strong hold upon the Roman mind that it was

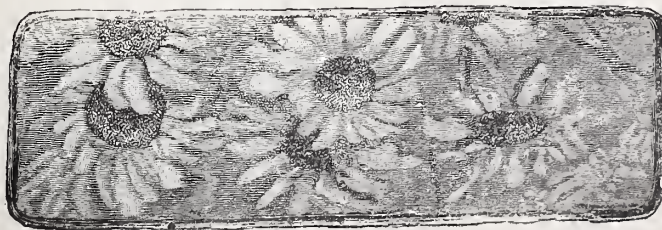
impossible that childhood should not have a place in Latin literature and represent the more spiritual side of the family. Thus Catullus has a beautiful picture of infancy awaking into consciousness and affection :

"Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
 Young Torquatus on the lap
 Of his mother, as he stands
 Stretching out his tiny hands,
 And his little lips the while
 Half open on his father's smile.
 And oh ! may he in all be like
 Manlius, his sire, and strike
 Strangers when the boy they meet
 As his father's counterfeit,
 And his face the index be
 Of his mother's chastity."

As in the epitaphs, elegies and the like of the Greek so in the Latin we have some very pretty references to childhood and this is one of the prettiest :

"Shall I not mourn the darling boy ? with whom,
 Childless I missed not children of my own ;
 I, who first caught and pressed thee to my breast,
 And called thee mine, and taught thee sounds and words,
 And solved the riddle of thy murmurings,
 And stoop'd to catch thee creeping on the ground,
 And propp'd thy steps, and ever had my lap
 Ready, if drowsy were those little eyes,
 To rock them with a lullaby to sleep ;
 Thy first word was my name ; thy fun my smile,
 And not a joy of thine but came from me."

We have now seen a few of the references to childhood in ancient literature, and it will be noticed that the child seldom draws the thought outside the confines of this world. The nearest approach to this is in a passage from Lucretius, where the poet looks with compassion upon the newborn infant as one of the mysteries of nature. Evidently the ancients did not look upon the young as we do, and did not discover that mystery that surrounds them. They considered them, as we remarked before, merely as very ordinary creatures, and did not think of their prattlings, their innocence, beauty and tenderness as something to be admired, something that demands serious attention and careful study.





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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APRIL, 1889.



A writer in the *North American Review* was unkind enough some time ago to say some very unpleasant things about life and morality at Harvard. It was a grave charge and could not be let go by in silence. It was answered at the time, but now comes a further defence. Graduates of other colleges who are studying the different departments of the university of their own accord, it seems, got up a tribunal of investigation to look into the truth of the accusation. A two months' investigation has developed the following results: "As to the moral tone of Harvard, there is a very decided expression of opinion that the accusations against her are greatly exaggerated or unfounded. Only three of the answers received express strong disapproval of Harvard's moral tendency; three others think it no better in morality than the other institutions they have attended; ten more, while they believe the tone and tendency here to be good, yet think that in their own college it was somewhat better; six feel themselves incompetent to judge, and fifty-three, or seventy per cent. of all are convinced that it is as high as in any other institution they have previously known, or even higher." The conclusion drawn from all this would seem to

be that the moral atmosphere is as good at Harvard as at other colleges. It is pretty difficult to ascertain just what is the value attaching to this judgment; at best it seems but an indirect and negative vindication from the charge, and one that in itself can scarcely offer much of a balm to their wounded feelings.

* * *

The Holy Week services passed off to the satisfaction of all. A noticeable feature in them was the earnestness with which all assisted at them. The chanting at *Tenebrae* and after mass was very creditable, considering the fact that not over much time was given to its preparation. It also forced itself upon our notice that the best and steadiest chanting came from those who are members of the Sodality, their membership giving them great facility in the reading and singing of the psalms. A pleasant variety in the chanting was gotten from the beautiful responses of De Vico, sung here for the first time, we believe, this year.

* * *

It is interesting just now when people are engaged in calculating the result of a century's existence under a democratic form of government and measuring the progress made in the various features of our American life to note the development made in our university life. Our universities do not, perhaps, exert as much influence upon the nation and the people as have those renowned ones on the other side of the ocean. Nor have they grown in accordance with the manner of growth of those world old universities of Europe. They possess rather the phoenix-like quality of springing full-grown into life in a very short space of years. And in this respect the growth has been remarkable. From the thirteen or more that existed a century ago their number has received a large increase. As for colleges and lesser institutions for the spread of knowledge, there is no end of them in the land. There has been a continual birth of new universities and a steady growth in the old. There were less than a thousands students all told in all of the universities of a hundred years ago. To-day the aggregate number of these same universities goes far into the thousands. Harvard led the list with one hundred and fifty-three; Dartmouth was second with one hundred and thirty-one; Yale third with one hundred and fifteen, whereas now the number of students for each of them is more than ten times their former figures. And the same may truly be said of most of the institutions then existing, though we have not the means at hand of giving a statistical comparison. It is but another sign of the times, this growth of the idea of education, another feature in the already remarkable progress of our country, and a gratifying reward to lovers of enlightenment.

* * *

Base ball ardor had quite a damper put upon it through the succession of defeats our team received at the opening of the season. It was a new experience for that time of the year, and totally at variance with that of past years. It has not been without fruit, for they have ever since played in a way disheartening to their opponents.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

FIRST LATIN GRAMMAR SPECIMEN.

IN our account of the specimen given by the class of '90 we expressed a hope that the classes which were to follow in its footsteps would emulate its excellent example; and thus far we have not been disappointed, for, to our mind, the specimen presented by the class of '93 a week later was up to the standard of excellence set up by the Rhetoricians. Mr. John B. Farley gave us a "Welcome" in the shape of a March, which, by-the-by, the class of '93 did not dub March "Class of '93"—in this, of course, we did not care to have them follow the Rhetoricians. Then came Mr. A. Renasco with a Latin "Introduction." He did not read it, but recited it from memory. Now, the reciting from memory of a Latin discourse does not commend itself to our mind; we prefer to hear it read. Mr. Renasco was not natural enough in reciting his introductory piece, which would not have proved the case if he had read it. In the speaking of a discourse one ought not to betray by his delivery that he has committed it to memory. However, Mr. Renasco deserves very high praise for his Latin effort; and the merit of its Latinity, admirable for a student of the class of First Grammar, should not be lost sight of in condemning the manner in which the discourse itself was given.

Master J. Reynolds followed with a rendition of Scott's "Ave Maria," which never tires us, although we have heard it sung time and again. Master Reynold's voice has, of course, undergone a change since we heard it a year ago in the "Grasshopper and the Merry Midgets;" but it still retains something of its former sweetness. An exhaustive essay on the "College Boy" was then read by Master P. J. Loomam. The young man has a very penetrating mind for one of his years, and a choice quotation from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" with two or three others from no less illustrious writers show that he is not a stranger to our choice literature. The essay, for all this, was too long and could not but try the patience of the audience. Had it been less long, we had deemed it excellent; as it was we can only praise its intrinsic merit, regarding it as a good critic would regard Wordsworth's "Excursion." The reading of Tennyson's beautiful poem "St. Agnes" by Master H. E. McLaughlin was perfect. His voice was tender, his gestures very expressive, and the expression of his face in full sympathy with the spirit of the piece. On the whole it could not but charm anyone and especially a Catholic admirer of the Laureate.

Close on the heels of Master McLaughlin came Master Jno. M. Keane with a politico-poetical effusion. Master Keane's voice was entirely too low, and what with this weakness and the thunders of applause which from time to time did *not* interrupt his reading—for Master Keane would not for a moment stem the flood of poetry against the oppressors of his country—we failed to hear three-fourths of what

he said. The frequent names, Parnell and Balfour, and Balfour and Parnell sufficed, however, to furnish us with the pith of Master Keane's politico-poetical pamphlet. After this came an examination of the class in the "Letters of Cicero." Mr. Smith, S. J., brought out those who have been in the class since their promotion after the winter examinations. They showed that they have done some solid work since, and that they are not unworthy classmates of such bright students as Messrs. Renasco and Burke and Master E. Reardon, who carried off the main honors of the Latin examination.

Some very shrewd questions were asked by divers members of the faculty, and were no less shrewdly answered by the boys. Mr. Thos. P. Burke wound up the first part of the entertainment with a metrical essay, if we remember aright, on his classmates. It was a pleasing affair. Indeed, the class of '93 seems to be somewhat prolific in rhyme.

Master Jno. Keane set the ball rolling in the second half of the specimen with an essay on the very important topic of "How to Study." The young gentleman, be it said to his credit, spoke from experience, the best authority in such matters, and the composition was well written. "When night hangs aloft the sky her silver lamp," said Master Keane, "then is the time to study." Studying at night is not preferable to studying in the morning; but then Master Keane does not claim that night is the *only* or the *best* time to study.

"My Last Cigarette Smoke," was the subject of some stanzas by Master Byron McKeown. We need hardly say that we sympathize with Mr. McKeown in his bemoaning of his "last cigarette smoke," brought to an untimely end by some "cruel hearted" prefect. We were not the only ones whose heart echoed the chord which Mr. McKeown struck that night. "O, Mamma," was then sung by Master M. J. Reynolds. It was well done, but, of course, did not please us as much as his "Ave Maria." The fault, however, lies not in the warbler but in the warbled. An essay on "Friendship" was a very creditable composition, even for a gentleman of Mr. Farley's ability. There was ripe thought in the essay, and Mr. Farley put it into very happy language. He has our congratulations and our praise for his success. We now come to Master E. H. Reardon's reading of a piece of poetry, called "Gates Ajar," with which we would willingly grace our page, were it not that lack of space denies us the pleasure of doing so."

We think that none could have read the poem better than Master Reardon, but that he himself could have improved on his own performance, we cannot deny; for, though his manner imparted much to the charm of the poem itself, he failed to take advantage of an artless art which we know him to possess. A little more feeling and a little less carelessness in the voice would have given his reading the one thing which it lacked. We think, too, that the poem

would have gained by being declaimed instead of being simply read—in this he might have changed with Mr. Renasco. As it was, however, we have reason to be pleased with Master Reardon and to accord him the praise he deserves. The examination of the class in "Greek Translation and Grammar" echoes no little credit to the professor and his boys. Mr. Farley closed the pleasing, albeit somewhat long, specimen of the Class of '93, with a little music. Rev. Fr. Rector congratulated the class and its worthy professor, and made a change in the routine of these class specimens. Hereafter they are to be more or less private, only the classes immediately above and below being allowed to participate. D. ARELLANO, '91.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The last two meetings held by the Society proved perhaps the two most interesting of the year, in as much as the members were treated to two of the best papers read this season. "Roger and Francis Bacon," read by Mr. John F. Clare, was handled with evident ability, and combined merits not always met with in papers of this kind. Besides real literary excellence, the paper showed that the author was possessed of a happy judgment by the selection of only such features in the lives of the two famous Englishmen as served to bring out prominently the contrast between their characters. Not a whit inferior was Mr. John Slevin's paper on Napoleon. It also showed the skilful hand, and presented a truthful picture of France's immortal hero. The Society manifested their appreciation of these two papers by the profound attention which they paid throughout to them. It is to be hoped that the example set by these two gentlemen will not be lost upon those that are to come after. '90.

LAWN TENNIS.

A claimant for a share in the popularity and interest that base ball has been enjoying all to itself has lately entered the field in the shape of lawn tennis. Hardly daring last year to hold its head up and claim recognition, it has now the courage of its convictions as a valuable game, and has actually had the hardihood to invade its rival's domain. Its adherents and converts are many, and in the fervor of their zeal they have been making things warm on the divisions. Armed with spade, rake, roller and wheel barrow they have worked and delved. Courts have been leveled off, posts put up and everything has been made ready for a glorious season. The first game was eagerly awaited, and when it did come off, it was not to staring walls that it was played, but to a gaping audience from both divisions. Open-mouthed admiration was plainly depicted on their countenances. The game was voted a success. In consequence the club lists, especially that of Second Division, have received large additions. The Second Division Club was reorganized on April 4th. The officers elected were: President, Frank McCann; Vice-President, Frank McManus; Treasurer, Emmanuel Bertier; Secretary, John Vargas. "The object of the club this season," so says one of its officers, "is to show First Division Club what good tennis playing is, and we are only anxious to have a few sets with it in order to do this." B.

SECOND DIVISION GLEE CLUB'S MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The Second Division Glee Club, long dead, was lately called back into life again, and celebrated its resurrection in a manner which seems to indicate that it will have a long and prosperous existence. That it has come to life again is chiefly due to the efforts of Mr. Taaffe who, seconded by some of our clever-headed brothers of Second, succeeded in giving the college a very pleasing entertainment on the afternoon of Thursday, March 28th, in First Division study hall. The performance was, of course, thoroughly humorous in its character, and consisted of two short farces with diverse songs by the Glee Club. The first of the farces was called "My Uncle's Suit." Masters E. Reardon, T. S. Reilly, Joseph Faye and A. J. Byrne, who filled the roles, were as well suited to their parts as their parts were to them—that is there was mutual perfection in the matter. We cannot possibly enter into an analysis of the plot; suffice it to say that confusion was the soul of it. "Room Enough for All," a song rendered very well by Master J. J. McCarron and the Glee Club, preceded the farce; following it came O'Shaughnessy's rendition of "Dude, Dude, Dude." It was done in a manner that elicited an encore from the enthusiastic audience. The singing of the song was among the most relished features of the entertainment. "Nelly was a Lady," was exquisitely chorused by the Glee Club, and Master E. Reardon gave us Burn's "Comin' Thro' the Rye" in a still more exquisite manner. His fresh young voice was by no means lost on the audience, for they insisted on his repeating the beautiful Scotch melody. The Glee Club again favored us with a song, "Going to the Shucking." This was followed by farce No. 2, "A Tender Attachment," in which there was more room for good acting, and the actors were not slow in taking advantage of it, doing much credit to the stage talent of the Glee Club. Time and space deter us from going into particulars about the story of the farce, and we have to content ourselves and our readers with a passing word about the actors themselves. Master Edward Kenney was, to say the least, very good as Mr. Clapboard the house-keeper. Master Richard Dooley was equally so in the role of Mr. E. Crotchet, the over-watchful father of Mr. H. Crotchet, impersonated by Master E. Drummond, a young man devoted to painting, and the lodger of the so called tender attachment. In Master A. McLaughlin we had a perfect German soldier, fresh from the iron school of Bismarck and Moltke. In Master Byron McKeown, alias Obed Oakum, we had a fine specimen of one of Uncle Sam's Jack Tars. Master James Maher, otherwise Timothy Tinpan, a tinker, was very amusing in his rather ambiguous costume, but, to our mind, he somewhat overdid his character; and finally Master Emmanuel Bertier was a thorough "parlez vous" in action, gesture and voice, all but in his name of Louis Loopstich, a cognomen which no Gaul will own. He made a thorough and very realistic tailor and played his part to perfection. The entertainment was closed by the glee "Good Night." Take it all in all the entertainment was a rich treat, and we congratulate the Glee Club on the success of its maiden effort. D. A., '91.

BELLES LETTRES SPECIMEN.

On the afternoon of the 3d of April a rich treat was afforded the students of the University Course and of the class of Special Science by our doughty neighbors, the Humanitarians. We confess we all assembled there with the expectation of witnessing a very remarkable exhibition of class knowledge, for we ourselves are trigonometrically and geometrically connected with their esteemed professor. And as we write with galloping pen we are tempted to make a short halt to express our appreciation of his efforts in our behalf, while at the same time we tender our congratulations for his efforts in theirs. But the specimen they gave was certainly worthy of both. It showed indefatigable industry in both the teacher and the taught. And it appeared to us, too, as if they had worked, toiled, plodded along from the pleasure they had found in expounding the hidden beauties of their authors rather than from the fear that the bayonet of their teacher was at their heels. Of Horace, especially, they showed a careful knowledge. From their novel treatment of his graceful lines they displayed a knowledge of metre, language and mythology only obtainable by the most assiduous devotion to the matter in hand.

Their devotion to Horace is certainly something remarkable. They praised him in song and story, in his own tongue and theirs, individually and collectively, and when at the close we heard the invitation of Mr. McGillicuddy, the master of ceremonies, "*vos plaudite*" we were willing to do so most heartily and to say with the enthusiastic audience, worthy successors will they indeed be at the end of the year to the present class of Rhetoric. That class, distinguished for its honesty and straightforwardness, is not slow to find fault and we now frankly acknowledge that if we had a chance to make adverse criticism we would. We have tried very hard to find some blameworthy feature in their programme but our efforts are fruitless. The only sins we can lay at their feet are those of omission. We felt that we had a right to expect from the class of Poetry at least a few sparkling gems of poetry. They treated but one subject in verse—Horace. Mr. McGillicuddy treated it in English, Mr. Arellano in Latin. Theirs was an interrogatory song of praise, the refrain of which "Horace" was borne by the class. Noticeable, too, was the absence of Greek. Yet if they are as thoroughly acquainted with the mighty exemplars of Athenian genius as they are with those of the Roman they are beyond the censure of our pen. And when we try to give individual praise we are at a loss how and where to begin. We experience a feeling akin to that felt by one who in a garden of fragrant roses must select some few to form a nosegay—what can we select where all is beautiful? For surely they were all very nearly perfect in their respective parts.

The opening Latin address was read by Mr. Bertier. His exquisite transparency of style and his own peculiar subtle fusion of sound and sense served to put the audience in good humor and to assure them that that wasn't the best thing they were to hear that day. We do not wish to contradict the prediction of our genial Parisian friend, and we

can only say with Mr. Jas. Dunn, the chairman, who was called upon to decide a rather uninteresting debate upon "Did Horace write his ode '*Ille et nefasto te posuit die*' in a spirit of playfulness, or was he in earnest?" which closed the exercises, that for the present "*Sub judice lis est.*"

The essayists of the day were Messrs. Donovan, Godfrey and Riley. The subject of the papers of the two former was Horace. One treated his life, the other his works. Mr. Riley's paper was upon Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, a part of which was recited by Mr. Dunn, and suffice it to say of him that his recital was beyond the critic's pen.

The papers of the essayists showed that they, apart from being fond of deep research, were possessed of considerable skill in the handling of an English sentence. Had the last two read their papers with equal cleverness, we would have felt warranted in pronouncing that part of the programme perfect.

Before we close we must say a word of praise for those who undertook to stand up before the audience and answer the unsparing fire of questions that were poured forth incessantly for some three-quarters of an hour by the Faculty. They were Messrs. Oakes, Slevin and Arellano. Mr. Oakes first explained the various kinds of Latin metre and then announced that he was ready to enlighten any who wished to be enlightened on the aforesaid matter. This he did with satisfaction to the audience and honor to himself. Messrs. Slevin and Arellano's castigation was carried on in Latin and was confined to all the matter in two of Horace's Odes. Both spoke with remarkable fluency and showed themselves happy in making a "repartee." They, like all the others who participated, did honor to themselves, their teacher, Mr. Kelly, S. J., and their class, and we can only say to the class, long may it prosper.

RHETOR.

FORDHAM COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION SPRING FIELD MEETING.

The annual spring field meeting of the Athletic Association was held on the college grounds on Tuesday, April 23d. The weather was fine, and everything favored our first public games. A new departure was also made in having two events open to all colleges. Although there is still very little interest taken in athletics, the meeting, however, was a very successful one. Three college records were broken, viz.: The mile run, throwing the sixteen-pound hammer, and putting sixteen-pound shot. Although there was a large entry list, the greater part of the students, as in former years, were afraid to appear in public, and in consequence, in several events, the winner had a walk over. The mile run, open to all colleges was, in the words of the *New York Herald*, a clipper, scarcely a yard of daylight separating the first man from the second at the finish. Chas. H. Sherril of Yale, the Inter-Collegiate champion, had a rather easy time in the 100 yards dash; but Quackenboss of Fordham pushed Robinson of Yale quite hard for second place, and finished two yards behind him.

The hard work of the Athletic Committee was fully repaid by the good showing the boys made, but the body of the

students must lend their aid if they ever expect us to compare favorably with the larger colleges.

The results were as follows:

Class of '89 was first, with thirty-one points.

Class of '90 was second, with thirty points.

Class of '90, Eng., was third, with fourteen points.

Running broad jump, won by J. H. Kane, '91, Eng., 18 feet 9 in.; second, H. C. Quackenboss, '89, 18 feet 7 inches.

One hundred yards dash, won by H. Quackenboss, '89, W. Newton, '90, Eng., second; time, 11 seconds.

One-mile run, won by E. P. McGillicuddy, '91, Chas. L. Livingston, '90, second; time, 5 minutes and 35 seconds.

Throwing sixteen-pound hammer—D. A. Hanrahan, '89, first, 73 feet 3 inches; Chas. L. Livingston, '90, second, 66 feet 5 inches.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—H. Quackenboss, '89, first, 30 seconds; second, W. Newton, '90, Eng.

One-mile walk, won by Chas. L. Livingston, '90; J. H. Slevin, '90, second; time, 9 minutes and 57 seconds.

Pole vault, won by W. Newton, '90, Eng., 7 feet 6 inches; second, R. Johnson, '91, Eng., 7 feet.

One hundred yards dash, open to all colleges, was won by Chas. H. Sherril, Yale College, in 10 3-5 seconds; T. W. Robinson, of Yale, second.

Putting sixteen-pound shot, won by D. A. Hanrahan, '89, 32 feet 5½ inches; second, Chas. L. Livingston, '90.

Half-mile run, won by Chas. L. Livingston, '90; time, 2 minutes and 27 2-5 seconds; P. Conniff, '92, second.

Running high jump, won by Livingston, '90, 4 feet 11 inches; second, C. J. Straub, '90, 4 feet 10 inches.

One-mile run, open to all colleges, won by J. D. Lloyd, of Yale; A. S. Vosburgh of Columbia, second by a yard; time, 4 minutes and 48 seconds.

Four hundred and forty yards dash, won by H. Quackenboss, '89; time, 58 4-5 seconds; W. Newton, '90, Eng., second.

C. L. L., '90, Pres't F. C. A. A.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. G. TAAFFE, '90.

IN the March issue of the *Western Maryland College Monthly* occurs an alleged poem, entitled "There is no God," and intended to be a complete refutation of atheism, agnosticism, etc. With all due regard for the writer's judgment we think that his composition would have been much better had it been put in the form of good healthy prose. We do not think that poetry is a fitting vehicle for subjects of this kind. It was Juvenal, we believe, who preferred the *ridenda poemata* of his fellow-countryman Cicero, even to his most famous oratorical efforts; but for us, give us plain, unadorned prose to such poor apologies for poetry.

—The *Messenger*, (Richmond, Va.) for the month of March, publishes quite an exhaustive article on that, to a Virginian, all absorbing question, "Does Our Nation's Prosperity Demand the Disfranchisement of the Negro?" We are often obliged to take many things on faith, and we believe this is one of them. The paper begins in a perfectly legitimate manner, stating at the outset what the writer is going to prove. But somehow or other he soon wanders off like the hero in Johnson's *Rasselas*, among "vernal zephyrs," "the roses and lilies of hope," and begins to talk of "heaven-born music," "the fragrance of love," etc. He finally turns off into a discourse on temperance in a way quite inexplicable to us, and as if to appease us for all the wrenching our minds have undergone presents us with the following bit of eloquence: "Yea, were my pen a quill plucked from the snowy pinions of the highest seraph that burns in gleaming glory and dipped in the rich effulgence of the rainbow's fountain, I would write in indelible colors upon the old Star Spangled Banner flag, and erect it where all the world might see it and join in the glorious jubilee that the cursed fire had gone out forever." It was the lack of just such eloquence as this that

lost our Prohibition friends of Massachusetts the election last Tuesday.

—We congratulate the *Acta*, of Georgetown College, on the really excellent appearance it now makes. With its pages enlarged to just twice their previous size it has put on an increase of dignity and merit, and compares more than favorably with many of our exchanges that make greater pretensions.

—We are sorry that the *Varsity*, of Toronto, will no more visit our sanctum until June. It has always had a true literary ring about it and its contents have ever been read by us with the greatest pleasure.

—Oxford University has appliances for printing in 150 different languages.

—Of the 315 students entering Harvard last year, only twenty-six knew Greek. —*Ex.*

—Michigan University has established a course in the art of writing plays for the stage.

—It is doubtful whether Columbia will have a nine this year, the support in past years having been insufficient. The matter has been referred to the Advisory Committee.

—The chairs of the Edinburgh Medical faculty are each worth \$17,000 a year. The professorships at Glasgow in Greek, Latin and Mathematics are each worth about \$9,000 yearly. These figures suggest the propriety at least of increased salaries in American colleges.

—There are nearly 5,000 students in attendance at the various colleges and universities in Boston.

—Father Carbonelle, S.J., of Brussels, the celebrated physicist and mathematician and editor of *La Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, is dead.

—The nine editors of Dartmouth's annual were suspended on account of certain allusions made to members of the governing body. —*Ex.*

—The University of Pennsylvania is to have the largest dormitory in the United States. It will cost \$125,000.

—The Christian Brothers have in view the erection of a college in Chicago, in which the pupils will receive a religious training as well as a commercial education. The cost of the proposed edifice is reckoned at \$100,000, and will have a capacity of 600 scholars. It will be four stories in height, the basement being about completed. It will be known as the "La Salle Institute."

—The different athletic teams at Cornell were recently required to pass a rigid examination to see what effect athletics have upon scholarship. The averages were as follows: Crew, 70; base ball team, 73; track athletics, 76. It was also demonstrated that the per cent. of athletes who graduate at Cornell is greater than the per cent. for the entire University.—*Ex.*

—Eastern college nines were, as a rule, badly beaten in their first games with the league teams.

—The 800th anniversary of the Monastery of Melk has just been celebrated. The school of the Melk Monastery is to Austria what Eton is to England. It was there that the Bishop of Salford was educated, and also his brother, the late Archbishop of Sydney.

—The faculty of Harvard College has made a rule that any student who has been put on probation—that is, officially warned that his conduct or scholarship is not satisfactory—cannot compete for any prizes or honors, nor take part in any public, theatrical, or

musical performance or athletic contest; nor will he be recommended for a degree. He may be required to put himself under the direction of a private tutor or to report daily to the college officer, or to do both.

—The largest college in the world is at Cairo, and is sustained in the interests of Mohammedanism. It has 300 teachers and 10,000 students. At the head of it is a perverted Jew.

—Mr. Herman Oelrichs, of New York, has offered to defray the expenses of the Yale crew while abroad in case they decide to visit England and row Cambridge. Several New Haven gentlemen have also agreed to contribute a sufficient sum to pay their passages over and back, so that the scheme begins to assume a feasible aspect. The Yale crew themselves are said to be very anxious to take the trip. It is believed that the new Waters boat, in which Yale would row, would give them a great advantage over their English rivals.

—The next inter-state oratorical contest among Western colleges is to be held at Grinnell, Iowa, on May 2. Gov. Foraker of Ohio is to be one of the judges. These contests have of recent years become notorious for the glaring cases of plagiarism which they have developed. A few more examples of speedy justice like that meted out by the Wittenburg faculty would discourage this prevalent system of literary piracy.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

H. C. QUACKENBOSCH, '89.

THE complete schedule of the Rose Hills from this out is as follows:

April 21. Mott Havens, at Fordham.

" 25. Lehigh, at Bethlehem.

" 30. Lehigh, at Fordham.

May 4. Trinity, at Fordham.

" 7. Holy Cross, at Worcester.

" 12. Leos, at Fordham.

" 16. Trinity, at Hartford.

" 19. Lenox, at Fordham.

" 23. Lafayette, at Easton.

" 26. Lenox, at Fordham.

" 30.

June 2. Lees, at Fordham.

" 6. Brooklyn Athletics, at Brooklyn.

" 9. Winthrops, at Fordham.

" 13.

Lawn Tennis is hardly a thing of the past if we may be allowed to judge from the interest taken in that exhilarating sport by the students of First Division. The game is a very happy invention for those who dislike the rough features of base ball. A short time ago a mass meeting of the lovers of the game was held in the reading room. An association was formed, to be known unto all whom it may concern as The Fordham College Lawn Tennis Association; quite a long name, and if suggestive of anything, it should be of a proportional amount of prosperity and success. At the meeting the following board of officers was elected: President, Jas. R. Blun, '89; Vice-President, Willard S. Wright, '90; Treasurer, James P. McNally, '92; Recording Secretary, John Kelly, '89; Corresponding Secretary,

C. J. Straub, '90. The members have been of late hard at work getting the court into serviceable form. If they handle the racket with as much vigor and skill as they have the more material implements of rake and roller, a series of interesting games may be expected. We understand that the club has engaged the services of an artist who is just at present hard at work upon a sign bearing the following monitory legend: "Beware, ye spike-shod base ballist, this court is sacred to Lawn Tennis."

—This month will witness the competition for prizes in the class of elocution. Under the guidance of Prof. O'Brien, an old graduate, the class has made much progress, so that we are assured of the pleasure of listening to many interesting elocutionary bouts.

—It is no exaggeration to say that the spring meeting of our Athletic Association was one of the most interesting held in years at Fordham. A number of prominent Athletes from Harvard, Yale, Columbia and the College of New York, took part in many of the events.

—During the latter part of March the St. John's Berchmans Sanctuary Society was tendered a sumptuous repast. It was a very agreeable way of recognizing the really good work the Society has been doing under the management of Mr. Schmidt, S. J. Rev. Fr. Rector was present and had a genial word for all. Mr. Blun, at the end, moved a vote of thanks be tendered the Director and the board of officers. Mr. Aylward, as President of the Society responded in a few happy words. Messrs. Wright, Boylan and Feeley then had a chance to air their oratorical powers, which they did to good effect, if one may judge from the large amount of applause that from time to time greeted their remarks.

—The summer regulations began on Tuesday, April 16th.

—So far this month, April showers have shown much considera-

tion for the lovers of base ball. With one or two exceptions they have generously refrained from their wet work whenever a game was to be played.

—Spaulding's Wagon Tongue Bat is used and endorsed by many leading professional and amateur ball players.

SECOND DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

—The entertainment given by our Glee Club sometime ago proved a decided success, so much so that some were heard expressing a regret that it had finished so soon. No small feather in their caps was the approval graciously bestowed upon the entertainment by the critically inclined ones over the way.

—Quite lately our midgets in the base ball line, the Tyros, had an experience with the newly chosen Invincibles. It was a disastrous one, although a gift of fifteen gratuitous runs was given them. Out of regard for injured feelings we refrain from publishing the score.

—The warm weather we have been having of late, or as someone has mischievously suggested, a reason quite as potent, has brought back to the Division and to active life those who have been hibernating for some time past in the infirmary. Their re-appearance gave rise to some sinister remarks by those who perhaps have had themselves, experience of such remarkable transitions.

—Mr. Donnelly, who was obliged to leave us for a few months on account of ill health, has come back again a firm disciple of home treatment and native air as the panacea of all school-boy ills.

—The Invincibles, in a moment of generosity, presented First Division, and chiefly the Rose Hills, with a real live Easter present in the person of Mr. Hart. That the Rose Hills have appreciated the gift was shown by the fact that immediately on his arrival, Mr. Hart was made change catcher for the club.

—Simultaneously with the advent of real base ball comes our "mush" ball league. This is not the first year of its existence. Judging from the favor with which it is received by those high up in our league circles, we must say that it is not confined to the unfledged or tender-landed.

—The Lawn Tennis Association is now fully developed and gave its first exhibition last Friday to an admiring audience of First and Second Divisions. Small beginnings, no matter how insignificant, give promise of greater things for the future.

—The following gentlemen have been chosen to uphold the honor of the Invincibles for the present season: Catcher, Thomas Burke; pitcher, Walter Ronan; first base, Byron McKeown; second base, Daniel Cassidy; third base, Robert Flynn; short stop, Frank McCann; right field, Richard Dooley; centre field, Frank McMahon; left field, Henry McAleenan. There is question of their having new uniforms this year.

—Speculation is rife on the Division as to which company will bear off the handsome standard of colors to be awarded at the coming prize drill. The knowing ones in military matters narrow the contest down to Companies A and B. The remaining companies refuse to acquiesce in this judgment and maintain that they are by no means out of the race.

—Base ball and lawn tennis are now in full swing. No one is deemed in the fashion who in a game is not done up in cap and base ball shoes.

—If it is lawful to ever feel proud we think we have a right to lay claim to such a feeling from the way in which our division, and the Sanctuary contingent especially, assisted at the ceremonies of Holy Week.

—The Invincibles play their first game with outsiders next Saturday. We hope that Mr. B. McKeown, their newly elected captain, will do himself proud by leading them to victory on that occasion.

—Some of our statistically inclined brethren here computed to the very hour the number of days still remaining in the scholastic year. We hope that this knowledge will not tend to accelerate their annual attack of "Spring fever."

—The strains of our late Glee Club entertainment have proved themselves so sweet that some have expressed a desire to hear the members once again before the close of school.

—We tender our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Caffrey who was called during the month to the death-bed of his uncle.

—Mr. Ruiloba, who, as he tells us, was away for the benefit of his health, has returned after a month's absence. He is looking well.

—The present nine is not a whit behind the Invincibles of last year, or perhaps it is truer to say that they are many points in advance of them, since with not over much effort they have beaten the last year's members of the team by the score of 25 to 4.

—Mr. Rafferty, following in the footsteps of Mr. Hart, has gone over to mingle in the privileges and doings of his larger brethren.

—Will someone be kind enough to explain to us the large and small talk that is being indulged in over a new "electric horse?"

—The hope is expressed that the May celebration of Our Lady's Statue, which Second Division was so instrumental in reviving last year, will not be forgotten this year.

—Much sorrow was felt among the boys over the defeat of the Rose Hills in the first four games of the season. One of our number is known to have remarked that to see them victorious he would willingly go three days without eating.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

—The new uniforms for the Tyros have been ordered. From the description given us they promise to make the Tyros look as neat and pretty as their elder brothers, the Rose Hills.

—At a meeting of the nine held not long ago the choice of captain fell on Ed. Kelly.

—The Actives, of St. Francis Xavier's preparatory school, crossed bats with the second nine of the Hall on the 10th of April. The city preps. did not prove themselves very formidable, for our boys won by a score of 26 to 12.

—The Tyros seek larger prey this year. Several games have already been played with the Second Division nine. We refrain from saying who were the victors.

—One among us in whom we never suspected the germs of poetry to exist was so much pleased with the spring dress of the fields about the Hall that he was tempted to burst forth into incipient spring poetry. He was dissuaded, however.

—And still they come. Several new arrivals of late. Better late than never.

—We are requested to extend the thanks of the Tyros to those who so kindly helped to make their raffle a success by the purchasing of tickets.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

—Mr. Frank Giddings, '84, called on us the day of the Gorham game. He should come up and see a victory or two to make up for the disappointment at our defeat that day.

—Mr. Wm. P. Omalley, '84, our quondam local "ed.," is, we understand, to occupy the same position on the staff of the *Geneva Gazette*. The *Gazette* used to be pretty well known at Fordham in "ye olden time."

—Messrs. George Kirby and Tom Shea, of '88, are regular callers at our Sunday games. Veterans are always welcome and must prove a source of encouragement to our recruits of to-day.

—John Farrel's many friends here were delighted with a visit from him quite recently. John is loud in his praises of Holy Cross College, Worcester, where he is now studying.

—Chas. E. Simpson, '88, in his visit to us some time ago had occasion to call into service the knowledge he gathered of old from his position on the Rose Hills. That our team was beaten was in no way due to him, as his umpiring gave satisfaction to all.

—Joe Monahan made his old friends a visit some time ago. He is now pursuing a course in medicine in a medical college in the city.

—Mr. Morrisini, a staunch upholder of our Athletic Association a few years ago, was up to see one of our Sunday games not long since. He still keeps up his old predilection for athletics.

—Rev. Father Fink, S. J., came up with the St. Francis Xavier's boys on April 11th.

—Rev. Fr. McTammany, S. J., does not fail to pay us a visit whenever he comes this way. He was up for a while during the month.

MONTHLY TESTIMONIALS.

Rhetoric: James J. Keane, Thomas A. Dougherty, Joseph P. Walsh.

Belles-Lettres: James A. Dunn, Francis P. Donovan, James Slevin.

Classics: John J. Perilliat, Richard F. X. Dooley.

First Latin Grammar: Francis S. Renasco.

Third Latin Grammar: William Boyle.

Special Latin: John J. Barrington, Arthur A. Nicholson, John Noonan, John E. Kelly.

English Rhetoric: Narciso Arellano, William J. Gallagher, William A. Conway, Gilbert J. Egan, Joseph J. Dougherty.

English Belles-Lettres: Daniel J. Kelly, Kenneth F. Ives.

First English Grammar: William Sexton, Robert Starke, Bartholomew Donegan, Timothy McLaughlin, Edward Kenny, José Vasquez.

Rudiments: E. Ballard McCaul.

BASE BALL.



ROSE HILLS VS. GORHAMS, AT FORDHAM.

The Rose Hills opened the Base Ball season at home with the Gorhams, one of the foremost colored nines in the country, on Thursday, April 4th. The game was prolific of errors on both sides; but free batting and an evenness of playing throughout, lightened the tediousness of the game, and made it highly interesting towards the close. T. Carmody, expecting to pitch against the Brooklyn on the morrow, did not, for the most part, exert himself to his utmost. The game, being the first of the year for the Rose Hills, is excusable. It proved excellent practice for the contest with Brooklyn on April 5th. Appended is the score by Innings:

Rose Hills.....	5	1	0	4	1	0	3	0	0	0	0—14
Gorhams.....	0	6	0	1	0	3	4	0	0	0	1—15

Base hits, Rose Hills, 10; Gorhams, 14; errors, Rose Hills, 10; Gorhams, 5; total bases, Rose Hills, 11; Gorhams, 19.

ROSE HILL VS. BROOKLYN.

The game between the Rose Hills and the Brooklyn professionals at Washington Park on April 5th is one which will long be remembered by the present generation of Fordham students. The foremost honor is due to Mr. R. Carmody who twirled the sphere for our boys. Though it was the first game in which he pitched this year he puzzled even the sluggers of the Brooklyn team, who managed to secure only eight hits, one a double, off his delivery. The Brooklyn were first at the bat, and were retired without runs, owing to some very sharp fielding on the part of Messrs Daly, Kieran and Hanrahan. In the second, however, they succeeded in crossing the plate four times through timely hitting and the unlucky throwing of Bob Carmody. The brilliant fielding of the Rose Hills and Bob Carmody's excellent pitching kept them down to five runs during the seven innings that followed. In the very first inning the Rose Hills filled the bases after two "outs," but hard luck denied them a run. So it was for five successive innings, although two or three times the bases were full with only one man out. In the sixth inning Tom Carmody hit the ball for three bases (it was Terry's curve, as Caruthers had just retired) and crossed the home-plate on a clean single by Callan. This was the only earned run throughout the game. In the seventh Captain Kieran got to first on balls, and by daring base running added a run to the Rose Hill score, and it was the last. The innings that followed were barren of runs, owing to an unfortunate lack of timely hitting. As we said above, the great feature of the game was Bob Carmody's marvellous pitching. Two unlucky throws to second

let in four runs; but this is a mere trifle when put side by side with Bob's excellent work. Nor must we forget Tom's excellent batting. Castor's glory does not dwindle before his brother Pollux. Three hits with a total of five has within our recollection been only once surpassed and seldom or never equalled in the batting records of the Rose Hills. The four double plays by Daly, Kieran and Hanrahan have nothing like them in any one game ever played by our boys. Tom Daly's work at short stop, as Dan Hanrahan's at first, was excellent. On the whole the game was a glorious defeat, worth two ordinary victories. The following is the complete score of the game:

Brooklyn's.....	0	4	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	1—9
Rose Hills.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0—2

BROOKLYN						ROSE HILLS						ROSE HILLS								
	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E		AB	R	IB	PO	A	E		AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Pinkney, 3b.....	5	0	1	0	1	0	Kieran, 2b.....	5	1	0	5	4	2		5	1	0	5	4	2
Collins, 2b.....	5	0	0	3	2	0	Sweeney, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	1	1		4	0	0	1	1	1
Hautz, 1.b.....	4	2	1	10	0	0	Hanrahan, 1b.....	4	0	1	11	0	1		4	0	1	11	0	1
Burns, 1.f.....	5	0	1	1	0	0	T. Carmody, r.f.....	4	1	3	0	0	1		4	1	3	0	0	1
Corkhill, c.f.....	5	2	2	0	0	0	Callan, c.....	4	0	1	3	2	2		4	0	1	3	2	2
O'Brien, 1.f.....	5	0	0	1	0	1	Clare, c.f.....	4	0	0	2	0	1		4	0	0	2	0	1
Smith, s.s.....	4	1	2	0	2	2	R. Carmody, p.....	4	0	0	1	5	2		4	0	0	1	5	2
Caruthers, p.....	2	1	0	1	4	0	Orpheus, 1.f.....	4	0	0	1	0	1		4	0	0	1	0	1
Terry, p.....	1	0	0	0	6	0	Daly, s.s.....	4	0	1	2	6	0		4	0	1	2	6	0
Clark, c.....	2	2	1	5	2	0														
Visner, e.....	1	1	1	6	1	0														

Three base hit Carmody; two base hit Burns; stolen bases, Brooklyn, 4; Rose Hills, 3. Umpire, Mr. Fergusson. Time of game, 1 hour 34 minutes. D. A. '91.

NEWARK GAME.

As it is the intention of the MONTHLY to give a fair and truthful record of the progress of the Rose Hills for the present season, it is bound not only to chronicle the victories but also the defeats sustained by them.

April sixth was the day set apart for the struggle with Newark. Although the boys never, for a moment, imagined that they could win the game, still, we must confess, that there lurked, away down in their breasts, a desire to show the unsophisticated "foreigners" of Jersey that college boys could play ball in the United States. In regard to the accomplishment of this desire the MONTHLY has nothing to say.

In spite of the fact, that during the course of the game the Rose Hills made a few inexcusable errors, it can be said, with all due regard for truth, that they put up, on the whole, what might be termed a fair game. In making this assertion we have taken into consideration the cruel manner in which the Newarkers pounded the Spanlding trade mark. This may, at first, seem to cast discredit upon our pitchers, but it must be remembered that the Newarkers have deservedly obtained a widespread reputation as heavy hitters, and that eight members of the nine are left-handed batters. Now, as all who are acquainted with base ball are aware, a right-handed pitcher stands in mortal terror of a sinister batsman; such being the case we can hardly wonder at the big score made by Newark.

The fielding and batting of our exotic opponents were perfect all through the game, whilst Messrs. Kieran and Sweeney led the Rose Hills at the bat. Kieran made a clean home run in the eighth inning, but was forced by careless coaching to remain on third. It may here be added that the Rose Hills would do well to pay more attention to base-running and coaching. We wish it to be understood that this last remark is not made for the sake of finding fault, or because we are at all dissatisfied with the work of the team, but simply because we have the interests of the nine at heart and wish to see them improve in this respect. The throwing and fielding of Clare and the base-running of Travis and Hanrahan are worthy of special mention.

In conclusion we would add that it is no disgrace to be beaten by professionals, and that the Rose Hills have no cause to feel discouraged. We have no doubt that the team will have reason to be proud of their work for the season of '89.

Newark.....	2	0	2	9	3	1	0	0	3—20
Rose Hill.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1—2

M. '89.

ROSE HILLS VS. SYLVANS.

What with the tight grapples with the Gorhams, the Brooklyns and the Newarkers, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, respectively, the Rose Hills were not in trim for the Sylvals on Sunday. They were played out. They piled error on error. Errors and a lack of timely batting were the factors that lost them the game. Here is the score by innings:

Rose Hills.....	0	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0—6
Sylvals.....	0	3	0	0	2	4	0	3	x—12

Errors, Rose Hills, 3; Sylvals 5; Base Hits, Rose Hills, 12; Sylvals, 8.

PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB VS. ROSE HILLS.

On April 14th the Rose Hills crossed bats with the Pastime Athletic team at Fordham, and succeeded in defeating them in fine form. The game was one sided from the start, as our boys took a good lead in the first inning and retained it till the end. Were it not for the heavy batting done by the Rose Hills the game would have been extremely monotonous. The features of the game were the batting of Messrs. Kieran and Sweeney, and the excellent pitching of R. Carmody. The Pastimes were unable to obtain a single safe hit off his puzzling delivery. Appended is the score by innings:—

ROSE HILLS.									PASTIMES.								
	AB	R	IB	TB	SB	PO	A	E		AB	R	IB	TB	SB	PO	A	E
Hanrahan, 1b.....	6	2	1	1	1	7	0	0	Dougherty 1b.....	3	0	0	0	0	5	0	0
Sweeney, 3b.....	5	5	2	3	0	1	2	1	Regan, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	0	4	1	5
Kieran, 2b.....	6	2	4	5	1	1	1	2	Mallon, 1.f. & c.....	3	0	1	2	1	3	0	1
T. Carmody, r.f.....	5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	Meehan, 1.f. & c.....	4	0	0	0	0	8	0	3
R. Carmody, p.....	5	2	1	2	0	1	12	0	Kessler, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	2	13	2
Clare, c.f.....	4	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	Leahy, c.f.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Orpheus, 1.f.....	4	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	Girth, s.s. & r.f.....	3	1	0	0	1	2	1	0
Hart, c.....	5	1	0	0	1	15	2	2	Lewis, r.f. & s.s.....	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	1
Daly, s.s.....	5	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	Harnly, 2b.....	4	1	1	2	0	2	0	1
Quackenboss, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0									
Totals.....	45	17	11	14	5	26	22	6	Totals.....	30	4	2	4	3	27	15	14

* Regan declared out hit by batted ball.

Score by Innings.

Pastimes.....	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	0—4
Rose Hills.....	2	1	3	2	3	0	4	0	2—17

Earned runs—Pastimes, 0; Rose Hills, 1. Two-base hits—Mallon, 1; Harney, 1; Kieran, 1; Sweeney, 1; R. Carmody, 1. Struck out—R. Carmody, 12; Quackenboss, 3; Kessler, 10. Wild pitches—Kessler, 4; R. Carmody, 3; Quackenboss, 1. Passed balls—Meehan, 3; Hart, 2. Umpire—Callan. Time of game 1 hour, 35 minutes.

* Carmody left the box in the 7th inning; two hits made off Quackenboss, who pitched the rest of the game.

Thursday, April 18th, Rose Hills vs. Lafayette.—The morning of April 18 broke dark and threatening, but in the early forenoon the rain clouds began to break, and by the time the umpire called game the weather was just in the right condition for playing. At 11:40 A. M. the Rose Hills walked down the avenue to meet the upholders of the maroon and cream from Easton. As they came up the walk, cheer after cheer rent the air in token of the esteem in which the Lafayette boys are held at Fordham. The game began at an earlier hour than usual, two o'clock, to enable the Lafayette boys to return that evening. The Rose Hills took the bat, sending the Lafayettes to the field. T. Carmody led off with a safe base hit, but was put out attempting to steal second. Lafayette tallied one in their half on a base on balls, a hit and a wild throw. The Rose Hills scored a run in the third by a wild throw over first base, and three more in the fourth, all of which were earned on hits by R. Carmody, Clare, Daly and a two-bagger by T. Carmody. In their portion of the inning the Lafayettes sent two men across the plate on a base on balls and hits by Clark and Mackey. In the fifth, hits by Kieran, Clare, a two-bagger by R. Carmody, a base on balls, and an error netted the Rose Hills four runs. The Lafayettes scored another run in the

sixth on a three-bagger by Long and an error. In the seventh, for the Rose Hills, Hanrahan hit to right centre for two bases, stole third and came home on a passed ball. In the eighth the Rose Hills scored twice on two bases on balls, aided by some loose fielding on the part of the Lafayettes. The boys from Easton made their last run in the eighth inning on a hit by Clark, a base on balls and an error. In the ninth for the Rose Hills, Hanrahan hit safely, stole second and third and scored on Wells' throw to first.

The features of the game for the Lafayettes were the fielding of Long and Elder and the batting of Clark. For the Rose Hills the battery work of R. Carmody and Callan, the batting of T. Carmody, Clare, Hanrahan and R. Carmody, and the base-running of R. Carmody and Hanrahan are worthy of mention. The following is the score :

ROSE HILLS.							LAFAYETTES.						
	R	IB	SB	PO	A	E		R	IB	SB	PO	A	E
T. Carmody, r.f.....	2	2	0	1	0	1	Long, c.f.....	2	1	0	3	0	0
Sweeney, 3b.....	1	1	0	1	2	0	Clark, l.f.....	0	3	0	1	0	1
Kieran, 2b.....	1	1	1	3	0	1	Southwick, 2b.....	1	0	1	3	1	0
Callan, c.....	1	0	0	13	4	1	Ellis, 1b.....	0	0	0	9	0	0
Hanrahan, 1b.....	3	2	3	8	0	0	Mackey, r.f.....	1	1	0	1	0	0
R. Carmody, p.....	2	2	2	0	14	0	Wells, c.....	0	0	0	7	1	0
Clare, c.f.....	1	2	1	0	0	1	March, 3b.....	0	0	0	1	3	2
Orpheus, l.f.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	Davis, p.....	0	0	0	1	8	0
Daly, s.s.....	1	1	1	0	2	1	Elder, s.s.....	1	0	0	1	4	2
Totals.....	12	11	8	27	20	5	Totals.....	5	5	1	27	17	5

Earned runs, Rose Hills, 5. Two-base hits—T. Carmody, Hanrahan, R. Carmody,. Three-base hit—Long. Left on bases—Rose Hills, 4; Lafayettes, 2. Struck out—by R. Carmody, 13; by Davis, 7. Time of game—1 hour, 30 min. Umpire, Mr. Keane.

Q. '89.

MOTT HAVENS VS. ROSE HILLS.

During this game, which took place on April 21st at Fordham, the Rose Hills showed up splendidly in the field and at the bat,

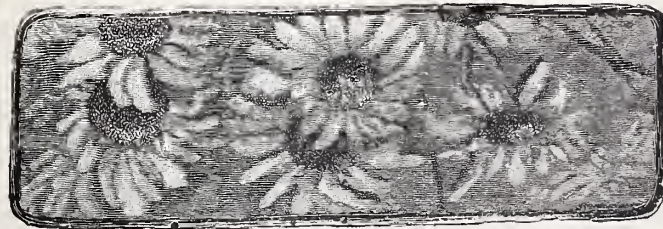
and proved themselves worthy of the confidence of their admirers. The visitors claimed to be the champions of the Annexed District, but we have grave doubts as to whether they have any right to the title. If it were not for an unfortunate error in the eighth inning they would have gone home whitewashed. After the fifth inning Quackenboss and Hart became the battery for the Rose Hills, as it was seen that there was no necessity for using up the energy of our little twirler. Carmody, Sweeney, Clare and Kieran led the batting. The following score speaks for itself :

ROSE HILLS.							MOTT HAVEN.								
T. Carmody, r.f.....	AB	R	IB	SB	PO	A	E	McDonald, 2b.....	AB	R	IB	SB	PO	A	E
Sweeney, 2b.....	6	1	3	4	1	2	0	Robertson, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	4	2	3
Kieran, 2b.....	6	4	4	1	7	1	1	Tynan, p.r.f.....	2	0	0	0	1	5	1
Callan, c.....	1	3	0	2	6	1	0	Sullivan, c.....	1	0	0	0	1	2	0
Harte, c.....	4	1	3	1	6	4	0	Barnet, c.....	1	0	0	0	8	0	2
Hanrahan, 1b.....	5	2	1	0	6	0	2	Meade, l.f.....	3	0	1	0	1	0	1
R. Carmody, p.....	3	2	1	0	0	8	0	Benzen, r.f, p.....	3	0	0	0	1	4	0
Quackenboos, p.....	3	1	0	0	0	7	0	Germain, c.f.....	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Clare, c.f.....	5	1	2	2	1	1	0	Yalde, 1b.....	3	0	0	0	9	0	2
Orpheus, l.f.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	0	Clayton, s.s.....	3	0	1	0	0	4	0
Daly, s.s.....	6	1	1	1	0	1	0								
	50	21	21	14	27	25	3		25	0	4	0	29	19	12

Earned runs—Mott Haven, 0; Rose Hills, 5. Two-base hits—Sweeney, 1; Kieran 1. Three-base hits—Kieran, 1. Passed balls—Sullivan, 4; Barnett, 5. Wild pitcher—Tynan, 2; R. Carmody, 1. Struck out—R. Carmody, 9; Quackenboss, 4; Tynan, 1; Benzen, 3. Hit by pitched ball—McDonald. Base on balls—Tynan, Barnett, T. Carmody, Sweeney, Kieran, Hanrahan, Clare and Orpheus, 1 each; Callan, 2. Time of game, 2 hours, 5 minutes. Umpire—Hickey.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Rose Hills.....	4	5	3	0	1	1	1	5	—21
Mott Havens.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1





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MAY.

Lo, comes Maid May of beauty rare
To reign where dying April reigned.
The fields their gayest colors wear ;
Lo comes Maid May of beauty rare,
The sunbeams tinge her flowing hair,
And gild her garments pure, unstained ;
Lo, comes Maid May of beauty rare,
To reign where dying April reigned.

She wanders on with careless tread,
And where she turns all nature smiles.
Trees hang their blossoms over head ;
She wanders on with careless tread,
The soft winds kiss her lips so red,
(Ah ! me the soft winds' merry wiles !)
She wanders on with careless tread,
And where she turns all nature smiles.

May sinks upon a couch of green,
Her drooping eye-lids close in sleep,
And from afar Queen June is seen.
May sinks upon a couch of green.
Trees locking branches o'er her lean,
And tuneful birds her slumbers keep.
May sinks upon a couch of green,
Her drooping eye-lids close in sleep.

EDWARD L. GODFREY, '91.

SOME DOINGS OF AN OLD SCHOOL.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

STUDENTS of one period are all antiquarian enough in their tastes to derive more or less pleasure from tales of the doings of those of another. This liking of theirs is doubly increased when there is added the difference of country and of time. So we have no fear in presuming that a few remarks on some of the customs of Eton College during the last century will be read not without interest by the students of the Fordham of to-day. Why, of all English colleges, we have chosen Eton as the subject of our paper, we have not wherewith to answer; suffice it to say that our little essay, before it reaches its close, may peradventure commend our choice to the reader. First and foremost among the customs peculiar to Eton in the last century, was the very remarkable importance attached to the composition of Latin verses. Up to quite recently in the present century, the store set by it was perhaps even extravagant. The scholar who showed little talent for turning a tolerable distich, a correct sapphic and adonic strophe, or even a fair alcaic stanza, no matter what his proficiency was in other branches, was confronted with a very strong drawback in his studies. Indeed, a knack of imitating Horace, Virgil and Ovid was the surest, if not the only, stepping stone to distinction; while the lack of the same talent often hindered many a scholar from attaining to perfect proficiency. Richard Porson, a student of wonderful ability and of unbounded classical reading, failed to compass at Eton the honor which he had anticipated and which others had predicted for him, merely because his knowledge of Latin prosody was shaky, to say the least. Even Greek versification had an importance second only to that attaching to Latin; and Præd, who was a lion at either, in his poem on the "Eve of Battle," supposing the schoolboy eager for the fray after being let loose from the class room, makes a very happy allusion to the famous Eton test of scholarly proficiency:

"And still, in spite of all thy care,
False quantities will haunt thee there;
For thou wilt make, amidst the throng,
Or *zōē* short, or *kleos* long!"

Of course the great importance belonging to classical versification could not but be a very strong incentive for the students of Eton to raise it to the very highest possible standard of excellence; so much so that, outside of Milton, the very best Latin poems composed by Englishmen have come from the pens of Etonians. The celebrated Marquis of Wellesley, brother to the Iron Duke—who, by the way, seems to have been an ignoramus, at least as far as Latin and Greek versification went, during his short stay at Eton—is the author of some exquisite poetry. The following tender lines, written by the Marquis himself, and inscribed above the place where he lies in the college chapel, will bear out what we have said of his Latin poetry:

"Fortunae rerumque vagis exercitus undis,
In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum;
Magna sequi, et summae mirari culmina famae,
Et purum antiquae lucis adire jubar,
Auspice te, didici puer, atque in limine vitae
In genuas verac laudis amare vias.
Si qua meum vitae decursu gloria nomen
Auxerit, aut si quis nobilitarit honos;
Muneris, alma, tui est; alitrix da terra sepulchrum
Supremam lachrymam da, memoremque mei!"

The grace, the Latinity and the intrinsic beauty of these lines, especially of the last four, speak for themselves; yet, despite all their merits, they are surpassed, in our opinion—we judge with the bent of mind of a school-boy—by his Sapphics and Adonics "Ad Genium Loci," with the first two and last stanza of which we will grace our page:

"O levis Fauni et Dryadum sodalis,
Finium tutela vigil meorum!
Qui meos colles et aprica laetus
Prata nemusque.

Mobili lustras pede, nunc susurros
Arborum captans, modo murmurantis
Fluminis servas vitreos reductâ in
Valle meatus!

* * * * *

Laetus O! faustusque adeas, precamur;
Nil mei prosunt sine te labores,
Nil valet, cultum nisi tu secundes,
Rustica cura."

A few lines from Gray will suffice to give our learned reader an idea of the excellence of Latin poetry—for poetry it is—of Eton College in the days that were, but, alas! which are no more. The lines:

Praesentiorcm et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque praeceptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem,

which occur in the alcaic ode, written in the album of the Grand Chartreuse in Dauphiny, surpass every Latin poem out of the great masters; while these exquisite and pathetic lines from another of his alcaic odes

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia nympha sensit,"

have been thought worthy of Horace himself, and inspired Byron when he wrote the poem which begins with the well-known line,

There's not a joy the world can give like what it takes away.

It was customary on certain occasions to give the students

of Eton a half-holiday at the hands of the one who should write the best Latin poem; and we doubt not but that such a goal made each student beat and spur his Pegasus with ardor earnest enough; and we have as little doubt that were the example of the Eton Faculty followed by the Faculty of Fordham, the sacred and rarely profaned pages of Fr. Noel's "Gradus" would be oftener and more eagerly consulted, and that, too, with better results.

Next we have the custom called "Ad Montem," than which no custom of any other college or school is more curious, and none so thoroughly peculiar to and characteristic of Eton. The origin of the custom is obscure, while the earliest notice known of it dates as far back as 1778, when the King and Queen graced the occasion by their presence, and made the very generous contribution of fifty guineas apiece. On the day of the celebration the whole school mustered together and in a sort of Jack Falstaff brigade, with band and colors, marched to a neighboring knoll, well-known by the name of Salt Hill, whence we have "Ad Montem." Here the standard-bearer waved his flag, the boys gave vociferous cheers, and the whole affair was apparently ended. But the students now taxed the generosity of the gathered gazers in the shape of money contributions, called "Salt," in behalf of the Captain, to enable him to meet his expenses on entering Cambridge, as he was the head collegier. The "salt-bearers," running in every direction, raised the cry of "Salt! Salt!" and confronted everybody, beginning with the nobleman in his carriage-and four, and ending with the rustic on foot. Salt! salt! was still the cry, and anything that echoed the demand, from a six-penny piece to a fifty-pound note was gathered into the embroidered bags held out by the salt bearers. A ticket stamped with the Latin motto of "Mos pro Lege" and of "Mos pro More et Monte," was handed to each contributor, who was thus protected from further taxation. The salt bearers, accompanied by a number of satellites, bore staves of office on which were inscribed such mottoes as "Mutat quadrata rotundis" a square (ticket) for a round (coin) and "Cum sale panis," which we will not attempt to translate. The amount levied from the assembled crowd has been known to reach to a thousand pounds, quite a sum in those days. But the Captain himself was not allowed to remain in the quiet possession of such a sum, for among other things he had to pay for a dinner given to all the Fifth

and Sixth Forms, so that, after all, he not seldom netted but half the proceeds.

Coming back from "Montem" in the gardens adjacent to Salt Hill the boys sometimes took a fancy to flesh their maiden swords on the flowers and shrubs, referring the forfeit to the captain's "salt," who suffered this outrage in proportion to his popularity among his fellows. The ceremony took place generally on May-day, and the royal presence—especially that of his Majesty, George III., who is said never once to have missed attending in forty years—must have imparted to it a tone of aristocratic pomp and show. Latin versification took a part in the celebration; for one of the boys read Latin verses on the top of the hill, and on finishing was unceremoniously kicked down, much to the delight and amusement of the boors. But this part of the celebration was put an end to, at the instance of Queen Charlotte, who witnessed it once herself and was so shocked at it that at her request it was abolished. Another custom very peculiar to Eton was the "Hunting of the Ram," which, on account of its barbarous tendency, was abolished at an earlier date than the Montem. According to a very old tradition, the college butcher was obliged to provide the boys with a ram on Election Saturday. The poor animal on one occasion rushed into the river, and swimming across, darted into the crowded market place at Windsor, with the whole school at his heels. This put an end to the hunting, but nevertheless the boys used to get the ram on the accustomed day, and managed to do away with it in a very barbarous manner, which can offer no defence. Once the ram was hamstrung the boys got their clubs and proceeded to knock the poor thing on the head. On one occasion the young Duke of Cumberland, known as the butcher and the bloody duke in history and poetry, deigned to kill the ram with a club especially made for the purpose. Among the other customs of Eton we may mention boating, swimming, and theatricals, all of which are more or less common to our own schools and colleges, and need have nothing said of them here except that they have often been the source of many an amusing anecdote and perhaps oftener of much annoyance to the college faculty. So, having said enough to give our reader a fair idea of the old Etonian customs, and hoping that we have thereby pleased him, at least in a moderate degree, we will bring our paper to a close.

O MAY time,
O sweet May time,
O morning of life and of pleasure,
When Hope takes wing,
Unquestioning,
In search of its fancied treasure.

O May time,
O sweet May time,
Dear are thy days beyond measure;
Though all hopes be vain,
O count it but gain
To have gone in quest of their treasure.

OUR FIRST TRAVELER.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE MARVELS THAT SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE SAW.

J. DUNN, '91.

READER, did it ever occur to you that we of the Nineteenth Century are a little too self satisfied, that we think we know all about a subject when in reality our knowledge of that subject is oft times superficial? We look back upon the by-gone ages and we know all the great men in them; we know all the great achievements of those same great men, and in our self-satisfaction we flatter ourselves that we give everyone his dues. But is such the case? Now, John, Thomas, or whatever your name is, can you tell me who first conceived the idea that the earth is round? Ah, John, Thomas, or whatever his name is, smiles complacently and his face—an honest, open face it is too—expresses a wish for something more difficult; but he answers quite patriotically that Christopher Columbus was first impressed with that idea. See there, my reader, John or Thomas is an ideal student of the Nineteenth Century and speaks with due cognizance of that fact. He never thinks to give credit to the Englishman who, more than a century before Columbus knew the difference between a belaying pin and a windlass, and was promulgating theories about the spherical form of the earth. What difference does it make if we do not give credit to an old fib-teller who would surely stand a good chance for first place in a contest with Queen Scheherezade?

The most ingenuous of travelers, Sir. John Maundeville has been condemned as an idle fabulist; yet he designed no imposition on his readers. He tells what he believed, part of which he had seen and the rest he had from hearsay, or had gotten from sources authentic in his day. And all these "mervayles" and adventures written, as he says, for "solace in his wretched rest," he has gathered into a book styled "The Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maundeville, Kt." "And ye shall understand that I have put this book out of Latin into French, and translated it again out of French into English that every man of my nation may understand it; and that lords and knights, and other noble and worthy men may know and understand."

And now, reader—for we suppose that there is, at least, one person who will have waded through the foregoing and who will read to the end without complaining, howsoever dull the paper may be—let us look through the volume of adventure and see if we can find anything instructing or interesting. Take from its obscure corner the book that has become of little consequence in the world of its successors. How we all welcome a novelty! What real human nature there is in the saying, "The king is dead; Long live the king!" It is as a voice coming from centuries departed, telling of old customs and modes of life, of the beliefs and legends of the most interesting peoples of antiquity.

Listen to his quaint introduction: "And forasmuch as it is long time passed that there was no general passage, or

voyage over the sea, and many men desiring to hear speak of the Holy Land, and have thereof great solace and comfort, I, John Maundeville, knight, albeit I be not worthy, who was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, passed the sea in the year of our Lord, Jesus Christ, 1322, on the day of St. Michael, and have hitherto been a long time over sea and gone through many divers lands, and many provinces, and kingdoms and isles, where dwelt many divers folks, and of divers manners and laws, and of divers shapes of men." What a characteristic opening! And how fully the expectations excited by it are realized! Here is the beginning, or, at least, one of the first progressive steps of English literature, and as such deserves honor and recognition. True, there is want of connection in many parts, and an object in any way related to supernatural affairs inspires our author with lamentable credulity; the result of which is that many of his statements are to be taken "*cum grano salis*." And in this respect he is not without some noted modern followers, for the historians, Macauley and Froude, are, at times, to use a mild term, more interesting than accurate.

The subjects Sir John treats are so well adapted to the supernatural that one cannot wonder at the flights of imagination he indulges. Alas! the world's progress has crowded out the marvelous, for when the interesting spots of antiquity can be visited by steam or rail adventure stock is away below par. But when this book was written the conditions were very unlike the present. For traveling, as Sir John did, many things had to be taken on faith; and in believing too much our author passed from the realm of the real into that of the fanciful and ideal. Such is the story of the daughter of Hippocrates, which is related for a simple fact. At this late day we offer little belief to the stories of beautiful maidens masquerading in the habiliments of a loathesome dragon until some valorous knight shall come and kiss her on the mouth, when again the maiden will appear in all her beauty and wed the rescuer. Now, good Sir or Madam, it is not at all interesting to you whether that valorous knight ever came, but to some it may be interesting, if not gratifying to know that up to the time of our chronicle he had not. At Ephesus Sir John happens upon the tomb of St. John, the Evangelist, in which, singularly enough, he says there is nothing but manna, while in the next line he asserts that men oftentimes see the ground thereabout move, for the Apostle still lives within. At Joppa, a town "builded before Noah's flood" and renowned since, by the way, for its connection with Jerusalem, he sees the rib of a giant which is forty feet long, and then he tells a tale of Andromeda, whose side in life had been rendered firm by the above-mentioned rib, which is much at variance with the Greek story of that personage; for St. John's Andromeda was an awful giant instead of a beautiful maiden.

Our author was also a subject of the Egyptian Sultan and spent his leisure moments in carrying on observations on the source of the Nile that have hardly been verified by recent explorers. Sir John tells us very coolly that the Nile rises in the garden of Eden, and flows between India and Ethiopia before it enters the land of Egypt, but more modern explorations do not coincide very well with this geographical statement. It is here that the tower of Babel is described. Imagine, O ye praisers of modern architecture, a tower ten miles square and walls sixty-four fathoms high. "But it is full long since any man dare approach to the tower; for it is all desert and full of dragons and great serpents, and infested by divers venomous beasts." This statement frees the writer from any accusation of exaggeration, as we can see from it that the dimensions of the walls, etc., are the result of hearsay, not of actual observation. In Egypt likewise dwells the Phoenix, a fine bird as large as an eagle, and pleasingly variegated by a red and yellow tail, purple wings, yellow neck and blue beak. It is a veritable *rara avis*, there being but one in existence at any time. It lives somewhat longer than our crow; in fact it dies regularly at the age of five hundred years in a very remarkable manner. It comes to the temple of Heliopolis and is burned with spices and sulphur on an altar. On the following day a worm appears in the ashes, and on the next it becomes a perfect Phoenix and flies away. Nor is this the only wonderful thing Egypt had in those days. There were the apples of Paradise, that, cut them however you will, still show the image of the Cross. Then there were Adam's apples that always grew with one fair side bitten as with human teeth; and then the pyramids were standing as now, and Sir John offered his theory in explanation of their original purpose. He says they are Joseph's granaries, of Scriptural fame; and who will say that for his time that opinion was not as good as the Mausoleum theory of later writers? Here also is the wonderful tree that stood leafless and lifeless since the crucifixion. What a wonderfully interesting place Egypt must have been then!

We will pass over his description of Jerusalem, much of which is grotesque and beyond belief, though some things be true and interesting. When Sir John is discoursing of the marvels seen near Damaseus and the river that stands still on all days of the week except Saturday and of another that freezes every night in the year and thaws the next morning, we are forced to infer that either the chronicler is deceiving himself or that Nature has very materially changed in the last few centuries. After describing the Mohammedan creed with more skill than veracity, it seems our author gives warning that he is going to tell of many marvelous sights that men may not believe, and straightway he fulfills his prediction in such a way that there can be no denying that they are marvelous. His semi-scientific treatise on the propagation and virtues of diamonds is unique and interesting, and quite in keeping with the ideas of his time, but when he comes to eels thirty feet long and rats so large that cats were but small fry to them, which fact necessitated the use of huge mastiffs as ratters, what more marvelous could you ex-

pect? And then the fountain of perpetual youth which our traveler asserts he tasted. How strange that De Soto some hundred years after should go hunting for that same fountain in the Western World, when an English traveler had drunk of it in the East.

At this place comes a treatise on the shape of the earth, in which, of course, our traveler does not "go below the turtle," but shows notwithstanding some very good sense. On account of a different appearance of the firmament in those parts, he says that to him the earth seems round. Then he relates a story illustrating how a man can sail all around the earth "both above and below." An English man once sailed out into the ocean until he came to a land that was inhabited by people speaking his own language; quite terrified at this, he turned around and sailed all the way back again. We next see Sir John among the islands near Java, and here he found men that hiss as serpents, women with dog's heads, and giants with but one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead. Here are people with neither nose nor mouth, and people with mouths so great, that in sleeping they can cover all the face with the upper lip. But when the realm of the Great Chan is described, the author gives one an impression of accuracy and acquaintance with Chinese manners, and so it is not so entertaining as what is told from mere hearsay.

At the time Sir John Maundeville wrote, there was a popular belief in the existence of a mighty ruler of India, by name Prester John, whose realm was enormous and included between the rivers that flow out of Paradise. Of course Sir John was too much of a traveler not to visit his empire, and the wonders he relates are of a nature to satisfy all marvel lovers. Truly a mighty ruler was Prester John, if all that is here related is true. Territory unlimited, gorgeous arrangement at the palace are only the minor part of his wonderful power. As the Great Chan of China is the only monarch that can compare with Prester John, the Chan always marries the eldest daughter of Prester John, and Prester John always marries the eldest daughter of the Chan, which arrangement rendered the genealogical records a little complex if not confused. Then Sir John relates such a variety of stories that the most fastidious can be suited to their tastes. After leaving the lands of Prester John, with its Valley of Devils and its Land of Faith, the rheumatic gout began to remind him that he should end his travels, and so he returned to England, and wrote his interesting book of travels, that was so much an authority in its day, and which, with all its exaggeration has remarkable merits. Listen to the closing lines: "I am come home in spite of myself to rest; for rheumatic gouts that distress me, fix the end of my labor, against my will (God knoweth). And thus taking comfort in my wretched rest, recording the time passed, I have fulfilled these things, and written them in this book as it would come into my mind, the year of Grace 1356, in the thirty-fourth year that I departed from our country. Wherefore, I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book if it pleases them, that they would pray to God for me and I shall pray for them."



PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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MAY, 1889.



As yet we have not suggested even remotely the payment of subscriptions. To be just there has been little need of such a hint. Still there are a few who have been delinquent in the matter of paying up their subscriptions, and have allowed them to grow with the growing years. It is to these that we address our hint. In pleasant contrast to these backsliders is the kindness of Rev. Fr. McNulty. More than doing his share as an old graduate towards the support of the *Monthly*, he very lately made the paper the generous present of twenty-five dollars. We take this public opportunity of thanking him for this very kind act of his.

Our Cadets are now more than ever a feature of the College. The battalion is worthy of the name both from a numerical and a military standpoint. All the companies composing it are in the best of trim, and manœuvre and drill with a precision that would tickle all lovers of things military. In fact they have already received a very neat compliment from the U. S. Military Inspector. The coming con-

test for a set of colors has put new spirit into them, and as the day of the trial approaches it is getting more and more difficult to hit upon the best company. To our peaceful eyes they all seem good, and in our largeness of heart we would like to see them all rewarded with a share in the spoils.

There is always something in the nature of a surprise in a game of base ball. One can scarcely pose as a prophet in this matter. We have come to the conclusion that we were quite mistaken in this feature of the game at the opening of the season. We were too sanguine then, and were guilty of too much predicting. Of course our predictions were in favor of our team, and in this we are completely wrong. We don't pretend to say why events have not fulfilled expectations, yet we are tempted to lay the discrepancy at the door of fatality. In a number of games the team seemed actually doomed to defeat. They played ball in a way to delight the heart of a connoisseur, yet in a twinkling came a bad play or a lucky hit on the part of their opponents and all hope of victory was beyond them. Of a verity there are many deceitful things, but none more so than base ball.

We are going to have the pleasure of listening to two of our graduates this coming month, Rev. James Dougherty, of St. Monica's, who will deliver the panegyric of St. Aloysius and Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, of Newburgh, who is to address the graduates on Commencement Day.

The very beautiful practice of the May devotions has been again taken up. Every evening, at 7.45, the statue and court are lit up, and the boys gather around to sing the praises of Our Lady. To the *Regin Coeli* and some other select hymn has been added a new feature. Each night some appointed boy delivers a simple and familiar discourse on some virtue or other of Our Lady. The devotions are very devotional and touching, and have given no small praise to the Mother of God.

We devote a larger space this month than is usual to our college news, and in consequence much of our literary matter has been crowded out. So much that is good and excellent has transpired in our midst this month that we feel we would be doing an injustice not to chronicle them faithfully. Notable among our doings were the literary celebration of the Rector's Day and the lecture delivered by Daniel Dougherty, Esq., accounts of which may be found elsewhere. Our only regret is that they were hidden, that they were not public. We remember never having heard anything so captivating as was the students' illustrated reading of Longfellow's *Golden Legend*. Accompanied by the exquisite orchestral music of Dudley Buck, and with a delightful rendition of the various songs by the choir of St. Francis Xavier's we thought we could have wished for no more agreeable and elevated entertainment.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Editors Fordham Monthly :

I HAD hoped that Fred Dodge's letter in the March issue of the MONTHLY would call forth an answer from some member of '82. The April number proved a disappointment in this respect, and though I would prefer that another should tell us what he knows of the genial set of fellows who left us in '82, yet as I know something of them I will try to tell it.

Dr. John Aspell is practising in the city in charge of one of the hospitals uptown, I think, and is succeeding admirably. Dr. John is said to be one of our rising young men. It goes without saying that he is still the taking character that counted so many friends among the old fellows at Fordham.

Dr. "Jeff" O'Connell is, I understand, practising and very successfully in Honesdale, his native place.

Fr. John McGuinness is at Oswego, N. Y., the idol, I suppose, of as many friends as he was during all his time at Fordham.

Fr. McGurk passed through Fordham last fall on his way to a more genial climate. Poor Fr. McGurk has had several hemorrhages, due partly to the severity of the climate of Montreal where he was studying, and partly, too, I suppose, to that conscientious application to study for which he was known at Fordham. We hope and pray that his southern trip may have done him good, and that he may be spared to us for many a year yet. We cannot spare such men as Fr. McGurk just now, at least not until they have done a good life's work. I have not heard from him since December; I would like to very much.

Fr. McManus is a curate at East 14th street in the city. I met him at St. Francis Xavier's on St. Patrick's Day. He is looking very well after his long years of study at Rome. Residence abroad does not seem to have erased any of the old names and faces from the "pictures which hang on memory's wall." He "whose name was not Lawrence but who came from Lawrence" is now the good, the genial Fr. Ryan of one of the "frontier" towns of Massachusetts.

Sedgwick, after graduating at law and being admitted to the bar, has gone into business, needless to say, with success rapidly looming up. Latterly he has, for the sake of good example, I suppose, taken unto himself a helpmate. We wish

him joy. By the way, we met Mr. and Mrs. John Dempsey, '81, the other day. They promised to call again, but we have not seen them as yet.

Kennelly is night clerk at the Grand Union, and is ready to welcome the old fellows at their favorite hotel whenever they come to the city. He, too, promised to call on us soon and must not forget. Jack Keenan, whom you mention in your letter, was at Fordham not long since to see our Rector Rev. Fr. Scully. He is still the same old Jack as ever, and does not seem to have changed a bit. Of Denny Walsh we have not heard in a long while. He started at medicine, I believe, but found dissecting-room work too much for him—he was ever delicate—and then took up law. Since then I've heard nothing of him, but can imagine him "thrilling the court, befooling the jury, electrifying the audience," at the Ansonia Assizes. O'Malley is now, according to the MONTHLY, local editor of the *Geneva Gazette*. With a shoulder like his to one of the wheels of the universe, we may soon expect to see things spin.

Hoping that the errors I may have made may call forth an answer and correction from some one better informed as to the status of the old fellows,

I remain sincerely,

X., '85.

SECOND DIVISION, STUDY HALL, May 26, 1889.

Editors of The Fordham Monthly :

SIRS.—Although the very flattering account which your paper gave of our late Glee Club entertainment was so complete as to leave hardly any room for complaint, and tickled our vanity so much by the pleasant manner in which it sounded our praises, still there was one deficiency in it, which, I am sure, was owing to an oversight on the part of the gentleman who wrote the notice. The names of Mr. Brown, S. J., and Mr. F. J. Donovan, '91, of First Division, were not even mentioned in connection with the affair. To them the success of the musical portion of the entertainment is wholly and entirely due, as Mr. Taaffe or any of the members will gladly testify. By correcting the omission and giving these gentlemen the praise which they merit for their efforts, you will oblige, not only the writer, but every other member of

"OUR" GLEE CLUB.



THE RECTOR'S DAY.

THURSDAY, May 26th, was a gala day at the college. It was the occasion of the Rector's annual feast day, and as such, was celebrated with all the goodwill and hilarity befitting such an occasion. In the early forenoon, if we were to judge by the cloudy sky and chilly breeze that joined in their efforts to make us uncomfortable, the Fates seemed unpropitious and gave every indication of having a dark and gloomy day in store for us. Before dinner-time, however, it had cleared up, and old Sol, as bright as ever, came forth smiling his most benign and encouraging smile, to help along the festivities, and heighten by his genial presence the spirit of goodwill and pleasure that pervaded everything. The usual Thursday drill at 8:30 was performed in a manner which showed that the same spirit had spread even to that ordinary and customary event. At 12:30 all assembled in the refectory to discuss the more material features of the celebration, and to do honor to the day and to Fr. Rector, in a manner that is so popular with the average boy in general, and the average Fordham boy in particular, by showing their keen appreciation of the good cheer laid before them. The dinner proved equal to the desires of the most sanguine, and fully satisfied the highest expectations of the most confirmed gourmands among them. It was rendered the more eventful by the presence, as is customary on this day, of Rev. Fr. Rector, and the other members of the faculty, each patriotically adorned with a bit of maroon ribbon. The repast was enlivened from time to time by the tuneful efforts of the college orchestra, whose dulcet strains served to call the hearer from the gratification of his merely carnal appetite, and turn his mind to the contemplation of higher things, as only the soulful music of our orchestra can. Several vocal solos by Signor Narberti, of St. Francis Xavier's choir, and Mr. O'Mahony, the famous basso, were most enthusiastically received, and tended to make the affair still more enjoyable. Dinner concluded with a grand finale by the orchestra, and all adjourned to the field with the universally expressed wish that Rector's feast would come every day. All the interest for the rest of the afternoon was absorbed by the game between the Rose Hills and the Star Athletic Club team, which (alas! that we should be obliged to relate it) resulted so disastrously for the former. Supper was taken earlier than usual in order to leave time for the principal event of the day, the evening's entertainment. The custom of past years had been to have a public play on this occasion, but, owing to the illness of the Rev. Moderator and to the Centennial holidays, which precluded all possibility of rehearsals, the usual dramatic entertainment was replaced by one which proved equally as entertaining, and was a decided innovation on the usual form of such affairs. It consisted of a reading of Longfellow's "Golden Legend," illustrated by stereopticon

views, and interspersed with a number of musical selections, both vocal and instrumental. Mr. Bruno Oscar Klein presided at the piano, and performed in that masterly manner for which he is so famous. Professor Petersen's manipulation of the organ, although more familiar to the audience, was none the less appreciated. The entire musical portion of the affair was under the direction of Rev. Fr. Young, S. J., whose able management of the choir of St. Francis Xavier's Church has won for him such an enviable reputation all through the country.

Mr. Jas. R. Blun, '89, opened the exercises in a congratulatory address to Rev. Fr. Rector, which he concluded with a short introduction to the entertainment and an outline of the plot and principal events of the legend. The prologue to the legend was sung by Signor Norberti, as "Lucifer;" a quartette consisting of Messrs. Arencibia, Franzel, Massa and Weinlich, as the "Bells," and a chorus of twenty boys, as the "Spirits of the Air." It was beautifully rendered and was received by the audience with the keenest delight. Indeed, we are of the opinion that the charm and success of the evening were very largely due to the music. It was Dudley Buck's composition, and it was so delightfully sung that we were beguiled into thinking everything good of the choir and their soloists. The soft and tender strains of the orchestra during the introduction put us and the audience in such a sympathetic mood, so worked upon our feelings that we felt just in the way to enter into the sufferings of the Prince and share to the full the noble heroism of Elsie who would give her life to cure the Prince of his languishing malady. Then followed the legend which was read in turn by Messrs. Heffern, '89, McNeilly, '90, and Taaffe, '90. These gentlemen are well-known among us for their dramatic ability and the interest of the story lost nothing at their hands.

In the intervals between the readings Signor Narberti, Senor Arencibia and Mr. O'Mahony rendered several solos that were most enthusiastically received and applauded to the echo, while the "Evening Song," as rendered by three of the choir boys, in unison, called forth unlimited applause. One of the most remarkable features of the singing of these boys, and one which reflects especial credit on their Reverend Director, is the perfect unison with which they sang, the three voices being so perfectly blended as to sound like one powerful voice. At the close of the entertainment, Rev. Fr. Rector arose, and in a few well-chosen remarks expressed his gratification at the pleasant and enjoyable manner in which everything passed off, congratulated the management on the success of their venture, and thanked all concerned for the interest shown in the celebration and in the complete and thorough success of the entertainment.

Taking all things into consideration we feel no hesitation in pronouncing the entertainment a complete success. It was an innovation on the usual nature of our entertainments, and a novelty to the greater part of the audience, being the first of its kind ever produced here within the memory of the

present generation of students. We extend our hearties congratulations both to the management and to those who assisted in its production, and look forward with pleasure to many more of a similar nature in the future. '90.

THE LECTURE ON ORATORY.

On Wednesday evening, May 15th, we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Dougherty's famous lecture on Oratory.

Mr. Dougherty's fame as an orator was not unknown to us, so when it was announced that he would deliver his lecture before the college, it naturally came to be looked upon as the event of the year. Those among us who had heard him unconsciously played the lord over their brethren of lesser experience and rehearsed for their delectation many a choice tidbit from his lecture that they had garnered in their memories. All this but served to create the strongest bond of sympathy and harmony between our esteemed lecturer and the boys. In fact it was the best introduction that could have been made, better even for winning the good feeling of the audience than was the one made on the night of the lecture itself by Mr. Heffern, the president of the Historical Society, though we must say that that gentleman's introductory remarks were of a very graceful kind, hitting off many good things, especially the effort of Mr. Dougherty's life, the nomination of the late President at the Chicago Convention. With the boys in this state of mind, had Mr. Dougherty only known it, there was no need of introduction of any kind from himself.

It would be presumption in us to attempt to give a critical synopsis of his lecture, and almost impossible to begin to describe the speaker's manner of delivery. If the truth must be told, we were so charmed by his action that we quite forgot to notice it, and it was only afterwards on reflection that we became conscious of some of the qualities in him that at the time so disarmed our critical faculty. Very few sentences had been spoken by him before we began to feel the influence of a commanding presence, and yield to the charm of a musical voice, a grace of action and a personal magnetism that held us until the end. In more than one passage Mr. Dougherty displayed the powers of a finished actor, especially delighting us with his acting of that scene in Shakespeare over the dead body of Cæsar. Marc Antony's address was of course magnificently given and it revealed to many of us many hidden ideas which we had not interpreted before. After giving his idea of what an orator should possess, and illustrating his theory by proof and example, the

lecturer by a very happy transition, passed from the serious to the humorous side of his subject. Many an amusing anecdote of his own struggles as a young orator were told, of his endeavors to rise into oratorical prominence, of the means he made use of, and of the stratagem he employed on one occasion to save himself from the disgrace of public failure. Told in his own humorous way, and accompanied by some very good acting they were very amusing, and brought forth many a hearty laugh from his audience. None the less happy was he in his clever imitations of many of England's orators of the last thirty years, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Lord Beaconsfield and others.

We could go on saying a number of good things of Mr. Dougherty's speaking, but his fame as an orator is so well known that we are afraid that the majority of our readers are better acquainted with his gifts and excellence than are we. In truth we may say that the lecture is undoubtedly among the very best that have ever been given at Fordham. It was a happy inspiration that suggested to the Historical Society under whose auspices the lecture was given, the choice of Mr. Dougherty as the lecturer of the evening, and they have our hearty thanks for it. At a recent meeting the Society drafted the following expression of thanks:

Whereas, That eminent orator and statesman, the Hon. Daniel Dougherty has kindly seen fit to honor the Historical Association of St. John's College, by addressing the Association and the students, on the occasion of the annual public meeting, May 15th last, and

Whereas, The St. John's Historical Association deeply feels the obligations under which it rests to the honorable gentleman for his kindness and condescension, be it, therefore,

Resolved, That the St. John's Historical Association signify its appreciation of the aforesaid honor, and, in the name of the whole college, tender to Mr. Dougherty its sincere gratitude for kindness; and

Resolved, That Mr. Dougherty be hereby admitted to honorary membership in the Association; and be it furthermore

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Dougherty, placed on file in the records of the Historical Association, and finally printed in the next issue of the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

THE INSPECTION DRILL.

SUNDAY, May 12th, was a memorable day for our Cadet Corps. An order had been bulletined a few days previous to this date, to the effect that the Grand Inspector of the Department of the Atlantic would visit the college on Sunday to inspect the battalion. This information might have been read in the face of every wearer of the blue and gray within an hour after it had been posted, and the unusual anxiety and alacrity which in consequence pervaded every one of these military gentlemen, was remarkable. In former years the cadets formed but one company, and this body, when on parade, was, of course, the cynosure of all eyes. Now, however, there are four companies to contend for admiring glances, and this fact has naturally given rise to a spirit of rivalry which renders the drills unusually interesting, and has had the effect of infusing into everyone the true military spirit, the essential of good drilling. When it was announced early in the season that colors would be presented to the company making the best showing at the end of the year, this spirit of rivalry began, and has since been the cause of some excellent drilling on the campus. So it is needless to say that when Sunday arrived every cadet was in a state of fever heat. Although this was not to be the decisive drill, the inspector said that he would give his opinion as to which was the best company, and this of course was a sufficient incentive to the youthful aspirants to make their grandest effort. The battalion never presented a better appearance, and the bright uniforms contrasting pleasantly with the dark green of the sward lent a brilliancy to the scene which the campus does not often present. All that was needed to complete the arrangements was some music, and this, it is true, our long-looked-for but-in-vain fife and drum corps endeavored to furnish. But happily for the showing of the companies it was requested to subside before it had worked a great deal of damage.

The inspection of arms took place immediately after assembling, with the battalion in line; Co. A., senior Captain Dowdney, on the right of line; Co. B, Captain Marrin, on the left; Co. D, Captain Wright, on the right centre, and Co. C, Captain Boylan, on the left centre.

The companies marched off in their order after inspection, and after a few preliminary evolutions returned to be inspected in the manual of arms. This has been the subject-matter of the drill throughout the winter, and it is needless to say that all the companies afforded proof of careful training and reflected credit on their captains. Energy and snap are the principal factors in the execution of the manual, and these laudibly characterized the drilling of every company on the occasion. The subsequent marching was none the less excellent, and only shows the capabilities of our cadets when put upon their mettle. Of course, they have not as yet attained the *ne plus ultra* of military perfection, but if their progress will be as rapid in future, as it has been marked of

late, we have reason to hope for an excellent exhibition on Commencement Day. The inspection closed with a few manoeuvres by the battalion, when they were halted and complimented by the inspector for the excellent showing they had made. He said, in the course of his remarks, that he had not as yet completed his rounds, but thus far the St. John's Cadets were the best battalion he had had the pleasure of inspecting, and admonished the other companies that they would find a formidable adversary in Co. B at the competitive drill. Apropos of this remark we must offer our congratulations to Captain Marrin, to whose untiring efforts and to the characteristic good nature which he has displayed under the most trying circumstances is due the success which his company has attained. Now for the colors.

F. J. D., '91.,
2d Serg't Co. B, S. J. C.

THE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES STATUE.

The following account of the Statue we reprint from a late issue of the New York *Herald*:

William R. O'Donovan, A. N. A., has finished in the clay, for the Alumni Association of St. John's College, Fordham, his colossal statue of the Right Rev. John Hughes, first Archbishop of New York, which when cast in bronze will stand on the lawn in front of that institution.

The study model the sculptor completed about three months ago, of which the present work is an enlargement, differing but in a few minor details and in the expression of the face.

In the clay the impressive statue stands eight feet, and the look on the face, which is said to be excellent as a likeness, is more earnest than in the study. The founder of Fordham College stands as if addressing an assemblage on some important matter, has his right hand extended in gesture of emphasis and holds in the left one close to his body, an open volume of the New Testament.

The treatment of the long silken cloak, which falls nearly to the ground and forms a superb background to the figure is remarkably successful in the clay, the folds being most artistically handled and the texture admirably indicated. It falls out behind with artistic effect, as if the light silk felt the influence of the breeze. This effect is especially appropriate on account of the site.

The statue will stand on a simple rectangular pedestal of granite eight feet in height, the die of which slopes gradually to the top. The plinth of the statue will be one foot deep, so that the total height of the memorial will be seventeen feet. On the right and left sides of the pedestal will be a cross sunk in the granite, while in front over one inscription will be the ecclesiastical armorial bearings of the Archbishop and at the back over another the insignia of the Jesuit order.

Father Slattery, president of the Alumni Association of the college, said at a private view given to the laity and the press, that the statue would be unveiled on October 2d by Archbishop Corrigan, and that probably the clerical orator of the occasion would be Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. An orchestra and a chorus will take part in the ceremonies.

THE MAY DEVOTIONS.

The May devotions have come to a close, and if it is at all permitted to indulge in a feeling of pride over good works done, we may be pardoned the satisfaction we have for the way in which Our Lady was honored during the month. To the customary singing of the Regina Coeli and of other sacred hymns, there was added this year an address by some one of the boys; so that every night, while the echoes of the beautiful anthem of Our Lady were still resonant on the night air, the appointed speaker came forward, and in a few select words rehearsed to his companions some little historical incident relating to our Mother, and drew a little practical lesson therefrom. It was at the instance of Rev. Fr. Fagan, our Reverend Director, that Mr. James I. Blun took the lead in this, and set an example worthy of emulation to his companions, when on the very first evening in May, before the statue of Mary in the quadrangle, he spoke eloquently yet practically of one of our Mother's many virtues and attributes. A very striking and a very characteristic feature of the spirit of the devotion was shown when on the evening of the thirtieth we all remembered in an especial manner our fallen and departed heroes, the boys of St. John's who had fallen in the struggle of '61, for, as Rev. Father Fagan said, we are not only Catholics but Americans. We cannot be too grateful to Mr. Fr. Donovan, '91, for the zealous manner in which he conducted the singing. Of course the last day came off in a more splendid and fervent manner than the others, which were but an earnest of the crowning festival. Mr. Kelly, S. J., gave an eloquent little sermon in the chapel near at hand, and later on, after supper, Mr. Dowdney gave the last few words which went home to the hearts and the minds of our coming graduates in Latin and English. Three ringing volleys from the guns of two of the Cadet Companies ended the beautiful and the very edifying ceremonial, for the success of which we are all mainly obliged to Rev. Fr. Fagan, S. J. The May devotions were simple and touching, and productive beyond a doubt of many fruits and blessings which each and every one of us hopes to share from the grateful and generous heart of our Blessed Mother.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

Not to be outdone by the classes that had gone before, our friends of English Belles Lettres on May 15th invited the Faculty and the classes of Rhetoric and First Grammar of the English course to a literary exhibition of class work. M. Kenneth Ives set us all at ease right off by his charming introduction, in which he begged us not to look for perfection in all that was to follow. It must have been the excellence of his own little effort that caused us to refuse to comply with his

request, for it immediately made us look for excellence in what was to come, and, best of all, we found it. We are sorry we may not dwell at length upon the different essays that were read and give our readers an appreciative account of them. Mr. De Martini read an exceedingly interesting paper on the "Origin of the English Language." Following this came Mr. Keith in his short essay on "Pope and Dryden." Mr. T. A. Collins, the doughty little captain of the class, discoursed to his hearers on "Diction," in which he proved himself a good example of the doctrine he was inculcating. There were two other papers read by Messrs. D. Kelly and Rosenthal, both of them very creditable productions. A natural and pleasing feature of the specimen was the class-questionings which, in most cases, met with full and quick answers. There was but one poem read and that was by Mr. Johnson. It was entitled "The Wreck." It very happily escaped the conventional in treatment and the mediocre in merit. Indeed, its most pleasing quality was the strong tone of originality that pervaded it throughout. In conclusion, Rev. Fr. Rector thanked the whole class and congratulated them upon the success of their specimen.

ARTHUR NICHOLSON.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Vacation at any time and for any purpose is apt to be very welcome to the average college boy, but when it is given in honor of a nation's centennial it is thrice welcome. It was only at the last moment that the Faculty decided to give three full holidays. Then came the bustle of preparation for a grand exodus to the city. By Sunday morning everything and every one was in readiness to depart, and it was a batch one hundred and twenty-five strong that straggled down to catch the 11:15 train. By Monday noon there was desertion most lamentable in and about the college. Only a few there were whose love of patriotic effusion and military shows were not strong enough to allure them to the celebration. First Division had four and Second Division six of these unpatriotic souls. Those who went to the city had beyond doubt a glorious time, but, judging from reports, those that remained maintain they had fully as good. It was edifying to see the uninitiated among them play at lawn tennis. They enjoyed it so, dipping so eagerly into the mystery of "cuts" and other such technicalities that one would never have fancied that great doings were being enacted all about them. Baseball was at a discount, for the number of students was too small even for a game of "old cat." The two great periods of the day were mail time and the return of St. John's Hall boys from the city, whither they were piloted daily by Rev. Fr. Walsh, S. J., to view the parade from a mighty stand beside the Cathedral. They came home laden with the various spoils of the Centennial—medals, key rings, "pigs in clover," "rats in the meal," flags and other gimcracks too numerous to even think of. Verily, there were great goings-on during the Centennial, and not the most uninteresting were the hours spent at home in the college.

D.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. G. TAAFFE, '90

FOR a really good representative college paper, one which can take its proper place among its fellows and hold it with a certain amount of dignity, let us recommend the *Hobart Herald*. As a general thing it does not abound in articles of extraordinary value, but there is about the tone of the whole a freshness, a manliness that immediately attracts the attention of the readers and renders its possessor conspicuous among its less gifted brethren. Some of our exchanges would do well to emulate the *Herald*.

—From the far West comes a regular visitor to our sanctum in the shape of the *Pacific Pharos* (College Park, Cal.). A pleasing paper is the *Pharos* in its get-up, and a beacon to our benighted brethren, if any there be, of the far West.

—The *Haverfordian* has lost none of its old-time vigor and freshness from its change of editors. It is just as readable as ever for May. The article entitled "Adonais" is very creditably written, in which we have another champion of the ill fated Keats. Poor Keats! had he only known it, he might have considered it quite a gracious thing to die in the manner he did, since his death has been productive of so many defenders of his poetry and fame.

—The *Lafayette*, which is a very good paper, by the way, has an instance of progressiveness, which, to say the least, we are inclined to think in advance of the times. Speaking of the decorations of their hall on the occasion of the Junior hop, it has the following: "The walls were adorned with college photographs by Pach, over which were various appropriate athletic implements. Crossed bats, footballs, lawn tennis and lacrosse raquets, boxing gloves and fencing rapiers arranged picturesquely, showed the affair to be collegiate." The affair must have been very "collegiate," no doubt; but some people may object to this use of the term. Collegiate life and training have not yet come to be identified with athletic sports and implements, though we suspect from many things we hear that this identification may be found in some of our schools and colleges.

—We think it would be the most taking literary venture of the times were some antiquarian to get out a book called "The Moon in Literature." And we fancy we could help him considerably in his researches. Among others we would refer him to a very humorous and satirical story about it in Hudibras, or to Jules Verne's elaborate tale of the same, or to the *College Student's* (Lancaster, Pa.) very interesting journey to it. It takes quite an amount of moral courage to write up a moon story, so ancient and venerable in its antiquity has the moon of literature become. And we must confess that the *College Student* has this courage. But why not give us "George Washington and His Little Hatchet." That's comparatively young, only a trifle over a hundred years old at most; or "A Day's Fishing?" It is not

so awfully long ago since Isaac Walton first told us his quaint experiences and theories on fishing.

—The University of Pennsylvania has added to its many courses a school of journalism.

—The valedictorian of last year's senior class at Rutgers was a colored man.

—Germany has 38,922 college students; America, 32,316.

—The Lafayette sophomores are to celebrate the completion of calculus by giving a play instead of the usual crematory exercises.

—Cornell University has no holidays except Sundays.

—An Oberlin professor's text-book was found on the campus not long since, on the margin the following note appeared: "Use joke No. 17 in connection with this paragraph."

—Freshman yell at Yale: "Bric-a-kex-kex, coax, brick-a-kex-kex, coak, coax, whu-op, whu-op, whu-op, parabaloo, '92."

—In the belief that small colleges do the best work, the Amherst trustees have recommended that the number of students be limited to 300.

—The *Yale News* calls loudly for the restoration of the historic fence, or for at least as much of it as can be replaced without interfering with the erection of the new hall.

—At the recent interstate oratorical contest held at Grinnell, Iowa, an organization was formed, called the Western College Press Association, for the purposes of elevating the standard of college journalism. It is formed on the model of the New England College Press Association, of which Editor Abbott, of the *Collegian*, is the president.

—The four largest alumni bodies in New York City and immediate vicinity are those of Harvard, Union, Princeton and Yale. The Harvard Club numbers 604 members, of whom 412 are resident and 192 non-resident. The Union College Alumni Association of New York has 381 members, of whom forty are non-resident. The Princeton Club of New York has 305 members, while the Yale Alumni Association of New York has 268.

—The number of volumee in a library is not always a criterion of value to the student, but it is interesting to know the extent to which the colleges of the United States have accumulated libraries and their comparative sizes. We append a list showing the number of bound volumes in the libraries of the principal colleges of the United States: University of Virginia, 40,000; Vanderbilt, 15,000; Lehigh, 67,000; Hamilton, 25,000; University of South Carolina, 30,000; Boston University, 5,700; Brown, 66,000; Colby, 21,734; University of Vermont, 36,000; University of California, 38,000; College City, N. Y., 25,000; Ohio University, 8,000; Williams, 25,500; Rutgers, 30,000; Maryville, 10,000; Roanoke, 16,000; Wooster, 12,000; University North Carolina, 25,000; Bates, 13,326; Bucknell, 10,600; University of Toronto, 30,000; University of Nashville, 15,000; Princeton, 65,000; Adelbert, 22,800; Harvard, 165,000; Yale, 200,000; Swarthmore, 20,000; Bowdoin, 48,000; Dickinson, 33,000; Syracuse, 85,000; Madison, 18,000; Cornell, 150,000; Union, 36,000; Columbia, 90,000; Dartmouth, 68,500; Tufts, 24,000; Pennsylvania, 21,500; Allegheny, 12,500; Lafayette, 22,000; Sewanee, 30,000; Wesleyan, 35,000; Oberlin, 18,800; Hobart, 21,750; Mt. Union, 5,000; Vassar, 16,000; Wellesley, 40,000; Rochester, 23,000; University of Tennessee, 6,000.—*Colby Echo*.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

J. E. KELLEY, '89.

THE three days of the Centennial celebration were holidays at the college.

—From the unusual amount of study lately noticeable among the boys, one may readily infer that examinations are near at hand. Spring fever, however, has not utterly lost its hold as yet.

—May devotions are held every night during the month around the statue of Our lady. A departure has been made in the ceremonies this year. Each night some member of the Parthenian Sodality descants in his turn upon some virtue or quality of their Patron. That this idea of the Rev. Director of the Sodality is a happy one, is shown by the interest and attention with which the students listen to the words of the various speakers.

—A gratifying feature of the late Centennial holidays was that with but very few exceptions all came back promptly on time. A few have been frank enough to tell their experiences in town; some of them have been very amusing.

—Enthusiastic supporters of the Rose Hills are fast losing faith in their idol. Defeat at the hands of the Holy Cross and Trinity and Lafayette teams has done it.

—At the invitation of the Historical Association, Daniel Dougherty, Esq., delivered his famous lecture on Oratory before the whole school on the evening of May 15th. It was undoubtedly the best thing the college has listened to this year. It is needless to state that the lecture was fully appreciated.

—Not to allow a custom productive of much fun and excitement to fall into "desuetude," our tennis club has decided to hold the annual tournament. The couples chosen in the old-fashioned way, by blindly putting the hand into a ballot and pulling out two names, the owners of which make up a couple, seem to be quite evenly matched.

—The speakers for Commencement Day have already been selected. The trial contest took place on May 18th. Out of the seven philosophers who competed the following succeeded in convincing the judges of their abilities as orators: John F. Clare, John W. Heffern, Joseph V. Morrisse and John E. Kelley. A member of the post-graduate course, yet to be chosen, will also speak on that day.

—We must congratulate the Rose Hills on the great game they put up at Norwalk on May 25th. A few more games of this kind would soon restore them to the good graces of the Division.

—The Cadets made a very creditable showing at the late inspection, their fine marching and drilling eliciting warm words of praise from Colonel Hughes, the Government Inspector. Much praise is due Lieutenant Squiers for his successful training of the cadets, nor must we forget the officers who all along have shown great zeal and interest in the development of their companies.

—The Fordham representatives at the inter-collegiate sports which were held at Berkeley Oval, were Messrs. Charles Livingston, William Newton, James Kane and Eugene McGilliuddy. We are not aware that they broke any college record or carried off a single event; their willingness to do so, however, atoned for all deficiencies.

—The Rector's Day was celebrated on May 23d. It was the most enjoyable feast of the year. An inspiring May morning, a generous feast, pleasantly broken in upon by strains from an orchestra and by some exquisite solos from some of the best musical talent of the city, an exciting game of baseball in the afternoon, and a charming literary reading of Longfellow's Golden Legend in the

evening, left nothing undesired in the way of entertainment. The public play customary on this night was missed by some, but as they confessed afterward the Legend more than supplied its place.

—At the invitation of Lieutenant Squiers the cadets will spend Thursday, June 6th, at his residence, just outside of Stamford, Conn. From past experience the boys look forward to a very pleasant time.

—"Mush" ball is increasing its patronage on the Division, and is productive of as much shouting and excitement as a veritable "tight" game.

—The company drill for the standard of colors will take place on June 9th.

—The Spaulding League ball has been adopted by every school and college league in the United States.

SECOND DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

—Centennial doings and episodes were the only subjects talked of on the Division for a week after the holidays.

—Lawn tennis has worked such a charm on several young gentlemen of our acquaintance that they now dress in all haste and rush from the dormitory to get in a few "serves" before the time for early morning studies.

—Mr. Joe Faye wishes to inform his outside contributors that the funds of the Holy Childhood Association are rapidly increasing. However he does not at all object to receiving new members or contributions.

—It is with great pleasure we learn that Mr. Mulry, S. J., our former prefect, is rapidly improving in health. He has returned again to us.

—At the late inspection Co. D composed entirely of second divisioners got great applause for the creditable way in which they went through the manual of arms. We publish this tid-bit of news without the least intention of exciting envy in the hearts of our less favored brethren.

—The fine weather we have been enjoying of late has so developed the genius of lawn tennis in the members of that association that they are actually making preparations for a tournament. They announce it to begin right away. Latest reports have it that they are actually in the midst of the tournament.

—The Invincibles were greatly disappointed in not being able to arrange a game with the boys of St. Francis college, Brooklyn. By way of compensation for their disappointment, several of the team are contemplating a trip to Albany to play a famous club there. The older heads on the team are of the opinion that the intended trip will never get farther towards reality than the more contemplation.

—The Invincibles are about to lose the services of their short-stop, Frank McCann, as that gentleman intends to sail for Europe some time this month. A "bon voyage," Frank, and don't get sick.

—The old third division ball field is now daily the scene of some very interesting practice games between two teams that constitute a league in themselves. Their names are too unphonious to appear in print. The prize to be given to the winning team will be in keeping with its name.

—It is the chief pleasure of many among us to lie at length under the shady trees that line our ball field and discuss the merits of the various clubs of the National League. By way of variety

they allow their thoughts to turn to the coming vacations. The only discordant note in their conversation comes from the fact that Commencement Day is put too far back in the month to please them.

—Hand ball, the fat man's substitute for base ball, is once more taking a firm hold on the Division.

—The second nine of the Invincibles has been re organized under the captaincy of Tom Reilly. We are warned to be on the lookout for some remarkable playing and sweeping victories over all strange nines that may have the courage to cross bats with them.

—Modesty and a regard for injured feelings deter us from instituting a comparison between the much defeated Rose Hills and our own Invincibles who have yet to experience the sorrows of defeat.

—A reception will be held by the Immaculate Conception Sodality, on Sunday, June 2d, at which eight new applicants will be admitted into membership.

—The decoration of Our Lady's Statue has been entirely under the deft hands of Second Division. Their tasteful decorations have awakened the artistic sense of their dormant brothers over the way into an acknowledgement that things do look very pretty around the statue.

—The Invincibles and our newly resurrected Glee Club have made a new move in life. They have projected themselves, not mathematically, but pictorially. They are quite elated over the success of the pictures. As a First Divisioner has so clearly put it, "the photographs express the power of all very fully."

—On Saturday last the Invincibles measured their strength with the second nine of First Division. If we may be pardoned the bull, it took ten innings to decide which was the better team, and then it was not decided, for the score stood 9 to 9.

—What isn't in a name was well shown last Sunday. The "Fly aways," at the suggestion of a former student, came up from the city to prove the significance of their name. They failed to do it, however, for the Invincibles in a five-inning game were the victors by a score of 16 to 7. Our coming Rose Hill battery, Ronan and Burke, was only one of the snags against which they struck.

—The little field over against the lane has been usurped of late by a class of boys who have hitherto figured as wall ornaments. A mind reader has put this sudden zeal down to the desire they have of posing before their country "chums" when they go home for the vacations.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

—The beauty of our field with its green banks and shady trees is admired by all visitors.

—Two prominent members of the Tyros, Masters Rosado and McCall, anticipating the summer vacation, sailed for Europe on May 27th. Their places are filled by Masters Sinclair and Byrnes.

—The hour of drill for Company E has been changed to 11 A. M. on Sundays and Thursdays. The drill is now held on our own division. The wisdom of the move is already seen in the marked improvement of the Company.

—A fifth nine, composed of the smallest boys of the Hall, has been lately organized. They call themselves "The Mosquitoes." There is a power in their sting for they have already overcome the fourth nine. It is only the want of a little practice that keeps them from attempting the destruction of the Tyros. Visitors to their games are requested to bring microscopes.

—The second nine of the Tyros was recently defeated by the Bedford Stars. Score, 8 to 6. They atoned for it, however, by defeating a nine from St. Francis Xavier's, by the score of 18 to 12.

—Our amateur photographer, Charlie Scott, is kept quite busy with his camera. Everything, from the Hall itself down to a boy and groups of boys, is having its picture taken.

—The May altars in the study hall and class rooms have not been neglected. Fresh flowers and candles have been generously provided, and many recreations have been spent in adorning them.

—The Tyros play two games on Decoration Day. One in the morning with St. Laurence Altar boys, the other in the afternoon with the Dauntless. They hope to vindicate their right to their pretty new uniform by a brace of victories.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

—An informal meeting of several members of '84 has led to the determination to call a meeting of the class for Commencement Day. The purpose is to celebrate the Wooden Jubilee of their graduation which occurs this year. A would-be wag has asserted that it would accord with the "eternal fitness of things" that the class's first celebration should be the Wooden Jubilee. We deprecate the implied allusion and cordially invite correspondence as to the feasibility of the project.

—Rev. P. O. Racicot, S. J., the rector of Woodstock College, was here the last week of May making a retreat.

—To the delight of his many friends Mr. Geo. Mulry, S. J., has just come back from the South where he has been stopping for the last three months on account of ill health. The change of climate has made a great improvement in him.

—The following account of the Rev. William Keegan, Vicar-General of the Brooklyn Diocese and one of our earliest graduates, is taken from the *Sun* of May 30th :

"In 1849 he was graduated from Fordham College, but remained there as a teacher until 1853, meantime pursuing his theological studies. He was then ordained by Cardinal Bedini and at once appointed assistant pastor of the Church of the Assumption. The pastor, the Rev. David W. Bacon was promoted to the See of Portland April 22, 1855, and Father Keegan succeeded him in charge of the parish. The Vicar-General is earnestly devoted to the parishioners, the majority of whom he has christened and married, and it is said he hesitates now to leave them to take up his abode with Bishop Longhlin in the elegant residence on Clermont avenue.

"Father Keegan has written several theological works of value. His sermons are remarkable for their simplicity and earnestness. He is extremely popular among non-Catholics, and some of his warmest friends are men outside the Catholic ranks. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the ministry was celebrated in 1878. It was a memorable occasion. Mayor Howell presided, and many other distinguished citizens were present, including Hon. Thomas Kinsella and Andrew McLean, of the *Eagle*; Mr. Dewey, of the *Union*; Barclay Gallagher, of the Associated Press, and many other well-known literary men of Brooklyn. A purse of \$2,500 was presented to him by the congregation. Several bishops and nearly all the priests of the city attended the solemn high mass in the morning. Father Keegan has always been an active worker in the cause of education, and as early as 1858 opened a fine parochial school, which now accommodates 600 pupils, and is possessed of an excellent library.

"Although he has reached the 65th year, his eye is bright, his cheek is ruddy, his step elastic, and he takes the most active interest in everything that pertains to the welfare of the Catholic Church in the diocese. The venerable Bishop possesses in him a faithful friend and devoted confidant whose advice is always potent in the conduct of the important ecclesiastical and business interests connected with the great and growing diocese of Brooklyn."

MONTHLY TESTIMONIALS.

Rhetoric: Thomas A. Doherty, James P. Walsh.

Latin Belles-Lettres: James A. Dunn, Francis Donovan.

Classics: John J. Perilliat, Eugene J. Lamb.

First Latin Grammar : Francis S. Renasco.

Second Latin Grammar : Edward Connell.

Third Latin Grammar : Matthew Griffin, Francis Perilliat, James Fisher.

Special Latin : John Mullins, John Barrington, Arthur Nicholson, John Noonan, Thomas Smyth.

English Rhetoric : Narciso Arellano, Isaac B. Brennan, William Conway, Frank Manning, Gilbert Eagan, Joseph Dougherty.

First English Grammar : William Sexton, William Gonzalez, Robert Stark, Edward Uribe, Bartholomew Donegan, Otilio Fra nyuti, Timothy McLaughlin, Jose Vasquez, John McDonald.

Rudiments : Clifford Sherman, Stephen Lett, Paul Wood.

BASE BALL.



TRINITY VS. ROSE HILLS.

Saturday, May 4th, the day set aside for the Trinity--Rose Hill game, was one of those days which, though favorable to base ball playing, nevertheless, somewhat detracted from the charm of the sport, on account of the coolness of the atmosphere. Outside of the coolness of the weather the day was a perfect base ball day, bright enough to delight the heart of the most enthusiastic lover of the sport. Towards noon the boys began to grow impatient for the arrival of the train bearing the Trinity boys. At last it steamed into the old Fordham depot, and a few moments afterwards the walls of old St. John's echoed, and re-echoed the promiscuous cheers of Trinity and Fordham. Many familiar faces were absent from among the ranks of the Trinity boys. The jolly, good natured countenance of Shannon, the famous pitcher, and Barber, the sturdy little catcher, and Brinley, the old second base man and Captain, were hunted for in vain. But those that filled their places did so as only Trinity boys can.

After the hand-shaking and welcoming was over both clubs repaired to the dining room, and there attended to the wants of the inner man. At about 2:30 p. m. play was called, and the Rose Hills went to the bat. T. Carmody opened up by a bunt to third base, and went out. Sweeney got in a nice hit to left centre; Kieran followed with another in the same place, Callan got hit with a ball, and the bases were full. Hanrahan and R. Carmody, however, were unequal to the occasion, and quietly retired. Trinity now came in to get a look at the ball. Brady stepped up to the bat and after two strikes were called landed the ball safely in centre, and soon stole second. Cheritree got his base on balls, and Blanchard made it rather interesting by filling the bases on Sweeney's fumble. Now was the moment for

some Trinity man to become famous. Who would it be? None other than little Graves, the heaviest batter of the team. He stepped up to bat and the next moment the ball went sailing over to the stone wall, and three pairs of blue legs crossed the plate. Graves followed a second afterwards on a wild pitch. In the second Fordham was again unable to score although they again filled the bases. Trinity, however, was more successful, and put two more runs to her credit by a base on balls, an error, and an out at first. This practically settled the game, as there was no more scoring done by either side. The last seven innings, however, were models of the game, but all interest was lost as far as the Rose Hills were concerned after the second inning. They were totally unable to do anything with Hamlin's curves at opportune moments. Had they not fielded so carelessly and batted more scientifically this story would never have to be told. With the single exception of Graves' three base hit, and the pitching of both twirlers, the game was featureless and of the machine order. In our return game, however, we hope to do better, but our only wish is that we may have many another game with the boys from old Trinity.

TRINITY COLLEGE.	ABRIBTSBPOAE	ROSE HILLS.	ABRIBTSBPOAE
Brady, 2b.....	4 2 1 1 1 0 0 0	T. Carmody, r.f.....	5 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Cheritree, lb.....	3 1 1 1 0 8 0 0	Sweeney, 3b.....	3 0 1 1 3 1 2 1
Blanchard, c.....	4 1 1 1 10 1 1	Kieran, 2b.....	5 0 1 1 0 3 2 1
Graves, l.f.....	3 1 1 3 0 2 0 0	Callan, c.....	4 0 0 0 0 10 2 1
Laidly, 3b.....	4 0 0 0 0 2 2 5	Hanrahan, lb.....	4 0 0 0 0 9 0 0
Dingwall, r.f.....	4 0 1 1 0 0 0 0	R. Carmody, p.....	4 0 1 2 0 0 14 1
Wright, s.s.....	3 0 0 0 0 1 5 1	Clare, c.f.....	4 0 1 1 0 1 0 0
Lynch, c.f.....	2 0 0 0 0 3 0 0	Orpheus, l.f.....	4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Hamlin, p.....	2 1 0 0 0 0 7 0	Daly, s.s.....	4 0 1 1 0 0 2 0
Totals.....	29 6 5 7 2 27 15 7	Totals.....	37 0 5 6 3 24 22 4

Score by Innings:

Trinity College..	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	x-6
Rose Hills.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

Earned runs--none. Two-base hit, R. Carmody. Three-base hit--Graves. Base on balls--Trinity, 4; Rose Hills, 2. Hit by pitched ball--Callan. Struck out--By Hamlin, 7; by R. Carmody, 11. Wild pitches--R. Carmody, 2. Passed balls--Callan, 1. Left on bases--Trinity, 1; Rose Hills, 13. Time of game--1 hour, 35 minutes. Umpire--Mr. D. Arellano.

ROSE HILLS VS. HOLY CROSS.

The following account of the game is from the *Worcester Daily Spy* for May 8th:

Between 500 and 600 people witnessed a very exciting

game of ball between the Holy Cross nine and the Rose Hills (St. John's College boys) of Fordham College, at the Grove Street grounds yesterday afternoon. The boys from Packachoag Hill finally won the contest, by a score of 15 to 10. The nines are evenly matched, and, as a friendly rivalry has always existed between the two colleges, the outcome of the game was looked for with much interest, and when the last man of the Fordhams struck out, the air was rent with Holy Cross cheers, while the Fordhams were not forgotten. The Holy Cross boys felt the loss of Keefe badly, but Cronin, who is a Worcester boy, faced the New Yorkers with confidence, and pitched very effectively until the sixth inning, when he weakened, and, besides hitting two men, sent two more to first on bad balls. He was admirably supported by Daly, who caught the entire game without an error. The Rose Hills played a plucky up-hill game from the start, and by their timely batting and coaching tied the score twice. In the last inning, with the score even, T. Carmody went into the box, his brother going to right field. This was a disastrous change for the Rose Hills, as the change pitcher gave two men first on balls and was touched up for a single and a double, which, with a misjudged fly, gave the Worcester boys five runs, a lead not to be overcome. Moran of the Worcesters umpired, and with the exception of two bad judgments, which probably cost the Fordhams two runs, his work gave satisfaction. The features of the game were the playing of O'Neil, Neary, Daly, Kieran and Hanrahan, and the batting of O'Neil, Mahoney, Halloran, Kieran and T. Daly. The score was ;

HOLY CROSS.	AB	R	B	PO	A	E	FORDHAMS.	AB	R	B	PO	A	E
O'Neil, lb.....	4	3	2	12	0	0	Carmody, r.f.&p.....	4	3	1	0	3	4
Neary, s.s.....	6	3	1	0	7	1	Sweeney, 3b.....	4	2	2	1	1	0
Mahoney, 2b.....	5	4	4	1	0	0	Kieran, 2b.....	5	1	2	2	4	1
Boland, l.f.....	5	0	1	2	0	0	Callan, c.....	5	0	1	2	3	5
Halloran, c.f.....	6	2	3	1	0	1	Hanrahan, lb.....	5	0	0	10	0	0
Donnelly, r.f.....	6	0	1	0	0	0	Carmody, p.&r.f.....	3	1	0	1	8	8
Cahill, 3b.....	6	0	0	3	2	2	Clare, c.f.....	2	0	0	0	0	2
Cronin, p.....	3	1	0	1	9	7	Quackenboss, l.f.....	4	0	0	2	0	2
J. Daly, c.....	2	2	1	7	4	0	T. Daly, s.s.....	4	3	4	2	5	2
Totals.....	43	15	13	27	22	12	Totals.....	36	10	10	27	24	24

Score by Innings :

Holy Cross.....	4	1	1	1	0	1	0	2	5-15
Fordhams.....	0	0	2	0	0	3	3	2	0-10

Summary :

Earned runs—Holy Cross, 6 ; Fordhams, 4. Two base hits—Neary, Mahoney, Halloran, T. Carmody, Kieran, 2 ; Callan, T. Daly, 2. Three base hit—Mahoney. Home run—O'Neil. Sacrifice hit—Hanrahan. Stolen bases—O'Neil, Neary, Mahoney, 2 ; Halloran, 2 ; Donnelly, 2 ; Cahill, Cronin, J. Daly, 2 ; T. Carmody, Sweeney, Kieran, Hanrahan, R. Carmody, 2. Double play—Cronin and O'Neil. First base on balls—O'Neil, Mahoney, Boland, Cronin, 2 ; Daly, 3 ; R. Carmody, 2 ; Clare, 2. Hit by pitched ball—O'Neil, Cronin, T. Carmody, Sweeney. First base on errors—Holy Cross, 5 ; Fordhams, 3. Struck out—Boland, Halloran, 2 ; Donnelly, 2 ; Cahill, 4 ; Daly, T. Carmody, Kieran, R. Carmody, Clare, 2 ; Quackenboss. Passed balls—Callan, 3. Wild pitches—Cronin, T. Carmody. Time of game—2 hrs., 20 mins. Umpire—Moran.

LEOS VS. ROSE HILLS.

It was remarked by some one lately that the Rose Hills have not been able to bat with any effect whatever this year. If it is true that they have been unable to bat in former

games they certainly regained all their old-time slugging ability on Sunday, May 12th, when they encountered the "famous old Leos," for ere the third inning was over the boys had the game well in hand. They had a remarkable streak of batting in the third inning when they made nine safe hits and twelve runs, four of them earned. Daly started the sport with a ringing two baser to left, and from that instant the game was never in doubt. The features were the heavy slugging of Kieran, Hanrahan, R. Carmody and Daly, and the numerous misplays of the visitors. R. Carmody and Hart were the battery for the first four innings. Then Tom. Carmody and Callan went in the points.

LEOS.	AB	R	B	T	S	B	P	O	A	E	ROSE HILLS.	AB	R	B	T	S	B	P	O	A	E
Colligan, p., 2b.....	3	2	2	2	1	6	1	1	1	1	T. Carmody, r.f., p....	4	2	1	1	0	1	9	0	0	0
Riser, lb.....	4	1	0	0	0	4	0	2	2	2	Sweeney, l.f.....	4	2	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Griffiths, 3b, l.f.....	4	0	2	4	0	6	0	3	3	3	Kieran, 2b.....	6	4	7	0	1	4	0	0	0	0
Hughes, 2b, c, p.....	4	0	1	1	0	1	3	1	1	1	Callan, 3b.....	6	3	1	1	0	8	0	0	0	0
Norton, c.f., l.f., 3b.....	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	Hanrahan, lb.....	6	3	4	5	1	9	0	3	3	3
Murphy, c, l.f., c.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	R. Carmody, p., 3b.....	6	3	4	7	1	0	4	0	0	0
McEntee, r.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	Clare, c.f.....	3	3	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Moss, l.f., p., r.f.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	Hart, c, r.f.....	5	3	1	1	0	2	2	1	1	1
Curran, s.s.....	3	0	0	0	0	3	6	2	2	2	Daly, s.s.....	4	3	4	2	0	2	2	1	1	1
Totals.....	20	5	6	8	2	21	14	12	12	12	Totals.....	45	26	22	34	6	21	21	21	21	21

Score by Innings.

Leos.....	0	1	0	0	3	0	1-5
Rose Hills.....	0	0	12	3	1	5	5-26

Earned runs—Rose Hills, 5 ; Leos, 0. Two-base hits—Griffiths, 2 ; Kieran, Hanrahan, R. Carmody and Daly. Three-base hits—Kieran and R. Carmody. Base on balls—Leos, 2 ; Rose Hills, 7 ; Hit by pitched ball—T. Carmody struck out by Colligan, 1 ; by R. Carmody, 3 ; by T. Carmody, 8. Time, 2 hours and 5 minutes. Umpire, Mr. Burke.

J. H. SLEVIN, '90.

LAFAYETTE VS. ROSE HILLS.

Thursday, May 16th, was a cold day and a very cold day. Some say, however, that it was colder in Pennsylvania than it was in this vicinity, at least, so our ball players tell us. But they are better able to testify to that fact than we are ; for though they went to Easton with hopes of victory, nevertheless they were treated to another defeat. However, we must give them the praise due them. They certainly did play good ball until that unlucky sixth inning ; then they went to pieces, general demoralization set in, and Lafayette won the game, then and there. Up to that inning it had been a perfect game, both sides were struggling hard for victory, but all efforts to cross the home plate were fruitless, with but two exceptions when each side scored. Our boys, with the exception of Robert Carmody, Sweeney and Clare, were totally unable to touch Baxter's puzzling delivery, and the Lafayette boys were as badly off in that respect as were the Rose Hills ; for they were only able to gather together three scattering hits off Robert Carmody's winding curves and shoots.

The features of the day's play were the general field work of Lafayette and Baxter's pitching ; for the Rose Hills the playing of Sweeney and Clare, and the batting, pitching and base running of Bob Carmody were first class. Had they all followed this gentleman's example we would have a different story to tell. Before ending our criticism we must

not forget to thank Lafayette for the courteous treatment our boys received at their hands. Score as follows:

LAFAYETTE.	AB	R	IB	TB	SB	PO	A	E	ROSE HILLS.	AB	R	IB	TB	SB	PO	A	E
Lord, c. f.	4	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	T. Carmody, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Clark, l. b.	4	2	1	1	1	5	0	0	Sweeny, l. f. & 3b ..	4	1	2	3	3	1	1	0
Southwick, r. f.	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	Kieran, 2 b.	2	0	0	0	2	2	4	1
Baxter, D.	5	1	0	0	1	1	9	0	Callan, 3 b. & c.	3	0	0	0	0	2	2	1
Mackey, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	Hanrahan, l. b.	4	0	0	0	1	11	0	3
March, 3 b.	4	1	2	2	1	2	4	0	R. Carmody, p.	4	1	3	5	4	1	11	1
Wells, c.	4	0	0	0	0	10	2	0	Clare, c. f. & l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Elder, s. s.	2	0	0	0	0	2	2	1	Hart, c. & c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	8	3	1
Gilchrist, 2 b.	4	1	0	0	0	1	3	1	Daly, s. s.	3	0	0	0	0	1	3	1
Total.....	36	8	3	3	3	27	20	2	Total.....	32	2	6	8	10	27	24	8

Score by Innings:

Lafayette.....	1	0	0	0	0	5	2	0	0-8
Rose Hills.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0-2

Summary:

Earned runs—Rose Hills, 1; Lafayette, 0. Three-base hit, R. Carmody. Base on balls, Long, 1; Elder, 2; Mackey, Kieran, 2; Daly and Callan. Passed balls, Wells, 2; Hart, 4. Wild pitches, 0. Struck out by Baxter, 7; by R. Carmody, 9. Left on bases, Lafayette, 5; Rose Hills, 7. Time, 1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpire, Mr. Ellis.

J. H. SLEVIN, '90.

LENOX HILLS VS. ROSE HILLS.

On Sunday, May 19th, the Rose Hills entertained the Lenox Hills, a nine of great local fame. The Lenox boys hoped to put up a fair game, if they could not win, but they failed in all their expectations. But to be fair we must say that they were badly handicapped by their battery, who played a miserable game. The features of the game were the base running of Orpheus and Hart, the head work pitching of "Old Reliable" Tom Carmody and the phenomenal catches of Carbonell in left field. Score subjoined:

Score by Innings:

Lenox Hills.....	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0-3
Rose Hills.....	4	1	2	2	1	4	4	0	7-25

On Sunday, the 26th, they again put in an appearance and were again handled rather roughly. The boys simply toyed with them and won hands down. Score:

Score by Innings:

Lenox Hills	0	0	0	0	0	2-2	8	10	5
Rose Hills.....	1	9	2	2	1	5-20	16	21	5

STAR ATHLETICS VS. ROSE HILLS.

On Thursday, May 23d, the strong Star Athletic Club from Newark, N. J., put in an appearance, and although no one underestimated their strength, still it was the general opinion that our boys would win the game rather handily, but alas, they were woefully mistaken. The Rose Hills played like a crowd of untrained amateurs, and were unable to stop a foot ball; they piled up error after error, and gave about as miserable an exhibition as any one ever witnessed. Of course they did not have their strongest team in the field, as all the men were not playing in their regular positions, still they should have played a far better game and won. However, let them not be discouraged, but forget about their defeats, play better ball in the future, and we will forget and forgive. There were scarcely any features of the game except the heavy batting and uphill play of the visitors. T. Carmody left the box at the end of the fourth inning and Rob. took his place. There is no need to say more about this

game, the old adage, "The less said the better," fitting very well in this case. Appended is the score:

STAR ATHLETICS.	AB	R	IB	TB	SB	PO	A	E	ROSE HILLS.	AB	R	IB	TB	SB	PO	A	E
O'Connell, 2b.	6	2	3	3	1	4	0	2	T. Carmody, p. & l. b.	4	2	1	1	0	4	5	1
Hetzell, r. f.	5	3	2	5	0	1	0	0	Sweeny, 3b.	1	3	0	0	4	2	3	3
Carlin, s. s.	4	3	2	4	0	0	0	2	Kieran, 2b.	3	2	2	5	1	5	2	1
G. Hammel, c. f.	5	3	2	2	0	0	0	1	R. Carmody, l. b. & p.	2	2	0	0	1	4	3	2
Newcomb, 3b.	4	2	2	2	0	1	1	0	Callan, c.	5	1	2	2	0	6	3	2
Smith, l. b.	5	0	0	0	0	9	0	2	Hart, r. f.	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Neiles, c.	5	1	0	0	11	4	1	1	Clare, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	1	1	1
S. Hammel, p.	3	1	1	1	0	0	17	1	Orpheus, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	1
Muloaney, l. f.	4	1	2	2	0	1	0	0	Daly, s. s.	5	0	0	0	0	2	3	3
Totals.....	41	16	14	19	1	27	22	9	Totals.....	34	12	7	10	6	24	20	14

Score by Innings:

Star Athletics... ..	0	0	4	4	0	3	4	0	x-15
Rose Hills.	4	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	3-12

Summary:

Runs earned—Star Athletics, 6; Rose Hills, 0. Two base hits—Hetzell and Kieran. Three base hits—Hetzell, Carlin, Callan. Base on balls—Hetzell, Carlin, Newcomb, S. Hammel, 2; T. Carmody, Sweeny, 3; Kieran, R. Carmody, 2, and Orpheus. Hit by pitcher—Muloaney, Sweeny, Kieran and R. Carmody. Struck out—By T. Carmody, 5; by R. Carmody, 2; by S. Hammel, 12. Passed balls—Neiles, 4; Callan 1. Time—2 hrs. and 5 min. Umpires—Delaney, Hanrahan and Jas. R. Blun.

NORWALK VS. ROSE HILLS.

On Saturday, May 25th, the Rose Hills journeyed up to Norwalk, Conn., to play the representative team of that place. Very few hoped for victory and many thought that a stinging defeat was inevitable. But the fates at last smiled on our boys and, instead of a crushing defeat, a glorious victory perched on the Rose Hills' standard. The boys played a steady, brilliant game; their batting was timely and scientific, and their fielding superb. Sacrifice hitting and general team work was the order of the day and to this alone can be ascribed the splendid victory.

The Norwalks took up the bat first, and Pierce started the fun with a lively hit along the left field foul line; he didn't stay long on the base, however, as he was caught at second by Callan's beautiful throw. James got his base on balls, but the next three men went out in order.

For the Rose Hills, T. Carmody raised the ball into deep centre field, but Connelly got under it. Sweeny made a long hit to left, but a moment later was caught at second. Kieran hit to left centre for a base, stole second and came home on a wild pitch. R. Carmody struck out.

Norwalk scored all her runs in the second, third and eighth innings. In the second McDonnell hit for two bases to left, stole third on the return of the ball and came home on Kieran's wild throw to third to catch him. In the third Pierce got to third base on an error of Sweeny and scored on a wild pitch. In the eighth Whone got his base on balls, stole second, was advanced to third on a passed ball and scored on Kieran's error. This was Norwalk's third and last run.

For Fordham, in the second, Callan led off with a scorching hit to third which McDonnell was unable to hold. Hanrahan advanced him a base on a sacrifice and he scored on Clare's beauty to left. In the fourth Callan again led off with a hit to right centre, but was caught in his attempt to steal second. Hanrahan made a scratch single, went to second and scored on Clare's hit to right field. In the fifth the boys pulled together and won the game. Daly made a nice single to right; T. Carmody got to first on Fagan's

error and stole second; Sweeny got his base on balls, thus filling the bases. Kieran then stepped to the plate with the intention of killing the ball, but, alas! he fanned the Connecticut air three times and gave way to R. Carmody, who got his base on balls and forced in Daly. A moment later both T. Carmody and Sweeny scored on Callan's bunt, while R. Carmody scored on Hanrahan's out at first. In the sixth they added two more to their score, and in the seventh R. Carmody got his base on Fagan's error, went to second on a passed ball and scored on a wild pitch. In the eighth the Rose Hills drew blanks, as did also the Norwalks in the ninth, and thus ended the game.

The features of the game were Callan's all around play, and T. Carmody's double play for Fordham. For Norwalk Pierce's general play deserves mention. The score is as follows:

NORWALK.	AB	R	IB	TB	SB	SH	PO	A	E	ROSE HILLS.	AB	R	IB	TB	SB	SH	PO	A	E
Pierce, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	0	0	4	0	0	T. Carmody, rf....	5	2	0	0	2	0	1	1	0
James, c, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	0	10	3	1		Sweeny, 3b.....	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	2	2
Layden, rf.....	4	0	1	1	0	1	0	0		Kieran, 2b.....	4	1	2	2	1	0	4	1	2
Josephs, lb.....	4	0	0	0	0	4	0	1		R. Carmody, p.....	3	2	0	0	0	0	1	13	0
McDonnell, 3b, c.....	4	1	1	2	1	0	4	0	1	Callan, c.....	3	1	2	2	1	1	10	4	0
McAlister, p, cf.....	4	6	0	0	0	0	11	2		Hanrahan, lb.....	4	1	1	1	0	2	9	0	0
Connelly, cf, p.....	3	0	1	1	2	0	1	3	0	Clare, cf.....	4	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0
Fagan, ss.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	2		Orpheus, lf.....	3	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0
Whone, lf.....	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	Daly, ss.....	4	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0
Totals.....	31	3	4	5	4	1	23	19	7	Totals.....	33	10	9	9	5	4	27	22	4

*Kieran called out for overrunning second base.

Score by Innings:

Norwalks.....	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0-3
Rose Hills.....	1	1	0	1	4	2	1	0	x-10

Summary:

Earned runs—Norwalks, 0; Rose Hills, 1. Two-base hit—McDonnell. Double play—T. Carmody and Hanrahan. Base on balls—James, Whone, Sweeny, R. Carmody, Callan and Orpheus. Hit by pitched ball—Sweeny and Kieran. Passed balls—James, 3; Callan, 1. Wild pitches—McAlister, 2; R. Carmody, 2. Left on bases—Norwalks, 3; Rose Hills, 5. Struck out, by McAlister, 7; by Connelly, 3; by R. Carmody, 11. Time of game, 2 hours. Umpire, Mr. Anderson.

J. H. SLEVIN, '90.

SOUTH NORWALKS VS. ROSE HILLS.

Lowering clouds and drizzling rain met the anxious gaze of all the base ball enthusiasts when they arose on Thursday, May 30. All hope that the Rose Hills would play was quickly dispelled, and consequently the hearts of the ball players were correspondingly despondent. But on towards noon the clouds began to roll away, and old Sol peeped forth with his pleasantest smile. Thereupon the boys got together and boarded the train for South Norwalk, Conn. When they arrived there, however, they found that the flood gates of heaven were again open. But the people of Connecticut, especially of South Norwalk, seem to be not in the least dismayed by a rain storm, at least when there is a question of a base ball game. For as soon as the boys arrived the base ball enthusiasts began to wend their way

along Main Street to the Baxter ground. There was a splendid assembly present, numbering anywhere from six to eight hundred persons, and this, with the rain coming down in torrents. But towards the opening of the game the rain again stopped, and the warm rays of the sun brightened up the scene and made everyone happy. It was a good natured and fair minded crowd, and they liberally applauded the good plays made on both sides. The first six innings were bitterly contested, both sides struggling hard for victory; but in the seventh inning our boys went in and simply pulled away from the Connecticut men. Daly started the eventful inning with a splendid hit to left centre, and it was the first hit of the game for the Rose Hills. He went to second on a wild pitch. Tom Carmody did not help him along, however, as he flew out to Lovett in centre. Sweeny brought Daly home by a rattling two-baser to right centre. Kieran then came to the bat, and after striking out twice before was determined to knock the cover off the ball. The crowd applauded him as he stepped to the plate, and Dan acknowledged the applause by putting the ball over the left field fence for a home run, bringing in Sweeny ahead of him. The crowd went wild over this performance, and the applause and cheers were deafening. R. Carmody retired on a foul fly to first. Callan then got first on an error of Sullivan. Dan Hanrahan got in a beauty one baser to right, and both scored on Clare's base on balls and a wild pitch. Clare stayed on second base, however, as Orpheus went out, Sullivan to Rogers. After this the game was practically over and all interest died out. The features of the game were the second base play of Chadwick, the catching and throwing of Gottman, the playing of Sweeny, Kieran, Daly, Hanrahan, and in fact of the whole team, and the great captain work of Kieran. Score:

SOUTH NORWALK.	AB	R	IB	TB	2B	PO	A	E	ROSE HILLS.	AB	R	IB	TB	2B	PO	A	E
Chadwick, 2b.....	4	1	0	0	4	3	2	1	T. Carmody, r.f....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Gilbert, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	1	0	0	2	Sweeny, 3b.....	4	1	1	2	2	3	3	0
Johnson, rf.....	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	Kieran, 2b.....	3	2	1	4	0	5	2	0
Lovett, cf.....	4	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	R. Carmody, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	1	9	1
Sullivan, s.s.....	3	1	0	0	3	0	1	2	Callan, c.....	3	1	0	0	1	2	3	5
Rogers, lb.....	4	0	0	0	0	8	0	0	Hanrahan, lb.....	4	2	1	1	1	14	1	0
Gottman, c.....	4	0	0	0	0	8	2	1	Clare, c.f.....	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
Quirk, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Orpheus, lf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Laudenbach, p.....	3	0	1	1	0	2	8	3	Daly, s.s.....	4	2	1	1	0	0	3	0
Totals.....	32	3	3	3	6	24	13	9	Totals.....	31	9	4	8	5	27	21	6

Score by Innings:

South Norwalk....	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0-3
Rose Hills.....	1	1	0	0	2	0	5	0	x-9

Summary:

Earned runs—South Norwalk, 0; Rose Hills, 2. Two base hit—Sweeny. Home run—Kieran. Base on balls—South Norwalk, 1; Rose Hills, 6. Hit by pitcher—Sullivan and T. Carmody. Passed balls—Gottman, 3; Callan, 0. Wild pitches—Laudenbach, 1; R. Carmody, 1. Left on base—Norwalk, 4; Rose Hills, 5. Struck out—By Laudenbach, 6; by R. Carmody, 3. Time, 1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpire, Kelley.

JOHN H. SLEVIN, '90.



BOOK REVIEWS.

Handbook of Rhetorical Analysis; Studies in Style and Invention, by John F. Genung, Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. Publishers, Ginn & Co., Boston.

To "The Practical Elements of Rhetoric," this companion volume, by the same author, answers a desideratum long felt by many students of literature. As its title implies, the author makes choice of some happy selections from the works of the leading English writers, and, by skillful questioning, gradually leads the student to discover by himself the beauties enshrined in these masterpieces. With frequent page-reference to the principles laid down in his "Practical Rhetoric," the author unites with style and invention, that practice which, as he justly says, "completes, with this third element, the Rhetorical circuit." The idea, as unfolded in this last volume of the "analysis" is a very happy one. The advanced student cannot fail to recognize what a great boon has been conferred on him by the learned author. It is only to be hoped that he will soon present us with the "Handbook of Analysis," with selections from our ablest poets.

Catholic Worship—the Sacraments, Ceremonies and Festivals of the

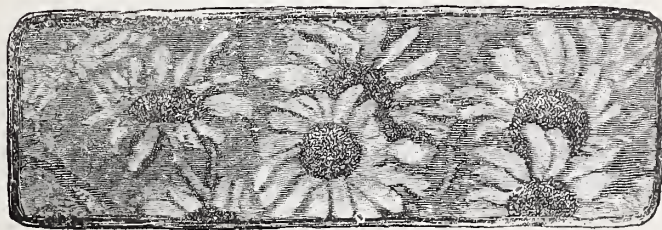
Church. Translated from the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. Benziger Bros., New York. Paper, 15 cents.

The latter book is an admirable little volume for all Catholics. It might have been styled a "Catechism of Catholic Worship," as, in its questions and answers it fully exposes all the leading ceremonies of the liturgy most necessary to the uneducated. Many external ceremonies of the Mass, the Sacraments and the Festivals are so little understood by non-Catholics as well as some Catholics, that it renders this little work very welcome at the present day.

The Will of God. Translated from the French by M. A. M. Benziger Bros., New York.

Lessons in English—Language, Composition, Rhetoric, Literature, by Sara E. Hustad Loekwood. Publishers, Ginn & Co., Boston.

The author is to be especially congratulated for, to a clear and elegant diction, she adds a thorough and practical grasp of all those elements of literature evolved from one another in the course of the work. The chapters on the history of the English language in its early and in its classical periods deserve unstinted commendation. This book is richly deserving of the patronage of educators.



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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

VOL. VII.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y., JUNE, 1889.

NO. 9.



THE STATUE OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

THE STATUE.

THE idea of honoring the memory of Archbishop Hughes has ever been dear to those who have ruled the destinies of the college. One rector has succeeded another—one administration has supplanted another, and all have felt that a tribute to commemorate her founder would be a gracious act on the part of Alma Mater. Nor was the idea confined to the faculty—the ecclesiastical superiors of the Archdiocese of New York have cherished the same thought—the clergy, especially those who recall the Archbishop's gifts of mind and heart, have looked for some one to take the initiative in such a movement; and the laity Catholic and non-Catholic, by whom his memory is held in benediction, feel that in honoring their first great Archbishop they do honor to themselves.

His successor, the late Cardinal McCloskey—the first President of St. John's and the first American Prince of the Church—often expressed the wish to see a small offering made by all the faithful in order to secure means of erecting a statue to the great Prelate. He felt that the successful efforts made by Archbishop Hughes to place the Church on a firm basis have shed an influence on every member of the flock. And for the laity—especially those who knew him and still survive him—we have only to mention his name as a topic of conversation, and at once we are struck by the admiration and enthusiasm with which they speak of him.

The faithful of his day compared with our own were few; they were troublous times for the young American Church; bigotry and calumny were the favorite weapons of her enemies, but wherever a foe arose to attack the Church, there at once was seen the great Archbishop battling with pen and tongue in defense of the faith. No wonder then that years after his death, when his sacred dust was transferred from its temporary tomb in the old Cathedral of St. Patrick in Mott Street, to its last resting place, under the high altar of the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue that the ceremony called crowds from their daily avocation to testify by their presence their love for their spiritual Father, and their esteem and affection for his memory.

At the beginning of the present scholastic year, our Rev. Rector, in conversation with some of the newly-elected officers of St. John's Alumni Association, determined that grand as had been the college's success in the past, still it should only add momentum to its progress, and that a brighter future ought to gladden her path. The Alumni also felt that now that they were large in numbers, gratitude at least should prompt them to add their mite in seconding the wishes of Father Rector. Various schemes were suggested and debated; Second Division needed better quarters; a new infirmary would be a benefit to our old professors in their declining years; but these were burdens that seemed too heavy for the shoulders of the Alumni Association.

Finally this being the fiftieth year of the inception of the college, and the twenty-fifth year since the death of its founder, Archbishop Hughes (January, 1864), it did not take a long process of reasoning to conclude that the present year would be a most auspicious one in which to erect a statue to his memory. The Alumni have taken the work upon themselves, and hope to see it crowned with success. It cannot but benefit St. John's; in fact that was one of the motives that prompted the Executive Committee to undertake the project. As they declared in the circular announcing the scheme to the members, they felt that though it is very good to meet annually and congratulate each other, and renew old friendships; still some practical work beneficial to the college would give a better reason for the existence of the St. John's Alumni Association.

October 2, 1889, has been set down for the unveiling of the statue; it is now being cast from the model made by the famous sculptor, William Rudolph O'Donovan. Competent critics have already attested its artistic worth; and eloquence, music and pomp of ceremony will be enlisted to make the day and the year memorable in the annals of Fordham. Besides the sanction of the Rev. Faculty it will please all to know that our present beloved Archbishop has heartily approved the work, and by an offering of \$100 to the fund has shown his desire to see the success of the work realized.

PRES. OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.



THE CADETS.

THE year now rapidly drawing to its close has indeed been a memorable one to St. John's in a military point of view. The opening of the year saw a small company of some forty cadets, the close beholds a beautiful battalion 150 in number. Of course no individual company of this year can equal last year's cadet corps, for they were composed exclusively of volunteers and embraced only the military talent of the college. When, at the opening of the present year, uniformed drill was made compulsory for second and third divisions the members of the old company were scarcely found adequate in point of numbers to instruct the recruits and fill the newly made positions, so that none of the present companies can boast of the full complement of officers. Last fall we saw a large band of boys, willing, but ignorant of the first principles of military tactics: June sees an orderly, well-formed, well-drilled battalion. Out of chaos has been evolved order.

Many of the gentlemen of the senior division, desirous of emulating the example set by the younger boys, also donned the uniform, and soon became the happy possessors of chevrons, whence date their interest and pride in a soldier's life. The recruits, after a thorough course of exercises and manual, were assigned to their respective companies, and during the long winter months, when the weather prevented marching, they gave many interesting exhibitions of their progress in the gymnasium. At intervals Lieut. Squiers would take command of the battalion in person, and it is needless to say that on those days the boys drilled as never before. The early days of spring were hailed with delight, for although the manual may be interesting to the spectator, to the soldier there is nothing like being on the march, provided it is not too long. The drill for many months consisted exclusively of the school of the company, and it was thought that this alone would constitute the matter for the year. We were, however, doomed to an agreeable disappointment in this, for one beautiful morning in May saw the four companies united and soon going through all the evolutions of the battalion drill, and it has since been the general verdict that battalion far exceeds company drill. One interesting branch of the tactics was this year omitted, a subject of consolation to the cadets; it was also missed by their many admirers. Skirmishing has always been a prominent feature of the cadet drills, but owing to the amount of matter to be learned in a short time it was found necessary to dispense with it for the present year, but next year will doubtless find the boys versed in all the intricacies of the battalion skirmish drill.

That the military element has thoroughly penetrated every department of the college and become one of its principal factors, has been many times manifested during the past year. Few events of any importance occurred in which they did not take an active part, and they were always found to give a new impetus and lend an additional interest in whatever they were concerned. This was especially notice-

able in the dramatics where they appeared many times, either as the royal body guard of some superannuated monarch or the well-drilled militia of some English or Scotch town ready at call to storm the feudal stronghold of a troublesome baron, or bring to speedy justice some outlaw chieftain defying them amidst the shelter of his mountain fastnesses. They never failed on these occasions to nobly defend the king, chastise the disloyal baron or avenge the law on the mountain chieftain. Their appearance on the stage was always the signal for applause which they well merited by their fine appearance and excellent drilling.

Not alone in the dramatics have they had an active part, but have sanctified their work by the manly part they took in the May devotions to our Lady, when, on the night which concluded the exercises, they assembled and gave a parting volley to her whose devotion to the soldier's cause and whose influence in the course of war and of nations has been the theme alike of poet and painter.

Of the companies, individually, little can be said, except that each has manfully striven for supremacy, and those who may not be fortunate enough to secure the much coveted colors must ascribe their failure to the fact that they were handicapped in some particular rather than to any unworthy motives of any of the company. In the assignments Companies A and B were decidedly the more fortunate, their men being larger and older than those of Companies C and D. This made the contest somewhat unequal; the two last named companies, however, have proved that it is not always well to be too sanguine, for they surpassed the expectations of their fondest admirers and left the result of the late contest extremely doubtful. This was as it should be and next year we should like to see a more equitable division of men, when no individual company will be forced to contend against such great odds as were Companies C and D of the present year.

It now remains to chronicle a few of the events which occurred in our military circle during the year and which broke in upon the regular routine of the drills and lent an additional interest and zest to the at times monotonous work. So, beginning in order, we first come to the inspection drill of Sunday, May 12th. An order had been bulletined a few days previous to this date to the effect that Grand Inspector Hughes of the Department of the Atlantic would visit the college on Sunday to inspect the battalion. This information might have been read in the face of every wearer of the blue and gray within an hour after it had been posted, and the unusual alacrity and anxiety which in consequence pervaded every one of these military gentlemen was remarkable. When it was announced early in the season that a set of colors would be presented to the company making the best showing at the end of the year, a spirit of rivalry arose which has since been the cause of some excellent drilling on the campus.

So it is needless to say that when the appointed day arrived every cadet was in a state of fever heat. Although this was not to be the decisive drill, the Inspector said that he would

give his opinion as to which was the best company, and this, of course, was a sufficient incentive to the youthful aspirants to make their grandest effort. The battalion never presented a better appearance, and the bright uniforms contrasting pleasantly with the dark green of the sward, lent a brilliancy to the scene which the campus does not often present. All that was needed to complete the arrangements was some music, and this, it is true, our long looked-for but in-vain fife and drum corps endeavored to furnish. Happily for the showing of the companies they were requested to subside before they had worked a great deal of damage. The inspection of arms took place immediately after assembling with the battalion in line; Company A, Senior Captain Dowdney, on the right of line; Company B, Captain Marrin, on the left; Company D, Captain Wright, on the right centre; and Company C, Captain Boylan, on the left centre.

at a beautiful spot called Noroton, on an arm of the Sound Thursday, June 6th, was the appointed day, and it was remarked that never before had the boys so promptly obeyed the order to fall in, which was sounded shortly after eight o'clock in the morning. The trip was made by train to Williamsbridge, thence to Stamford. The day was beautiful and the march out to Noroton proved little fatiguing. The battalion, headed by the Morrisania fife and drum corps, proceeded through Stamford, and the natives of that historic town viewed their ranks in astonishment, doubtless surprised that such young boys could march so well. It was afterwards learned that their comments were very favorable. Arrived at Noroton, the companies stacked arms and gave themselves up to all the pleasures and enjoyments that the beautiful place could afford. Boating, fishing, tennis and baseball were the order of the day, and Lieutenant Squiers



THE CAMPUS WITH THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE IN THE DISTANCE.

The companies marched off in the order of inspection, and after a few preliminary evolutions returned to be inspected in the manual of arms. Energy and snap are the principal factors in the execution of the manual, and these laudably characterized the drilling of every company on the occasion. The subsequent marching was not a whit less excellent. The inspection closed with a few manœuvres by the battalion, when they were halted and complimented by the inspector for the excellent showing they had made. He said in the course of his remarks that he had not as yet completed his rounds, but thus far the St. John's cadets were the best battalion he had had the pleasure of inspecting, and admonished the other companies that they would find a formidable adversary in Co. B at the competitive drill.

Next in order, but prior in importance to many of the boys, was the trip to Lieutenant Squiers' home at Stamford, Conn. His place is situated a few miles outside of the city

seemed to multiply himself to do everything that could promote the enjoyment of the boys. An excellent repast was served at noon, and at four o'clock the call was sounded for dress parade, after which the march to the train was begun. The battalion marched through Stamford with company front, and their wheelings were commented upon as models of perfection. Senior Captain Dowdney was acting major of the day, and Adjutant Brennan filled his office as captain of Co. A. Captains Marrin, Boylan and Wright were in command of their companies, B, C and D, respectively. Too much thanks cannot be afforded Lieutenant Squiers for the kind and generous manner in which he treated the boys.

After the excursion to Lieut. Squiers' place the next event of importance was the competitive drill which took place on the following Sunday, June 9th. The appointed day dawned beautifully and gave promise of realizing the wishes of the most fastidious as regards the weather. This, of course,

was the day amongst days for the cadets, for upon its issue hung the honor and glory for which they had toiled through long months of exercises and manual and marching. It was amusing to see some of the officers early in the day, hurrying about endeavoring to accomplish something to further the interests of *their* company. In fact, one or two companies, so interested in the contest had they become, voluntarily mustered a few hours before the appointed time and went through several of the evolutions by way of practice. Their example would doubtless have been emulated by all had there been sufficient time. The race, in the general opinion, had narrowed down to a contest between Companies A and B, but general opinion was destined to meet with a surprise. Not only Company C excelled itself, but Company D drilled so well that the contest was left extremely doubtful.

Company B had been the general favorite, but it unfortunately fell to her lot to go first upon the field. Although she did well, Company A so far surpassed expectations that no one could form more than an opinion as to the result. The winner will be made known on Commencement Day, when the colors will be presented.

In the meantime there is much discussion between the adherents of the various companies as to which gave the best exhibition. Lieut. Price acted as judge on the occasion, and some of the more anxious tried to obtain some knowledge of the result from his looks of approval or dissent, but one might as well try to read the features of the Egyptian Sphinx. He was not so close in his letter to Lieut. Squiers a day or two after, for in it he gave his approval, and in very flattering terms: "They all did *well*, and I must repeat again that you gave me a genuine surprise. I am sure that very few could do as well, and *none* could make such a showing at the end of its first 'detail.' I consider my opinion of *some* value at least, as I have visited four Colleges (Wisconsin, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Connecticut), where 'details' were established, and none of them came up to your companies when I saw them."

One of the largest gatherings of the year witnessed the drill, and among them Gen. Sherman, accompanied by Commodore Ramsay, U. S. N., smiled approval from his carriage. A few movements by the battalion closed the day and now nothing remains but to prepare for the drill on June 26th, which we hope will be the splendid issue of a

splendid year. Before closing, however, we must not omit a word about Co. E. of St. John's Hall. These young gentlemen have been present at all of the drills of their older brethren under the instruction of an officer from the battalion. During the latter part of the year, however, Captain Wright has generously taken them in charge, and is now instructing them in all the evolutions of the guard mount, preparatory to Commencement Day when they will make their first public appearance under the command of their new Captain.

Although their age prevents them from acquiring the perfection of the other companies these young men will find this drill an excellent preparation for their future military career in the college. Their present staff consists of First Sergeant Fitch, Third Sergeant O. Krüger, Fourth Sergeant Sinclair and Corporals Reynolds, Valdeavellano and White.

And now as some of our most efficient captains and ablest officers will soon bid us farewell, we must not close without at least a parting word. Noticeable among those who will fail to respond to the drum call next year are senior Captain Dowdney, Co. A, and Captain Marrin, Co. B. Captain Dowdney joined the corps two years ago when they consisted of but one company and in a few months was raised to the rank which he has since held. In him the cadets will lose a thorough soldier and an efficient commander. Captain Marrin, who is also to be graduated this year, although holding his present rank only since last fall, has in that time succeeded in winning his way into the heart of every member of his company. He has always commanded the respect due him and has shown that kindness will secure better discipline than harshness.

Captains Wright and Boylan will, we hope, be with us again next year. Captain Wright is a veteran in the service and is but another type of the last named gentleman; he is one of the most genial of our officers and we hope to salute him next year as senior captain. Captain Boylan, although he has but lately acquired the double bar, shows that he is well able to fulfil all the duties incumbent upon his office. Adjutant Brennan completes the commissioned staff, and is the proper man in the proper place. The way in which he forms the battalion at the dress parades never fails to draw upon him the admiration of the assemblage.

F. J. D., 2d Serg't Co. B, S. J. C.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

DURING the past year an important change was made in the senior debating society, formerly the St. John's House of Commons. It became, through the medium of those in whom a love of things American predominated, the St. John's Senate. Although college students claim the right to be patriotic in the workings of their societies, there was another motive in the minds of those members who advocated the change. Very often during the session the members found themselves confronted by many knotty points, either on the order of the day or on the form of procedure, which were incapable of solution, owing to the fact that the Society did not possess the manual regulating the debates of the English House of Commons and which would clear up all questions in dispute. This was the great drawback to orderly and instructive debate. This has all been obviated by the change in name and rules, and all our meetings have since passed off with the perfection and regularity almost of our own American Senate. Another good result, besides a clear understanding and interpretation of the rules, comes from the fact that the bills introduced have been more practical and contained more of local interest, arousing the sympathies and, I was going to say, the prejudices of the members. As a result, we have had some unusually exciting debates during the year.

Each State, as far as our numbers have permitted, was represented by two Senators, and it was so arranged that the Senators were chosen to represent the State from which they actually came. This and the fact that in political sympathy the House was about equally divided between Democrats and Republicans has kept our debates alive and full of interest and gives us speeches free from that stiffness and unnaturalness that so often characterized them in the late House of Commons.

We are conscious of the evolution of no Demosthenes or Cicero or Pitt during the past year; for all that, we have had great pleasure in recognizing some really good speakers among us. The two gentlemen from New York, Messrs. Marrin and McNeilly, were to the manner born, but each in his own way. Mr. Marrin's warm and sometimes eloquent language was in pleasing contrast to the cool, calm and close argumentation of Mr. McNeilly. Mr. Taaffe, the gentleman from Illinois, was distinguished for his precise and witty statements and for his languid manner, while the somewhat impetuous Mr. Heffern, who upheld the interests of the old Bay State, struck home many a time by his cogent remarks. It has become the habit in politics of late to wave the "bloody shirt." The habit never crept farther than the door with us, for Mr. Blun, of Georgia, and Messrs. Wingerter and Burrow, both of Virginia, were there, as the phrase is, every time, ready with scathing invective for the unfortunate gentleman who had the hardihood to wave it. Following the ordinary course of legislative events, there was but one contested seat during the whole year, and that was Mr. Morris's, the gentleman from Jersey. He settled that question for himself, however, beyond all doubt, by his fluent tongue and ever-ready remarks for those who even hinted his sitting incapability. As is usual among a lot of speakers, there were quite a number of "and others," who favored us with their efforts. The gentleman from Connecticut, and the borough of Stamford loomed up as the most prominent of these. Invariably beginning by rising to a point of order he always concluded by moving the previous question, classically like our old Roman acquaintance, Cato. One can hardly chronicle the sayings of silent members, nor will we say we had these members, but if we had, then there are grave doubts as to whether they will be returned to sit at the next year's session.

J. C.

ATHLETICS AT FORDHAM.

THE Fordham College Athletic Association was organized in March, 1886, by a band of students, the principal among whom were Messrs. Shea, Haben, Donnelly, Clare, Hanrahan, Livingston and Blun. The first officers were: President, John Haben, '86; Vice President, John F. Clare, '89; Secretary, James Quin, '86, and Treasurer, Jas. Blun, '89. The other presidents of the association have been T. D. Shea, '88, who was kept in office for three terms, F. Eaton, '88; H. C. Quackenboss, '89, and Chas. L. Livingston, '90. In the early spring of 1888 the association which had then almost ceased to exist was

re organized with a more exclusive membership and since that time it has continued to gain in strength so that before long we hope to see it established on an equal footing with the Base Ball Association. Foot Ball which is under the control of the athletic association has certainly been a success. Up to last fall we had played about fifteen games since the organization of the association without losing a single one; of the five games played last season we won three, losing one to Trinity and forfeiting one to Seton Hall. The students seem to take naturally to this game, but heretofore there has been no preparatory training; a ball was seldom

seen on the field before the first regular game. This is not the plan to follow if we wish to produce a really good team. Moreover, baseball should give way to foot-ball earlier in the season.

There seems to be an antipathy towards track athletics among the students of Fordham, and while it lasts we can

In former years the spring and fall meetings were run off as quietly as is the drill on Thursdays, but this spring, however, the association ventured to give public games and two open events. At first the idea was laughed at. Those who thought they knew predicted an amusing farce, very encouragingly offering the remark that no one would come



THE CINDER TRACK.

hope for but little success on the cinder track. But fortunately the dislike for this more arduous recreation is gradually disappearing and we may reasonably expect that at no very far distant time the name of the "Fordham College Athletic Association" will be wreathed with even more glory than has been the name of the Rose Hills.

to see the games, much less enter them. As regards the farce let me say that I have seen many worse athletic exhibitions; every one was well satisfied with the games and some of those all-knowing critics opened their eyes pretty wide when they saw that after all some of the best college athletes in the country did enter the open events, and that

some of the biggest men in athletic circles condescended to act as officials, despite all the predictions to the contrary. And as regards their prediction that no one would come to see the games, suffice it to say that with over three hundred students in the college we succeeded in selling a fair number of tickets. Not so many as should have been sold, but whose fault was this? Where were those students who are noted for the generous support they give the other associations of the college? The association holds three regular field meetings annually; one in the fall which is handicap and which is intended to bring out the new talent; one in the spring which is scratch and the winners of which compete at the Inter-Collegiate games; the third is the All-Round Championship of the college which is held in the spring. This last meeting was not held last year nor this. The spring games have led to some very good results. Last year Chas. Livingston, '90, scored 21 points out of a possible 40, with H. Quackenboss, '89, second, with 20 points. This year Livingston again won with 26 points and Quackenboss was again second with 18 points. This year the association sent three competitors to the Inter-Collegiate games at the Berkeley Oval and even though we "did not break any records or carry off even a single event," as was remarked in the May Monthly, still we did much better than our predecessors ever did and not as badly as Harvard did the first year her athletes competed in the Inter Collegiate games, when her two representatives finished last in their respective events.

The boys of Fordham are naturally as well adapted to manly sports as are the students of Yale and Harvard. How is it that we always have such a fine ball nine even though the prospects are very poor before the commencement of the season? It is because the boys go in with the determi-

nation of doing their best and because they do their best and have the support of the rest of the students. Why do they not take the same interest in track athletics as they do in Base Ball? Simply because those who could become good athletes if they only wished to go to the trouble are frightened at the thought of having to train. Is there not just as much pleasure in running or jumping as there is in playing ball? And there is more glory in winning an athletic prize than accrues to any one man on a ball team.

Again, consider how much more exclusive athletic contests are than baseball games. We have seen a number of specimens this year of teams calling themselves amateur ball nines, teams composed of cast off or blacklisted professionals who receive pay for playing on these so-called nines. But there is none of this in the amateur athletic ranks. The definition of an amateur is as strict as it can possibly be, and an amateur becomes a professional by the very act of competing knowingly against a professional.

Amateur athletics have become in the last few years as much a gentleman's pastime as is yachting. The games of the New York athletic Club, the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, and such organizations are as little like the 'six-day go as you please' or any other race between professionals, as the yachting of gentlemen is like smuggling.

Therefore let the students bestir themselves. Those who cannot take an active part in the athletic games and training can at least evince an interest in the work of the Association and give it even a part of the support they give the ball team, and I can safely predict that with the co-operation of the body of the students, the Fordham College Athletic Association will not long remain unknown.

C. L. L., 90,
President F. C. A. A.

ATHLETICS TEN YEARS AGO.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

YOU ask me to write something on Athletics before the institution of the present Athletic Society. Well, there is not much to say of them and yet there is. Of Athletics properly so called, of the regular practice, the constant attention to keeping in form, the regulation of diet, the sweating off of superfluous flesh, the daily bath and rubbing, of the thousand and one things that college athletes do now in preparation for record-breaking, of all these, let me repeat, there was never very much at Fordham.

If I may be allowed the remark, there does not seem to be overmuch of it even now in the palmy days of the regularly organized F. A. A. If there were, I think I would occasionally find a Fordham man "placed" at least at the inter-collegiate sports, "the same which" (I beg the Professor of Sciences' pardon for the plagiarism) I haven't as yet found, tho' closely watching the papers for it. Let me not be mis-

understood. We had some of the athletic observances in our day.

We offered some incense at the Pythian shrine. Every one remembers the training table of '82, when our would-be athletes and our to-be Rose Hills fared sumptuously night and morning on brown bread and milk, and everyone else envied the distinction of being in training. Then there was the mile or two of a run every morning before breakfast, and exercises in the gymnasium every evening; but enthusiasm soon cooled with the disappearance of a little extra flesh. Some one said at the time that it evaporated with the perspiration of the first month's extra work. It never could have amounted to anything anyhow, for of course no amount of interest in athletic training could ever cause our men to give up cigarette smoking, and without that first and absolutely indispensable step it is no use entering on the thorny road that leads to athletic glory.

I suppose there is the same trouble yet and perhaps it is to that rather than to any want of interest in many sports that I should attribute the absence of Fordham representatives from the intercollegiate roll of honor.

There was one case of heroic training during that year which I cannot, must not, forget to chronicle. Shall we, of those times, ever forget how Denny Walsh trained down from 230 to 195 pounds; how wrapped in blankets he went around and around the gymnasium on that "awful" sawdust track? Each day chronicled some new decrease in weight and it was hailed by all with as much rejoicing as ever increase of weight on other but less interesting occasions. Needless to say Denny succeeded by regimen and this heroic training in getting down to 198. The doctor would not allow him to go farther. So there is, at least, one exemplar for posterity to look to in the matter of training in what might seem the prosy years from '79 to '82.

If we had not training, however, and the "pomp of circumstance" in our field meetings our successors must not imagine that we had not athletes. Our runners were as lively as theirs and our 100 yards a contest that always brought with it a wave of interest that carried away even some of the cooler, longer heads into wagers that were not exactly mines of wealth at one end anyhow.

Jeff O'Connell, the genial doctor, had won the 100 yards, and won it "hands down," as you say now, for years, but in '81 and just after that wondrous catch in the ninth inning of the 15 to 0 game, he sprained his ankle. He was careless about it and it got no better. Then it was said that Enright, who had been looming up as something more than a possible opponent, would surely win it.

Great was the indignation of '82 at the prospect of losing the 100 yards dash. Kenelly got into training and soon showed that there was at least another in '82 who would run a good race before the honors should leave his class. Meanwhile "Jeff" limped around, and there seemed no chance of his ever entering. He expressed his intention of doing so, however, and with ankle well strapped up, made his appearance Thanksgiving morning in a running suit. The race was run on the lower end of the lawn, our best substitute for a cinder path in those days. To everyone's surprise "Jeff" won the first heat and with comparative ease. In the second, Enright and Kenelly came near running a dead heat, but in the last yard or two Enright got ahead by a few inches.

Of course the final one was run in a fever of excitement, and it goes without saying that "Jeff" won it. Whether he had been shamming in order to get up excitement for a race that had always been almost a walk over for him, a thing I would not put beyond him, or whether he had been able for the moment by binding his ankle up tightly to use it as well as ever I never knew. If it were the first, he succeeded

admirably. The time of the race, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, shows what he must have been able to do when in form.

Let me confess, however, that the 100 yards and the quarter of a mile, were about the only events in which very much interest was taken. Throwing the ball because of its connection with what it was and is still, I think Fordham's favorite sport drew considerable attention, but other sports were left to be decided by the chance of the moment, without much, if any, previous practice. O'Malley, it is true, aroused considerable interest in jumping, as he did in many another thing during his time at Fordham, and he was what you of the *present* generation call a "hustler." He was, however, too good a jumper himself, if I remember rightly, to awaken any serious general interest.

There was one department of athletics in which we far surpassed you. Who shall ever forget our walking matches? They were held on St. Patrick's Day, and the contestants trained for several weeks beforehand. Well do we inoffensive non contestants remember that training. With a dry sawdust track underneath the "twinkling feet" of lumbering trainers and the light and airy trained, the gymnasium became one mass of dust that I would not like to go down in history as saying you could cut, but — well, I refrain. Dante had evidently never breathed such air or it would have been immortalized in the "Inferno."

But enough. At length there dawned the happy day when ambition prompted us to apply for admission to the Intercollegiate Association. Messrs O'Malley and O'Brien were sent as representatives—not that the latter was very much interested in athletics, but then there was a certain member he had very well developed, whether by exercise or not I will not say. It has been winning triumphs for him ever since, we understand, in the political arena in the northern part of the State. Of course, naturally enough, the first question asked our delegates was: "Have you a regularly organized athletic association?" and of course, naturally enough, too, with Fordham fatuity in such matters we had not gone through the form of electing officers, and so could scarcely be said to be regularly organized. We were as regards the spirit, however, an organization. So with a ready invention, the present president of the Democratic County Committee in ——— County answered in the affirmative. I think he even proceeded to give the officers' names, whom, of course, we had to elect when he got back. For this last part I will not vouch, but certainly had it been necessary our delegates "*semper parati*" would not have been backward.

With the advent of F. A. A. begins your present glorious era. Of that I know nothing, being versed only in ancient, though not so awfully ancient history.

Sincerely yours,

ALUMNUS, '85.



THE SODALITIES.

THE age in which we live is essentially an age of wonders. This expression has often been quoted during the past few centuries, and as each successive generation imagines that it applies particularly to itself, I think we are pretty safe in applying it to our own. Now by wonders I do not mean the portents narrated by Livy nor those startling discoveries and inventions which are daily being made in this great land of ours and generally put down to the overflow of American genius. No, I do not mean these, and did I it would not be worth while attempting to tell you of them for you are all, no doubt, better informed about them than I am myself. I desire merely to say a few words about some of the doings which are being done at Fordham. Although they may appear to the casual observer of events of seemingly no importance, working out their end quickly and silently, yet they have more to do with the growth of St. John's as a seat of learning than would at first appear. I refer to the fresh impulse which has of late years been given to devotional exercises and works of charity. The heart of St. John's has ever beat in unison with the great warm heart of the Catholic world and on occasions when a quicker pulsation of devotion or loyalty has been demanded by Our Mother Queen or Our Divine Lord, it has never failed to throb out with all its force of loyal love.

But on looking through the records of old Fordham, rejoicing and festivities in honor of Mary—the records of deeds performed by our boys in honor of Christ or in behalf of the poor or wretched—and comparing them with the present endeavors of Fordham boys, we must beg to be allowed to think, with all due reverence to the good old days, that St. John's Present has gone more out of its way to show its devotion and loyalty than St. John's Past. And therefore to disarm the righteous wrath of all old students who, being present in those times and absent during these latter years, think this is all mere blind self-praise, we may as well put down a few things that happened during the past year in that line and let the incredulous judge for themselves. Immediately such a number of proofs of our assertion present themselves that we are at a loss how and where to begin. Shall we speak first of the work of the League of the Sacred Heart, the Sodalities or that of the St. Vincent de Paul Bands, all performed under the auspices of the various Sodalities? Each has in its own peculiar way become a powerful factor for good in the college. Each has lived a useful if not a long life and is equally worthy of the highest praise.

But as the Sodality has been for the last five decades the heart, so to speak, of the college—its very life in works of charity and devotion, in the past as well as in the present we will speak of its progress first. Beginning the new year under the Directorship of Rev. Mr. Mulry, S. J., who for some years past had been over the Sodalities on the Second and Third Divisions, the Parthenian Sodality showed at

once vigorous signs of a new life. For fifty years of a strong lusty life it had seen. For fifty years the influence of its blessings had been felt both within and beyond the classic walls of old St. John's. As year followed year, man after man left the place well prepared, after having drunk deeply of its fountain of graces, to carry forth her good name and the habits of manly virtue acquired through its teaching, perfect exemplars for the imitation of others. But wide and abiding as was this influence it was seen that it could and should be felt beyond the college precincts, not only after they had left their Alma Mater, but even while laboring here as students. As a result they conceived the idea of so furthering its object as to make it not only an Association where the Sodalities themselves would be perfected in all the manly virtues, but would be the means of teaching others. Aided by our Director, this end was finally attained, when, under the Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of New York City, the members of the Sodality organized three bands, numbering seven men each for the purpose of instructing the poor children and prisoners of Randall's Island in the truths of our holy religion.

Through the whole of the long winter, regardless of the inclemency of the weather or personal inconvenience they went to their labors. Often the loathing sights in the wards of those suffering from some of the more horrible incurable diseases, would find them returning from their work heart-sick, and wearied in body, but their spirits were always buoyant—they never lagged. Every such sight, every discouragement but spurred them on to higher endeavors, showed them the necessity of casting a gleam of light into the dark recesses of the souls of those worn out bodies.

How well they have succeeded is hidden from all of us. Sure it is, however, that the lives of those unfortunate beings seem to have been happier from their visits. We, ourselves, on several occasions accompanied the bands and nothing struck us more than the cheerful and jovial good nature displayed by them, and their willingness to submit to anything and everything exacted of them by our Evangelists, as they are termed by the boys. A hundred happy faces and cordial good mornings greeted every man of us.

The little boys with all the warmth of life long friends grasped our hands, the crippled or the old men from a distance piped out squeaky, but heart sent 'good mornin's.' Many an interesting incident could be related that would show the amazing progress made in the few short months; many a one that would put to shame some of the children of our city schools who have always had the advantage and opportunity of instruction. The relation of these, however, we must forego for want of space. But we hope we may have the pleasure of chronicling them at some future time. That we will, we have no doubt. The work is too good a one to be allowed to lag. Rev. Father R. Gelinis, S. J., the saintly priest who has spent his life administering to their spiritual wants, in writing to Father Rector some time since

said: "We feel so grateful to you for sending us those nice young men to edify us by their good behavior and teach catechism to our poor children."

Surely next year there will be greater reason for his feeling grateful, when it is expected the number of bands will be increased. Already many have volunteered their services who were unable to join in the good work because of the smallness of the field of operation. Application has already been made to the Commissioners of Public Charity of New York City to allow them to extend their work to Blackwell's and the other city islands. Though presented some months ago, it has not yet been granted. Still there is every reason to hope that on our return from the vacation days there will be an opportunity to once more review the work so well begun. So much for the charitable work of the year. Now a word about the works of devotion. We will not speak of the many little visits made to the chapel during the day, nor of those silent moments passed in prayer at the bedsides. These we do not pretend to know anything about. We will speak only of those happenings which could not escape our notice, or rather which we could not possibly help remarking.

First comes the grand celebration of the Sodality Day--

the 2nd of Feb.—The Literary Academy held in honor of Our Lady, a full account of which appeared in our Feb. issue. Then fast upon it the various feasts of the year, on all of which special services were held. But the extraordinary exercises during the months of May and June, in honor of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart should, above all others, be spoken of. Those who have witnessed the sight, who have seen the boys gathered evening after evening around the new statue of Our Mother, erected by them on the semi-centennial anniversary of the establishing of the Sodality, in the little triangle back of the boy's chapel, first chanting her praises in unison, then listening to a sermon preached by one of their own number, they alone, I say, know with what devotion they did it. My inexperienced pen lacks the power to even give a faint idea of the feelings it stirred in my own breast. But why go on? Is it necessary to speak of the communion of reparation offered up by a half dozen boys each morning during this month, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, or the Work of the Apostleship of prayer or the League of the Sacred Heart or the Holy Childhood? No, I think we have said enough. W.

THE FIRST ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF ST. JOHN'S.

WE print the following account of our earliest commencement, through the courtesy of the New York *Herald*. We were obliged to leave out the speech of Mr. Rosecran's, owing to its great length. We give the names of the prize boys of that year in the hope they may meet the eyes of our old graduates and students, and call up afresh many happy boyhood memories of pleasant days at St. John's.

FRIDAY, July 16, 1847.

The first annual commencement of this newly incorporated College took place at Fordham yesterday afternoon. All the regular trains of cars on the Harlem R. R. were crowded during the morning, and at 1 o'clock P. M. an extra train of six cars was dispatched to take up passengers, whose business or other engagements kept them in the city until that hour.

The exercises were conducted in a large tent erected for the occasion, on the beautiful lawn in front of the college buildings, where, after the passengers from the last train had taken their places, there were present about two thousand persons, among whom we observed members of the city legislature, officers of the army, and other public persons, besides hundreds of pretty girls, beautiful young ladies and good looking matrons.

On the stage were seated Bishop Hughes, Bishop McCloskey, Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., of Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Starrs, Rev. Mr. Bayley, Rev. Mr. C. London, of Canada, and Rev. Messrs. McCarron, O'Neil, McLellan, of this city and the faculty of the College—Father Augustus J. Thebaud, President; Father John Larkin, Vice President; Father Wm. S. Murphy, Father Charles DeLuques, Father Lewis Petit; Father H. Du Merle.

There were only four graduates upon whom devolved the duty of delivering the orations of which one was a discourse on Russia by Mr. Charles De Bu'l. It was a creditable performance showing considerable historical knowledge and a happy turn of thought—reflection based upon past occurrences.

The next oration was a Latin performance, *De Laudibus Lingue Lat. Oratio*, by P. McGovern, who articulated clearly and acquitted himself in all respects well in a Latin speech of considerable length.

The third was a discourse on O'Connell, by P. McCarron, who, with a modest introduction, prefaced some quite eloquent remarks in laudation of the lamented Irish Statesman.

A discourse on Chivalry, a good composition, was delivered by Mr. Andrew J. Smith, who was also the honored graduate who delivered the Valedictory Address.

The last discourse we give below. It was of course the best, and was in consequence reserved till the last. It was written and delivered by Mr. S. H. Rosencrans, whose father is now Professor of Civil Engineering at West Point. It was entitled, *Nothing Original*.

Man is indeed fearfully and wonderfully made; his capacities of mind and body are manifold and mysteriously contrived; the end of his being is unspeakably grand, but it has not been given to man to create.

Next came the ceremony of conferring degrees. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon Messrs. Thomas Dolan, Andrew Smith, S. H. Rosencrans and P. McCarron. Mr. Smith was also honored with the degree of Master of Arts. The diplomas were given to the young gentlemen. The vice-president, Father Larkin, made a very happy address to the graduates, reminding them of their prospective duties, etc. The premiums were then distributed to the students and scholars of the preparatory schools as follows: First Greek class: Laurence Connor. Second Greek class: James Clary and Patrick McGovern. Third Greek class:

1st, John Hughes; 2d, John Kelly and Charles De Bull. First Latin class: 1st, James Clary; 2d, Daniel Fisher. Latin Composition: 1st, James Clary; 2d, Lawrence Connor. Second Latin class: 1st, William Morrogh; 2d, Charles De Bull, James Hughes. Latin Composition: William Morrogh, Charles De Bull. Third Latin class: 1st, Daniel Dunning; 2d, Michael McCallion. Latin Composition: 1st, Michael McCallion; 2d, M. Daly, Thomas Collins. Fourth Latin class: John Hughes. Latin Exercises: Stephen Brady. Sixth Latin class: 1st, John McQuade; 2d, Francis Marin. Latin Exercises: 1st, John McQuade; 2d, Francis Marin. First French class: Stephen Hallet. French Composition: Stephen Hallet, Daniel Fisher. Second French class: 1st, Charles De Bull; 2d, William Morrogh. French Composition: 1st, Joseph Blair; 2d, Charles De Bull. Third French class: 1st Division, Thomas Collins; 2d division, James McNulty. French Composition: 1st, John Kelly; 2d, James McNulty. Fourth French class: 1st division, 1st, Patrick Gaynor; 2d, Joseph O'Connor. Second division: 1st, Edward Lynch; 2d, John Hughes. French Exercises: 1st, John McQuade; 2d, John Hughes. Rhetoric: 1st, William Morrogh; 2d, James Clary. English Discourse: 1st, Charles De Bull; 2d, James Clary. Second Rhetoric: 1st, Maurice Daly, Lucien E. Ballard; 2d, Thomas Collins, Edward Ballard; 3d, John Kelly. English Composition: 1st, Thomas Collins; 2d, John Kelly. First English class, John Young. Composition, John Young. Second English class: 1st, John McQuade; 2d, Amos Labarbe. Third English class: 1st, Daniel Gray; 2d, William Fagan. English Exercises: 1st, Thomas Marin; 2d, James Welsh. Fourth English class: 1st, William Fagan; 2d, James O'Neil. Fourth Class of Geography and History: 1st, John Kelly, Edward Kohls; 2d, William Denman, Joseph O'Connor. Second Class of Geography and History: 1st, Amos Labarbe; 2d, John McQuade; 3d, John Hart.

Natural Philosophy, John Gray. Chemistry, Daniel Fisher, John Gray. Analytical Geometry, John Kerrigan. Written Compositions: 1st, John Kerrigan; 2d, John Clary, Lucien E. Ballard. Surveying, John Kerrigan. Algebra: First Division, John McDermott, James Moran. Second Division: 1st, James Hughes; 2d, Maurice Daly. Algebraic Compositions: 1st, Maurice Daly, James Hughes; 2d, John Kelly. First class of Arithmetic: Michael McCallion. Second class of Arithmetic, First Division: 1st, J. Hughes; 2d, J. Hart. Arithmetical Exercises: 1st, John Hughes; 2d, Henry Patcham. Second Division: James Sweeney. Third class of Arithmetic: 1st, William Fagan; 2d, James O'Neil. Written Arithmetical Exercises: 1st, Joachim Miro; 2d, Gregorio Mola. Book-keeping, First Division: Joseph Ballard, Lucien Ballard, John Carolin. Second Division: Edward Mullin, John McMenomy. Music: Felix Kennedy, Stephen Hallett, Lucien Ballard. Drawing: John Devereux, F. Berte, Francis Marin, Emanuel de Osma. Penmanship: 1st class, Thomas Marin; 2d class, John Young; 3d class, Daniel Sweeney, John Hughes; 4th class, James Welsh. Premium of Diligence in the Acquisition of Religious Knowledge among the Junior Students, First Division: 1st, John McQuade; 2d, John Hughes. Second Division: 1st, James Haywood; 2d, John Hart. Premium of Exemplary Conduct, awarded by the votes of the students. 1st, among the more advanced: 1st, Charles De Bull, Michael McCallion, William P. Morrogh; 2d, among the younger students: 1st, John McQuade; 2d, William Denman; 3d, Emanuel de Osma. The valedictory address was next delivered by Andrew J. Smith, A. B., who, in an able manner, took leave of his classmates and the faculty. Bishop Hughes, being requested, then came forward and made some very happy remarks, appropriate to the occasion, after which the assemblage broke up.

IN MY STUDY CHAIR.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

It was last September that I had the good or bad luck, while looking about for a desk in the study-hall, to chance on the bit of writing whose vagrom contents I purpose presenting to my genial reader in as connected, intelligible and succinct a manner as circumstances will allow me to do. As for the nature of the manuscript, it certainly is not that of a diary, being much too liberal and literary, while making not even the slightest reference to any such things as *acta diurna*; as for the character of the writer, it remains up to date somewhat of a riddle to me, and I leave my smart reader to give it a local habitation and a name, conscientiously guided by such hints as he may gather here and there while going over the ensuing pages. Let me, however, inform my reader that the manuscript is nothing more than the embodiment of some of the writer's reflections while sitting in his study chair, surrounded by his books which to him have become a substantial world, peradventure in more sense than one. "I sit me down," begins our worthy, "in my study chair." Not a very remarkable thing for a schoolboy to do. "Cæsar, they say, knew each one of his soldiers by name; and I know each and every one of my books by its face (for the back of a book is its face). Yes, I could pick out the least known of all from among a thousand, though I have lost more

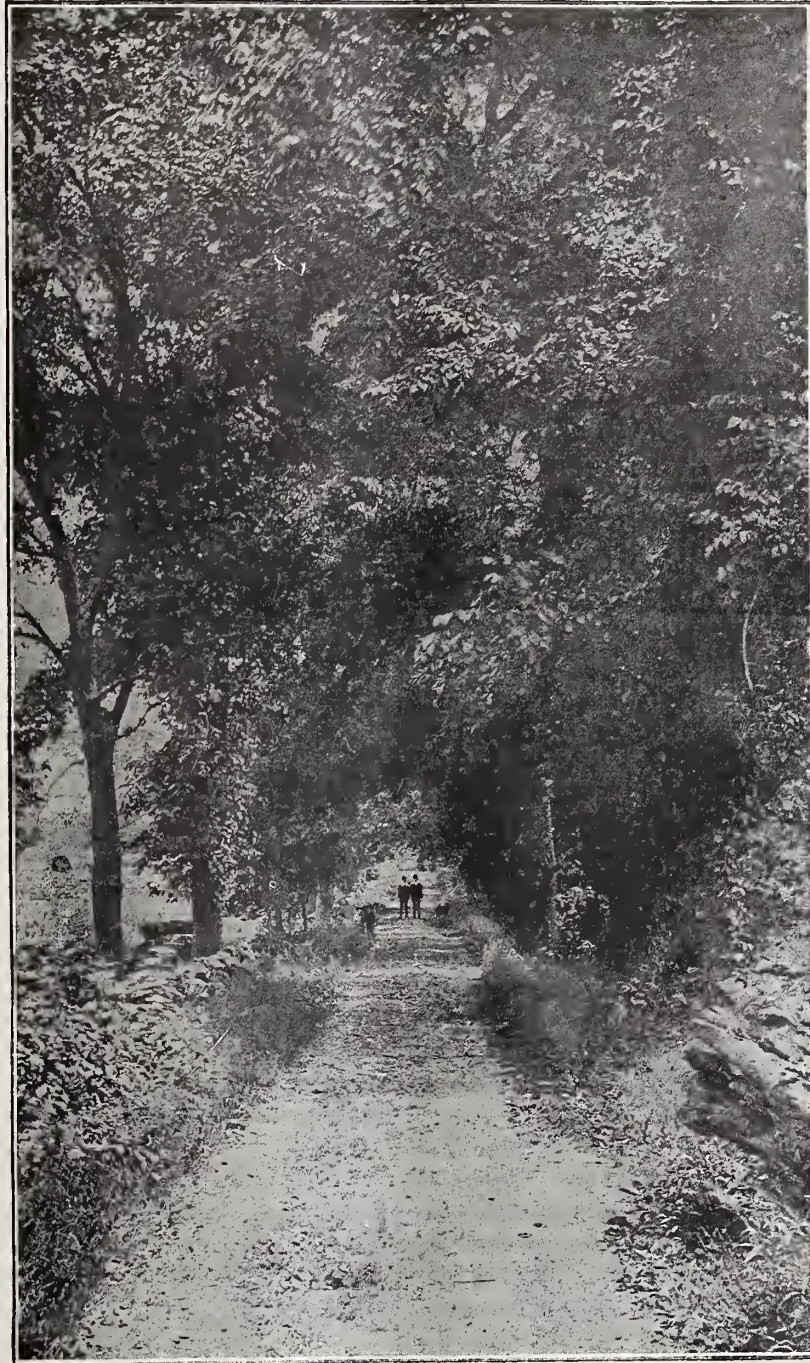
than one which I fain would have restored to me. However this be, I take great delight in the ones that remain; and now the first one on which my eye happens to fall is no other than my Greek Grammar turned upside down, like one of those oriental religious enthusiasts who, standing on his head the live long day, excites the contemptuous pity of the passer-by. I never was known to profess anything like a remarkable affection for my Greek Grammar; yet, by reason of a slight connection which it still bears to me, it needs must continue to occupy a place among my other books, like some distant relation whom one cannot rudely show to the door, but whose presence is no longer welcome if it ever was." A little farther down the page I find that my friend's spleen has been stung into verse against the poor Greek Grammar; for no other reason perhaps than that more than once it may have made *him* stand on *his* head! I insert the triolet simply because he informs us that it is a sincere expression of his feelings, which I don't for a moment doubt. Let my genial reader glance over it and judge for himself.

"I thought myself a clever fellow
Until I peered into thy pages,
When grew my judgment somewhat mellow,
I thought myself a clever fellow;

I think thy pages much too yellow
 To charm, except the book-worm sages.
 I thought myself a clever fellow
 Until I peered into thy pages."

Our friend was quite a book worm, but not book worm
 enough to creep into the pages of a Greek Grammar ; verily,

dulce lenimen !' Thy sweet songs have won my heart, and
 albeit I read thy poetry over and over again, I am never,
 never weary of it, for it always remains to me as fresh as
 the breeze of the oft sailed sea remains to the sailor ! 'O
 how I pity those who can read thy poetry only through the
 medium of translation ! How insipid it seems ! But to me



THE LANE, BETWEEN THE SKATING PONDS.

every affection, be it ever so strong and true, needs must
 have a limit which it will not and does not go beyond.
 From the hated Greek Grammar he passes to 'Horace,' and
 thus expresses his feelings "O Horace, how welcome thou
 art to me after leaving that dry old Greek Grammar--
 'sweet is pleasure after pain.' Thou art, indeed 'laborum

and to whomsoever reads it in thy own native tongue it seems
 --ay it is nectar and raises one to a level with the gods ! What
 was mortal in thee has passed away ; but thy greater and
 thy better part lives immortal in thy poetry, the odor of the
 rose survives the broken vase. Thou wert a mighty satirist
 and thou hadst the courage to frown upon, and the power

to laugh to scorn the degenerate morals of thy countrymen ; but at the same time thou didst never impose on life more than it is capable of bearing, and knowing that nothing is blessed from all sides, thou makest allowance for the weak points that are in us—

For that, thy God-like spirit I admire ;
For this, thy human nature do I love.

Thou tellest us, Horace, in one of thy odes that, charmed by the literature of Greece, it was thy purpose to write thy poems in that language ; but that Father Quirinus warned thee in a vision, urging that such a step would be as mad as carrying logs into the forest. Now, I have no doubt but that thou wouldst have rivalled many of the lights of Hellenic poetry if thou hadst chosen to write thy lines in Greek ; yet how much better is it that thou hast written them in thy own sweet Latin ! Verily, hadst thou written in Greek, it would now be Greek to me ; and so I thank Father Quirinus for his goodly warning. And lo ! even while I am speaking, Sophocles meets my eye and seems to look me reproachingly in the face ! Well, Sophocles, though I do not dislike thee quite as much as I dislike yonder Greek Grammar,—who holds the only key that can open thy treasures to us, I do not like thee as much as I do Horace or even Homer. As for the treasures which thou presentest and holdest out to me, I can only say, perhaps with as much reason as old Laocoon, ‘Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes !’ I fain would talk more at length to thee, and about thee, but, like a very prudent personage in one of thy dramas, I prefer to hold my tongue about matters which I am not well posted on. Therefore, at least for an interval, I will leave thee alone in thy glory ! And yonder stands, side by side that twain of mighty bards who have often brought me home

To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome ! ”

“Homer and Virgil ! What a world of recollections is awakened by the echoing of these two names ! The school room with its inmates quaffing the “*spumantem pateram*” of classic lore scarcely conscious of what they are doing. Class with its *acta diurna*, of almost every one of which we can only say, thereby hangs a tale. To return to Homer and Virgil, I do not, like an illustrious modern statesman and scholar, refresh my memory every morning with a score of passages from the former ; nor do I as that illustrious scholar and statesman of the last century, interweave my conversation with phrases from the latter ; but I do cherish a lasting admiration and affection for Homer and Virgil as intensely as Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Chatham. I can relish the beauty and the sublimity of the one, and the fair fancy and the thorough art of the other as well as any one who has read the poetry of either, not as a dull lesson, but as poetry. But I now must leave these and come to him, who, if we are to give credit to Dryden’s bewitching epigram, combines the sublimity of Homer and the majesty of Virgil—Milton. I know that there are few among us young people who read him at all, and few among our seniors

who read him through ; in this he has had, to a certain extent, his wish of finding fit audience albeit small but for us we are from counting ourselves among the fit part of his audience. We think however that we can at least relish the descriptive passages in the ‘Paradise Lost’ and that we shall attain to a full appreciation of the meditative element at a date not far ahead. It has been urged against Milton that he is too lavish of thoughts at times ; and as this may be numbered among the great characteristics which stamp his poetry with a mark all its own, we make bold to affirm that this lavishness of thought in Milton is no more to be condemned as faulty than the bacchanal profusion with which the autumnal vine showers the purple ripe grapes on the ground ! Turning from the lord of English poetry, my eyes rest on Byron and Tennyson. There they stand name to name ; and, although there is all the difference in the world between their poetry, it would be difficult for me to say which of them I prefer. Surely there is a something in Byron which engrosses the admiration of every young reader of poetry. His eloquence stirs our souls, and his thought is lightning and his language thunder, and we feel that there is music in it. But when we listen to his ocean-sounding stanzas, the melodious music of Tennyson

Sounds sweet as if a sister’s voice reproved
That we with stern delights should e’er have been so moved.

“Byron is like the ocean : we cannot help hearing with rapture his resonant tones ; Tennyson is like a rivulet ; he wins his way into our hearts with his gentle and melting murmuring, and has not the power to command us but we are more than willing to listen. And so I am at a loss to decide which of these two great poets I prefer ; one thing, however, is certain, and that is that I prefer them to all other modern poets.” So ends, my genial reader, the part of my friend’s manuscript which pertains actually to his books ; but there still remains another page in which he indulges in matters collegiate. This page, dear reader, is filled up chiefly with verses of our friend in which he speaks broadly of college matters and seems to imply in the last couplets that he is to leave Fordham forever. He is to leave St. John’s ; and he meditates on the cares and anxieties of the different stations in life without the college walls ! After a considerable number of lines in which he expounds ideas which, gathered into a nutshell, amount to Horace’s

“Curas laqueata circum,
Tecta volantes,”

he addresses the school boy, saying :

Thy study chair, believe me, is a throne
A monarch fain would enviously own !

Now, we know full well that schoolboys are free from worldly cares ; but we are very much in doubt as to whether a schoolboy, sitting in his study chair, poring over Greek roots, etc., feels himself the owner of a throne. Perhaps our friend did ; we have not, the sentiment which he expresses in the couplet, likewise addressed to the school-boy :

Then be content to rule the baseball field,
For crown thy cap to wear ; for rod thy bat to wield

is more in sympathy with us and undoubtedly with him. We will not tax the patience of our genial reader with more extracts from his manuscript, either of prose or of verse. He must have enough of either by this time; and, moreover, the handwriting is rather trying especially in the versifica-

tion where our friend's Pegasus at times seems to walk, at others to trot over and not seldom to splash the page with ink; so good-by to thee, my reader, and good-by to our mutual friend of the study chair.

DRAMATICS.

POLONIUS. The best actors in the world either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individual or power unlimited; Seneca cannot be too heavy for them, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty these are the only men.—*Hamlet*.

Would that our retiring disposition would permit us to say this of our own actors, those zealous devotees, who keep alive the spirit of Thespis within these walls and foster that most delusive and fascinating of all arts for the entertainment of their admiring fellow-students. But modesty seizes our pen and checks us in our words of self-praise which take their rise in—we will not say our own egotism, but the consciousness of the talent and worth of our representatives in the histrionic arena.

Although, owing to a combination of untoward circumstances, the Dramatic Association was unable to give as many plays as it has given in former years, still we have no hesitation in saying that the quality of those brought out and the amount of entertainment afforded amply make up for what they lacked in quantity. Of the first play of the year, the well known "Rob Roy," performed on Thanksgiving night, the least we can say is that it was a pronounced success. It touched the pulse of the audience. There was no straining after effect, but every man fell into his character with the utmost grace and ease, every man played into his neighbor's hands with such nicety and precision, that, like the cogwheels of some great machine, each did his own part, at the same time aiding, rather than hindering the action of every one else. Of Messrs. Heffern, McNeilly and Taaffe in the respective rôles of *Rob Roy*, *Rushleigh*, *Osbaldistone*, and *Mr. Owen*, I need say little, as their names and their deeds have become so familiar to our audiences within the last few years that the mere mention of them is sufficient to call up a host of pleasant memories. It is rather the doings of the recruits to the ranks of our Thespians, who have more recently come up to offer their sacrifices before our college footlights, that I wish to recount. Who will ever forget the inimitable *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, of Mr. Dunn, and the thorough earnestness with which he entered into all the peculiarities and eccentricities of the brusque, though soft-hearted Bailie? what more perfect type of a "braw Highlander?" what better example of the triumph of matter over mind could be found than Mr. O'Neill's Dougal? nor must we overlook the *Francis Osbaldistone* of Mr. Farley. If every year brings us such recruits to uphold the

honor of our Dramatic Association we have nothing to fear for the future. The farce which followed, "A Regular Fix," has been declared by more than one authority on such subjects to be the best of its kind that has tickled the risibilities of Fordham boys for many years past.

Great as was the success of this play, and great as was the promise for the future, still were there found many of those ubiquitous oracles, that seem to abound particularly at Fordham, who prophetically declared that there would be no Christmas play, owing to the fact that only two weeks remained before the holidays. Contrary to the predictions of these infallible soothsayers, however, with less than two weeks preparation, and with some half dozen rehearsals, the society again came to the front on December 20th, in Selby's two act melodrama, "Robert Macaire" and the farce, "Caught by the Cuff." At that season of peace and good will, and especially when these feelings of peace and good-will are heightened by the prospect of two weeks holiday at home, it is but natural to expect a certain leniency on the part of the audience in regard to failings and shortcomings; nevertheless, to say that "Robert Macaire" was a complete success, and that its success was a surprise even to the most sanguine, would be putting it mildly indeed.

Although the play is styled a melo-drama, it is decidedly farcical in its nature. The characters of *Robert Macaire* and *Jacques Strop*, more familiar to modern theatre-goers as the *Ravennes* and *Cadeaux* of "Erminie," around which the whole interest of the play is centred, are comedy characters of the most pronounced type. The lordly and dignified ease, the courtly and gentlemanly manners of Mr. Taaffe as *Ravoy*, and the laughable and ridiculous capers of the nervous *Caddy* of Mr. McNeilly were highly amusing and literally brought down the house on every fresh appearance; while the ragged and tattered, though faultlessly fitting garments of the more dignified vagabond, and the picturesque costume of his disreputable partner, made up, as it was, chiefly of patches and places for patches, served as targets for an endless fund of laughter and wit from the assembled students. Mr. McNally, in the character of the waiter made an excellent third in this trio of comedians, while the rest of the cast sustained their respective parts in a manner to make the whole play most enjoyable.

The second term opened auspiciously for the Dramatic Society, with the annual shrove-tide entertainment. The play presented on this occasion was a romantic drama of the

period of the Norman conquest, entitled "Wenlock of Wenlock." It is a play that affords unusual opportunities for gorgeous costuming, picturesque grouping and striking scenic effects, every one of which, it is needless to say, was taken advantage of in its mounting. Mr. Heffern, in the rôle of the Norman baron, *Wild Wenlock of the marches*, was fully equal to himself, which is certainly saying a great deal. He looked and acted the Norman despot to perfection, every word and action being in perfect keeping with the character he assumed. Mr. Blun, in the character of *Wulf*, the Saxon outlaw, and his fierce-looking followers, armed with their massive axes, and with their brawny forms half-clad in undressed hides, formed a striking contrast to the mail-clad Normans of *Wenlock's* train. The comic element of the play was centered in the characters of the jester and the village tailor, interpreted by Messrs. McNeilly and Dunn, the former of whom has shown, not only in this character, but also by his performance of *Jacques Strop*, that, however proficient he may be in heavier parts, he is equally, if not more so in characters of the comic order. There remains one character worthy of being spoken of at some length before we pass from the description of this play, the character of *Elwan*, son of *Wulf*, as performed by Master Thomas I. Sinclair of St. John's Hall. We are always ready to tender our encouragement and congratulations to our young friends from the Hall, whenever an opportunity offers, but on an occasion like this the merits of his performance entitle him to a double share of praise, and, accordingly, we hereby tender it. The entertainment concluded with the one-act farce, "A Very Serious Affair."

"Wenlock of Wenlock" proved so remarkable a success that it was repeated publicly on the evening of March 18th in the presence of a large assembly of the friends and relatives of the students. It is sufficient to say that it went off with all the snap and vigor of the first performance; that Master Sinclair, although suffering at the time from a severe and dangerous cold, went through his part like a little man; and that our stars and the lesser "and others" acquitted themselves in a manner that showed their interest in the play had not abated in the least. There was one member of the cast, however, who has, for some reason or other, (intentionally or otherwise, we know not,) been slighted and unnoticed in all the published accounts of the play, his name not even appearing on the programme. We refer to the gentleman who took the part of the ghost. At each performance of the play, he appeared in two different scenes, struck two distinct attitudes, and held them for some consecutive seconds, while some one turned the calcium lights on him. We consider such an exhibition of histrionic ability worthy of especial mention, and it is in a spirit of justice and equity that we draw attention to it now.

We think that at this point in our remarks a few words in acknowledgment of the faithful work of the stage staff throughout the year, would not be out of place. A certain poet of our own day has said that

This is the actor's gift--to share
All moods, all passions, nor to care
One whit for scene, so he without
Can lead men's minds the roundabout;
Stirred as of old those hearers were when Burbridge played.

Quite true, quite true; this might have been "when Burbridge played" and the public was not so exacting on points of scenic effect, but in this nineteenth century when the St. John's Dramatic Association plays, we are obliged to care something more than "one whit for scene," in fact much of the success of our entertainments depends on our scenic effects. In "Rob Roy," and to a still greater degree in "Wenlock of Wenlock," much of the success may be attributed to the picturesque effects in the costuming, the grouping of the characters and the handling of scenery and lights. Certainly great credit is due in the first place to the Reverend Moderator, whose excellent taste it was that directed these arrangements, and in a great measure also to the efficient stage staff, consisting for the first term of Messrs. McNeilly, and McNally in charge of the stage, and Mr. Taaffe, of the properties; these gentlemen were succeeded in the second term by Messrs. McNally and O'Neill as stage managers and Messrs. Daly and Dunn as property men. The work which these officers are called upon to do, and the responsibility which devolves on them can only be appreciated by one who has been both figuratively and literally speaking, behind the scenes, and is able to judge from the testimony of his own senses. There are no other offices connected with the society which demand such constant care, such endless labor, and which, at the same, time receives so little recognition from the generality of those who witness the performance.

We are sorry to be obliged to say that our dramatic entertainments ended for the year with "Wenlock." It was the intention of the management to produce one or more plays before commencement, and, in fact, preparations had already been begun, but owing to the severe and protracted illness which befell the Reverend Moderator, Mr. French, S. J., and a host of other untoward circumstances, our expectations were nipped in the bud. The truth of the old adage about the "best laid plans of mice and men," was forced home to us in anything but a pleasant manner. However there are several things at which we should feel gratified. The interest in Dramatics has received an impetus this year, such as it has not felt in a long time. The old interest which was so noticeable in years gone by, is reviving again, and those earnest workers are receiving from an appreciative public the recognition which their efforts deserve. The membership, this year, had reached so near the limit, that it became necessary to lay several applications on the table, a phenomenon unheard of for many years. Considering, therefore, the unusual success of all their plays, the enthusiasm displayed by all concerned, the unreserved approbation of even the most cynical, we may say that in spite of the unpropitious demeanor of the fates, the Dramatic Society has just closed one of the most successful years in its whole career.

COMUS, 90.

SOME FORDHAM POETS.

Editor of Fordham Monthly:

IT IS hardly out of the run of requests, such as you make of me to express regrets that one cannot treat the subject well, and as it deserves, but in my case the regret is real and sincere. I am not able to write upon the subject in the way it should be, because to be honest, I really do not know sufficient about the various literary characters who

Irving, must have found much pleasure in roaming over its hills and dales, and no doubt drew much of their inspiration from its beauty. And Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of that exquisite legend, "The Culprit Fay" lived for a while among us. He has written some of his daintiest stanzas on the river Bronx that flows by the college property, and I am sorry I haven't them at hand, to give them in praise of that river



POE'S COTTAGE, FORDHAM.

have made Fordham their home in the past. For one who has ample time at his disposal for hunting up reminiscences of these literary men, it would make an unusually interesting paper for your journal. Poor Fordham! beyond the prettiness of its scenery and surroundings it has not much to recommend it to people. It has many charming little nooks, however, that have caught more than one writer's eye, and it was only lately that I read a list of those that have made Fordham and its near vicinity their home. Fennimore Cooper, the great pioneer of American fiction resided not far from Fordham. Himself, and after him Washington

where your St. John's boys have spent so many happy hours. He now lies near his favorite river just above the West Farm's road. I have heard that Halleck, too, lived here. Barry Gray, which name, by the by, is a nom-de-plume, lived in a house that faces on Pelham avenue, just back of the new Science building. So that you see Fordham can boast of her quota of literary children, who in point of eminence make her almost rival the glory of the Hub the boasted centre of American literature. Unfortunately for our claim, our authors were not cotemporary, and we have to confess that their influence upon the inhabitants in the line of letters has

been lamentably small, beyond the general influence that their work must exercise upon any who have read them.

Perhaps this is owing to a strong Dutch element still existing there. As far as I have heard there are no tradition or reminiscences existing about any of these authors. I don't think Fordham town was ever famous for its society doings. In those days houses were so few and far apart, as I have heard old people say, that there was little inclination for gossip and intercourse, and so we have lost many a choice tidbit of knowledge of the doings literary and otherwise of our Fordham literati. But there is one person that almost every one knows something about, and that is Edgar Allen Poe. Poor Poe! Outside of the sunny Irving, he is the only literary character that I have ever felt real love and sympathy for. I have never gone into the reasons why I have always had such deep sympathy for him, but I suppose it is due to his great genius joined to an unfortunate, unhappy life. He is only one of the many authors that make demands upon our good nature. The beautiful inspirations of Goldsmith descended to us accompanied with the testimony that he was either an idiot or a coxcomb. It is almost painful to think that the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" could have been a prey to such moral infirmities, and it is even more so in the case of our own Poe. However, Poe's weakness has been greatly exaggerated. His biting tongue and pen made him many enemies, who could find no other means of wreaking their mean vengeance upon him than by bringing his foible under public notice. Their shafts, thank goodness, have lost most of their sting, as it is more in the nature of men to look only upon a great man's genius than regard his fault. Poe was a familiar figure at the College forty years ago.

Of a retiring disposition as regards the people of Fordham, he was perfectly at home with regard to St. John's. There seemed to be something congenial in the atmosphere of the place that drew him to it, and though he often went with no express purpose of seeing any one of the faculty or students, it seemed to sooth his mind to wander at will about the lawn and the beautiful grounds back of the college buildings. It must not be thought from this that he had no

friends there. He had three special friends at the college—Rev. Frs. Doucet and Thebaud, of the faculty, and Gus. Thebaud, one of the few students of that time, who are now alive. It was one of Poe's greatest gifts that he could make friends wherever he went. To see him was to love him. He had a charming presence; a most intellectual countenance, brilliant dark eyes, a high forehead, with the temples well developed, and a pale and sad expression of face were what attracted people. His features were a trifle sharp and made up an almost typical American face. It was a pleasure to see him and still more to listen to him.

He used to find great delight in walking up and down on a small rocky elevation crowned with cedars, a little distance back of his cottage. It overlooks a pleasant landscape, and the hills of Long Island in the distance. It was a favorite spot of his, and here perhaps he wove in his brain the ideas which found expression in "Eureka," "Annabel Lee," "For Annie," and "Ulalume," all of which were written in his Fordham cottage. I was never at his house while Poe lived there, but shortly after he left it, through some accident or other I found myself there one afternoon. It is still standing, and has not gained much by the lapse of time. It is not at all large—a quaint box like structure—and at that time was covered with shingles. It is rather a poor looking affair to day and of not much interest or value save for its literary associations, and one might pass it by in summer, so insignificant is it and so covered with vines. It has also had a share in the almost penury that followed its famous occupant. Twice has it been under the auctioneer's hammer, the last time within a very few months. It was last purchased by a literary sentimentalist of New York City for quite an extravagant sum. The reality of the amount soon did away with all sentiment in the matter, to the grief of the buyer in more ways than one. There are few other things to be said of Poe's stay at Fordham, at least, things that are told of him. What have been already mentioned are not at all new, the only thing in their favor being that to his admirers and lovers, they are always new. And this is the excuse I make for what I have written.

A VILLAGER.





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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JUNE, 1889.



To all our readers and friends greeting. Our labors are over. This is the last time that the MONTHLY will greet its readers for the Scholastic year ending 1889. And may we cherish the hope that we have given satisfaction to all? We do not know whether or not we ought to indulge the feeling of pardonable vanity that we have satisfied all our readers, or the more profitable one of humility, because our endeavors have not come up to our expectations. Perhaps this last is the more truthful one. We leave our readers to pronounce upon it. Be that as it may, we extend our editorial greeting to one and all. Many of our board of editors will be with us no more. For the last time they append their names to the articles of this issue. And if it be that their screeds have at times been passed over as efforts of no great literary value, they now beg all readers to have the patience to go through the articles undersigned by them. They are the record of our college doings for the past year, and may, perhaps, prove interesting, especially to the friends of St. John's.

We cannot complete our editorial labors of the present year without saying a word in praise of the efforts of the Alumni Association. They have done a good work, and have the gratitude of the students and friends of the college for bringing the chivalric Archbishop into our midst again. And now we, the ex editors of THE MONTHLY, take this occasion to thank our patrons and supporters for their kind encouragement and for the interest they have shown in our college paper.

J. F. CLARE. EDITOR IN-CHIEF.

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A CHAPTER IN HISTORY.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE COLLEGE AS GATHERED FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH FATHER DEALY.

INTERVIEWING, though it be after the most approved fashion, is little better than a dialogue or conversation between two persons, in which one does all the questioning and the other the answering. Now, we have always found it hard to ask questions in such a way as to make

"Yes, but I have been so often away from it that my information is only about certain times. I could not tell you all about it."

"But you can tell us about the beginning of the college, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; I can tell you something of that."

This was very encouraging, as it was just what we were after.



THE OLD FORDHAM MANOR, NOW THE INFIRMARY.

them appear consecutive or following naturally from the subject in hand. We overcame our diffidence, however, in this respect and boldly approached Father Dealy to gather in the memories that will soon fade away unless there be some one to chronicle them.

You were among the earliest students at St. John's, were you not, Father?"

With a mild look of surprise: "Yes."

"You must know a great deal then about the early days of the college?"

"This is the fiftieth year of the beginning of the college, isn't it?"

"Why, no! The college was not opened until the autumn of 1841."

This was not what we meant, so we proceeded to make ourselves perfectly clear.

"We mean, Father, didn't the idea of locating the college here at Fordham first suggest itself to Bishop Hughes fifty years ago, in 1839?"

"Ah! that's it. Yes. Bishop Hughes—he was only Bishop at that time—first opened negotiations and bought the grounds in 1839."

"But we remember hearing that this was not the first college that was started by Bishop Hughes? Is that true?"

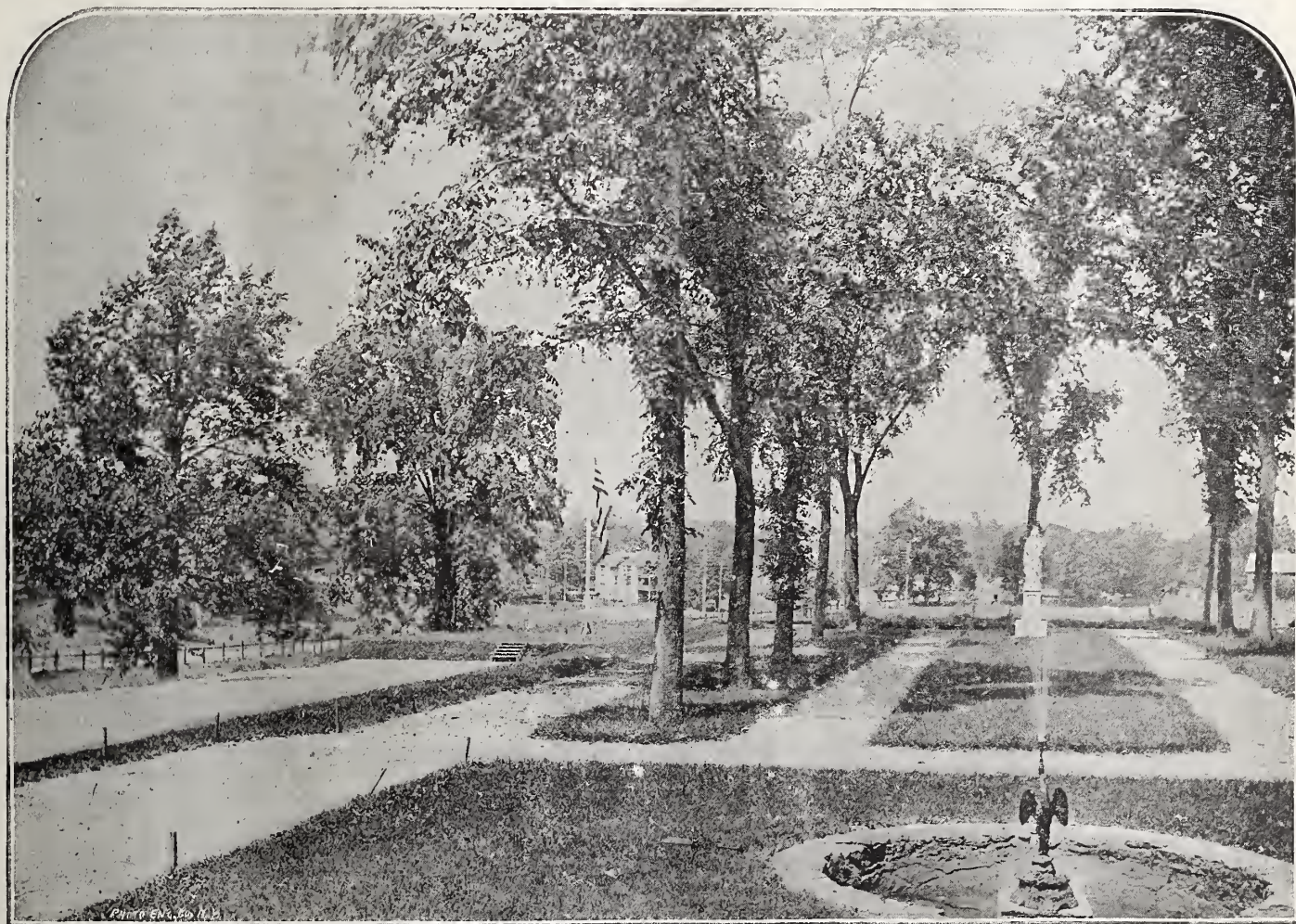
"Yes, the first Catholic College of the diocese of New York was established by Bishop Dubois at Nyack, a beautiful place on the Hudson River, in 1833. It was founded on the plan of Mount St. Mary's, but it was destroyed by fire just before it was finished. The Bishop next attempted to establish one in Brooklyn. He even went so far as to remove a quantity of stone from the ruined edifice on the Hudson, but the project was abandoned, I believe, on account of some difficulty about the title of the land. Bishop Hughes—he was Bishop Dubois' coadjutor, for Bishop Dubois was beginning to grow too feeble for the management of the diocese,—then set about founding a theological seminary at Lafargeville, in Jefferson county, I believe, away in the north-western part of the State, near the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence River. It was

"When was St. John's opened?"

"It was formerly opened on June 24th—St. John the Baptist's day, in honor of Bishop Hughes. You know the Bishop's first name was John—but the real school term did not begin until September of the same year. I was here a boy at the time."

"Is St. John's changed much in appearance from what it was then?"

"Hardly any at all. Our beautiful lawn in front of our residence was in existence then, and the same elms which fringe it to-day were there in 1841; the seed were brought in old times from Holyrood Palace, in Scotland. The farm and woods behind the college, through which runs the Bronx River, were a part of the estate. The changes that have come upon the college since have been those of addition by the purchase of several houses facing on Pelham Avenue. The only change in the way of dimin-



THE PLAY GROUNDS BEHIND ST JOHN'S HALL.

also a college for secular education, and was opened, if I remember aright, in September 1838, under the name of 'St. Vincent of Paul's Seminary.' It was removed from here to where it is now, here in Fordham."

"Why was it removed from Lafargeville to Fordham?"

"O, Lafargeville was an out-of-the-way place. It was an old French idea to place colleges and seminaries as far as possible from large cities, to avoid the excitement and temptations that they thought would come from being near them. It was the same idea which led them to establish Mount St. Mary's, away out in the wilderness of Maryland. Certainly Lafargeville was far removed enough from a large city."

ishing the extent of our grounds occurred, as you know, quite recently, only last April, when the city authorities compelled us to sell them that wooded portion which lies between the Boulevard and the Bronx. They wanted it to complete the Bronx Park. The old farm house, which is now the boys' infirmary, was, of course, standing then. In fact, it is the old Fordham manor house of Lord and Lady Stirling, of over a hundred years ago, and was the original Rose Hill residence."

"But all the buildings which are now a part of the college were not in existence when the Bishop bought the property?"

"Not all. The only buildings on the estate at the time were the old farm house, and the stone mansion in which we now live, which was flanked by two low one-story buildings, one on each

side. The one on this side was a hot house and led into another one-story building of the same height, which is now used as a sacristy for the boys' chapel, the one just outside my window. The building in which your 'sanctum' is, and the one where Brother Paradise has his shoe shop were both put up by Bishop Hughes. Your Second Division building was also built by him—not the gymnasium part of it. I built that myself. There was also a one-story wooden building joining Second Division and our house. It was nothing else than a covered walk where the boys could promenade up and down, or play when it was rainy or nasty outside. When Fr. Thebaud became President he had it removed over near the railing back of the shoe shop where it served for the students' shoe room, etc., and built in its stead what is now the house library and music rooms. Of course First Division came late. It was built after the war. Those two low buildings I told you about gave way to what are now the boys' chapel and refectory."

"Was the the number of students large when the college first opened?"

"Quite large in '42. They used to say there were about 145 boys in attendance, but I don't think the number was quite so large."

"Who was the first president?"

"Rev. John McClosky, the first Cardinal of the American Church. He was, I believe, professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. Rev. John Harley succeeded him, but he could not keep the position long, owing to his failing health. He went to Europe in '44 with Bishop Hughes, and left the presidency in this hands of Mr. Bayley, the same who was afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. He retained the office until the charge of the college was delivered into our hands, in '45 and '46. During that time we had many eminent men as professors. Rev. Mr. McFarland, who became later Bishop of Hartford, and Rev. Mr. McClelland, a famous

Greek scholar and orientalist, were members of the faculty. Then, also, Bishop McQuade, though he wasn't a bishop then, was a professor here. Besides him there was the venerable Father Haurigan, now pastor of a magnificent church which he built at Binghampton, N. Y. And I must not forget Rev. M. Conroy, who was afterwards chosen Bishop of Albany."

"Where was the first seminary?"

"It was right here in our own house. You know that what we call St. John's Hall was not built until afterwards, in 1845. Our present Sodality Chapel was the seminarians' study-hall and classroom. Desks were arranged around the room, and there they studied. The rotunda and that part of the chapel which contains the altar formed the large room, which was used as the library for the seminarians. Right back of this and taking in Fr. Jouin's and the strangers' rooms was what we called the cabinet."

"Rather a small room, wasn't it?" "Well, we thought it large in those days. There were no corridors there then, so that we had quite a large space. It was here I made my first speech, in 1843. The occasion was a reception given by the Bishop to the Bishops and prelates; and there was a good number of them present. The first professors of the seminary were the Lazarist Fathers. They came from Mount St. Mary's. With them came many seminarians. I am not sure whether Bishop Loughlin was one of them or not. So that this place used to be called an offshoot of Mount St. Mary's. Our own seminary was not built until 1845. The stone was taken from a quarry that used to be in the farthest corner of the base-ball field; not the toboggan corner. The Rose Hills' field was not so level and large then. There was a small hill in the centre of it, on the other side of which was the quarry."

Just here a knock came to the door, and our interview came to an end.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Editor Fordham Monthly:

DEAR Mr. Editor, I regret that I have not time to write up the history of the founding of the Rose Hill Base Ball Club of St. John's College, as I know the matter submitted would be interesting to your present and future readers. Some other time I promise to write you all about it. As it is, the Club was founded the latter part of Sept. 1859, and I was the first President, and Captain of the first nine by an almost unanimous vote of twenty-two members. James J. Sullivan was elected Secretary. The Club was christened the Rose Hills at the time of the first meeting. James Sullivan, of Class '60, was elected President in the spring and Oliver McKeon, of Fordham, Secretary. The names of the nine who played the College

nine from St. Francis Xaviers, this being their first public game, were:

'61, Numa Samoey, of New Orleans, Captain and Pitcher.
'61, John J. Gaynor, of Richmond, pitcher.
Nicolas Connell, New Orleans, short stop.
'61, Ed. Brownson, Dr. Brownson's son, 1st base.
'60, Henry Murphy, of Albany, 2nd base.
'61, Wm. J. Sheridan, Rochester, 3rd base.
'60, James J. Doherty, New York, right field.
'60, James J. Sullivan, Brooklyn, left field.
Oliver McKeon, Fordham, centre field.

The Rose Hills won that game, and beat the two best junior clubs in New York city the first year of their existence. I am sorry I cannot send you such a composition on the theme as it deserves. May the Rose Hills never know defeat is the wish of
ITS FOUNDER.



A LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA.

Editor of Fordham Monthly :

THERE isn't anything would give me more unmixed pleasure than to send you a paper or anything else on any subject the gods or the columns allow to be written on. If I don't send it now it isn't, you may be sure, for want of good will—but you say it's needed by the 18th of June. Now, I found your letter only yesterday on returning home from a small and pious gallivanting about these parts ; and as the spirit didn't seem to work with great violence—the writing spirit—and I was rather used up I couldn't do it last night. If I began it to-day I don't know if I should get it finished in time for you, as the 18th inst. isn't far off—and

though sometimes your letters get over quickly enough, sometimes they go by a tug boat. To show you that it isn't out of pure cussedness that I don't send what you ask I'll enclose a few verses if you want—they're yours with a heart and a half—if you don't you've got a waste-paper basket.

I needn't say what pleasure and interest I'd take in an occasional glimpse of anything that recalls Fordham and, to tell the truth, I hoped once that among our old acquaintances there's some one would be found of a samaritanic turn of mind who would send me now and then a stray copy of the FORDHAM MONTHLY. “Hope”—if I may Silas Wegg-like drop into poetry—“Hope told a flattering tale.”

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

Saddled and waiting ? well then, old friend,
Old friend ! old friend ! the last time you know
I shall call you friend—here's a last good-bye
And a clasp of the hand before I go.

What shall I say ? Oh ! so much there is
That the heart knows well but the lips forget
In an hour like this, but one last word
In the flying moment that's left us yet.

One only word : in the days to come
When our ways are the width of the world apart,
Remember an old love lingers still
Somewhere, far off, in an old friend's heart.

As loyal, as tender, as strong as it was
In old dear days too good to last.
Ah lad ! be the future whose it may
Our friendship owns the past.

Now, into the saddle ! the way is long
That lies before me, friend of mine ;
So fill me up the stirrup-cup
And I'll drink a health to auld lang syne.

And if ever your heart stray back to it,
If ever before my memory
You chance to pause—forget my worst
And at my best remember me.

The world is rarely just ; men's names
Are over-banned or over-blessed ;
But little care I if two or three
Remember me sometimes at my best.

* * * * *
The next word fails in his tightening throat,
His dimmed eyes shine with the dying day,
A smile, a plunge of the rowels—and down
The echoing road he spurs away.

—D.



MONTHLY BULLETIN.

WERE the local editor to go about with a note book and pencil in hand taking down observations on the burning questions, and sundry other matters which keep our college world agoing day in and day out, he might be subjected to treatment not altogether inviting. So the writer of this screed rather prefers to go among his fellows "arrectis auribus" listening to what they say and mutely observing what they do, and then retire to the quiet of the sanctum there to digest all. Adopting this plan, some two weeks ago we betook ourselves unto the neighborhood of the candy shop, for we had it from very reliable authority that there are wont to congregate the "big bugs" of Fordham, from whom we might learn things worth knowing. We were not disappointed in our expectations; and we soon found ourselves well posted on something pertaining to our relations with Yale. It appears that in the spring of '84 the Rose Hills played Yale, and were beaten by the score of 7 to 4. A year later, when the Rose Hills made an attempt to gain admission into the college baseball league, Yale alone gave its vote in their favor, thus confirming the good will which they had shown towards our boys a year before. Now, in the spring of '85, that is of this same year, the score of the Yale Rose Hill game appeared reversed in Spalding's baseball guide, which credited the Rose Hills with a victory over their friends. This mistake, through mere carelessness, was suffered to go uncorrected by the Rose Hill baseball association, and Yale was forced to write to the *Sun* bidding it correct it in its columns.

Naturally enough, this error on the part of Fordham, put an end to all intercourse between us and Yale; until not many days ago Manager McNally wrote a letter of explanation to the President of the B. B. Association of Yale, and furthermore asked for a game between the two nines which would once more open relations between the two colleges. Yale has accepted our explanation right willingly, attributing the error to a mere oversight on our part; but could not, by reason of lack of open dates, arrange a game or games with the Rose Hills. We hope that next year we will have the pleasure of seeing Yale and Fordham cross bats in the same friendly manner as of old. Leaving the candy store we proceed to First Division *via* Second. Here again we pause to correct another mistake, already somewhat chagrined at the erring tendency of human nature. The statement was made in the column allotted by the MONTHLY to the Second Division locals, that the Invincibles had played a tie game with the Second nine Rose Hills! The idea! But we will not indulge our displeasure and our contempt with more exclamation points. Suffice it to say, that Second Nine Rose Hills has already corrected the mistake—rather the falsehood—in the most practical manner—that is by beating the Invincibles in a game which resulted in the score of 12-7, and then the Second nine did not have its first battery in the points; although even then it was far superior to the vagrom team, which some

little time ago was evened by the Invincibles in a game of ten or eleven innings. We advise our fledglings not to soar too high, and bid them remember that for *them* to play Second nine Rose Hills is *ipso facto*, an honor.

Meanwhile we are come into the sacred precincts of First Division. Out comes a cigarette, and out a match. 'Tis done; but where shall we sit? for behold! the benches which were made to sit on, are now made to serve the odd purpose of lawn tennis nets! Nay, there is not even standing-room, for full bearded seniors, smooth faced rhetoricians, mild-eyed humanitarians and freshmen, are all running about in these pseudo tennis courts! And doing what? Serving rubber balls over the wooden nets, and hitting them back and forth with their hands with far more alacrity than they would baseballs! "O tempora! O mores!" what are we coming to? And we needs must smoke our cigarette standing! There is no spirit now-a-days! "Enjoy your pandemonium!" But as for us—we'll enjoy our cigarette, though standing. On Sunday, June 16th, the old Rose Hills, chosen from the alumni who came up to deliberate on sundry matters of importance, crossed bats with their grandchildren, whom they managed to beat; although I am thinking the striplings merely wanted to tickle the vanity of their ageing ancestors who could not stand the summer heat, and had the game brought to an end when only half through. Can these be the stalwart youths of whom Mr. Marrin, in his charming reminiscences, speaks as inured to wind and weather from each and every quarter? Verily.

Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis! What with the examinations drawing on slowly but surely, one would imagine that study was redoubled, especially within the walls of the Senior Division Study Hall! This is not always so. Witness the two o'clock session, when through every open window there comes floating in a strain of music which holds the tenants spell bound. Here one ceases to thumb the hitherto inviolate pages of his Greek Dictionary; there another forsakes the leaves of Wentworth's venerable Geometry, and gazes wistfully out the windows through which are stealing in the melodious sounds of L——'s cornet! Like Timotheus of yore in Alexander's feast, Mr. L—— has absolute power over the feelings of his hearers; for he holds them mute now with some sad and sweet tune, now with a martial strain. What follows, "Razzle! Dazzle! Dazzle! Razzle!" is something to think of, not to tell! And a moment later a murmur—uncertain in its nature—goes the round of the hall, for lo! the conquering hero comes. But we are afraid we have become too garrulous for one who has picked up only a few tid bits of daily doings. We must stop.

DIODEGENES REDIVIVUS, '91.

The feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga was celebrated on Friday, June 21st, by the students in the same edifying spirit which has been handed down year after year from time out

of mind through one college generation to another. In the morning there was the usual general communion at the low mass; and two hours later came the high mass at which Rev. Fr. Rector, S. J., officiated, assisted by Rev. Fr. Maes, S. J., and M. Kelly, S. J. The singing of the college choir was very commendable; the members seemed to make this last their crowning effort, and the students owe and tender them many thanks. In the evening, the Rev. James Dougherty, of St. Monica's, gave the panegyric of St. Aloysius. His eloquence was very stirring and impressive, but it was likewise full of practical advice and applicable lessons, and examples to the students at large, and especially to those of us who are soon to front the world face to face, and grapple with it in hand-to-hand contest as it were. These he recommended to mould their actions and their thoughts, keeping before their minds the life of St. Aloysius, their model and their patron. After the solemn benediction the ceremony was at an end; but the good accruing from it lives and will live for many a year to come in the hearts of the students.

On Sunday, June 23d, took place the reception of the new promoters of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, at 7 o'clock,

p. m., in the college chapel. Mr. Walsh, S. J., the Director of the League at Fordham, preceded the reception with a short sermon on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. As the Devotion is itself simple, so was the sermon simple; and without great range of language or of thought, the Director touched the hearts of the boys as no one else could have done. The allusion to the Fordham boys who fell in the days of '61 and '65 at the head of their comrades, was as natural as it was affecting. We feel confident that we are only echoing the feelings of the whole college when we say that his little sermon was one of the most taking little chats on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart given at Fordham. Immediately after, Messrs. Jas. Keane, '90, M. Lennon, '91, and Jno. Reilly, '92, were incorporated as promoters, in full membership, in the accustomed manner. Such was the reception of the new promoters; simple enough, indeed, but none the less edifying on that account. We wish the new promoters good fortune in their work and happiness in their station, and tender the Director our thanks for all the good work he has done in the short time he has been directing the League at Fordham. D. A., '91.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '90.

“OLD books, old wine, old Nankin blue;—
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace, that Time makes strong—
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*),
Old friends are best.”

Such are the sentiments that animate our editorial bosom as we say a few words of farewell to those old friends whose familiar pages have so often graced our table and presented themselves for the searching scrutiny of our critical eye. We also bid farewell to those newly made acquaintances, who, we hope, are, in spirit, as friendly to us as we are to them. Such a duty as is ours always has its pleasures as well as its pains, and it is with a curious combination of feelings that, on this occasion, we grasp our quill and summon up as much of our old editorial air as is compatible with the character of a man who sees commencement within three days of him, and the prospect of a well-earned ten weeks' rest before him. We indulge in a metaphorical handshake of the heartiest kind with all who have afforded us, on any occasion, an opportunity to sing their praises, or indulge in that delight of most amateur quill drivers,—to score their efforts with an *atrum transverso calamo signum*. First in review before our mind's eye passes the *Stonyhurst Magazine* which, coming to us as it does, from across the seething waters of the deep, smacks of the salt sea air and the complacent and self-satisfied tone that distinctly marks it as belonging to the old world. Then turning from waving our adieus in the direction of England,

our eyes and our thoughts wander in the direction of our own sunny South, the home of the magnolia, the alligator and the fever and ague, and take in on their way our old-time friend with its pages bristling with "*Fons Bandusiae*," "*Integer Vitae*," "*Quis Desiderio*," etc., the *Georgetown College Journal*, redolent with the breath of the muse whose soul was poured forth through the pen of that most charming of poets, that best of good fellows, the laureate of the Augustine age. And further south we see the *Richmond College Messenger* bursting with the spirit of Calliope, and giving vent to his eloquent soul in a glowing and gorgeously colored period on the Negro problem; and back to the north again, we find the astute pencil pusher of the *College Student* deep in the preparation of an elaborate treatise on "The Moon in Literature." Still further north, to that region that some one has said to be "a geographical necessity for ex-bank cashiers and clever financiers," we send our parting respects to the ever-welcome *Varsity* which has so often, by the freshness of its tone and the literary merit of its articles, enlivened the tedium of our editorial labors; nor must we forget the *Sunbeam*, whose cheerful light has so often pierced the accumulated dust on our sanctum windows and put to flight the conventional gloom that always pervades such an atmosphere. And to the many others we bid a farewell for the next two months, with the hope that we may be allowed to greet them once again with returning Autumn:

Notre Dame Scholastic, Our Monthly, Academy News, Fayette Collegian, College Student, Kentucky Deaf Mute, The Student,

The Troy Polytechnic, The Lafayette, The College Argus, Ave Maria, Kentucky University Tablet, The News Letter, The Sentinel, Concordiensis, St. Joseph's Echo, The Atlantis, The Student, St. Viateur's College Journal, The Xavier, De Land Collegiate, The Sunbeam, Niagara Index, The Varsity, Hamilton College Monthly, Stonyhurst Magazine, L'Etudiant, Haverhill Life, Association Notes, The Spectator, High School Bulletin, Swarthmore Phoenix, High School Journal, College Index, Irish Monthly, College Journal, The Stylus, High School World, College Speculum, The College Messenger, The Haverfordian, The Institute Journal, The Western Maryland College Monthly, The Educational Review, The Academy Echo, Stray Shot, Chironian, University, The Wri-

ter, High School Times, University Argus, The Crescent, County School Council, High School World, The Academe, The Deltan, The Owl, The Cadet, Res Academicæ, The Classical, The University News, The Brunonian, The Oberlin Review, The Union Review, The Academy Monthly, St. John's University Record, The Irish Echo, The Old and the New, The Central Luminary, The Academy Belle, Bay State Amateur, Embeanian, Lassel Leaves, Oak Lily and Ivy, The Hobart Herald, The Academian, Bellevue College Star, D. H. S. Items, The Volunteer, High School Stylus, Seminary Tatler, Peddie Chronicle, Trinity Tablet, Trinity Exponent, Williams' Weekly, Napa Classic, The Oracle, The Young Eagle.

OUR COLLEGE ORGANIZATIONS.



Lawn Tennis was even more popular this year than last. To satisfy the eagerness for the game two courts have been made, one on First and one on Second Division. The officers are:

Blun, '89, President.	McNally, '92, Treasurer.
Wright, '90, Vice President.	Kelley, '89, Secretary.



The Rose Hills of '89 have hardly been as successful as their friends could have wished. It is pleasant to know, however, that their courage is still undiminished. They are:

McNally, '92, President.	Keane, '90, Treasurer.
Slevin, John, '90, Secretary.	
Hanrahan, 1st B.,	Daly, S. S.,
Kieran, Capt., 2d B.,	Clare, C. F.,
Callan, C.,	Orpheus, L. F.,
Sweeney, 3d B.,	Carmody, T., R. F.
Carmody, R., P.	



Here are the mighty eleven who rejoiced in deeds of strength and speed last autumn:

Carmody, T. Capt.,	Reilly, C.,
Newton,	Plunkett,
Mermoud,	Quackenboss,
Clare,	Hanrahan,
Marrin,	Kieran,
	Blun.



Though no dreary winter days were lightened by their singing, we cherish them for the entertainment they gave us in the early spring.

McKeown, B., President.	Lennon, D., Treasurer.
Reilly, J. J., Secretary.	Flynn, Asst. Stage Man.
Dooley, R., Stage Manager.	Drummond, Properties.



FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

J. E. KELLEY, '89.

THE MONTHLY heartily extends to all the boys its best wishes for a successful examination. The general average will undoubtedly be high, if we may be allowed to judge from the assiduous attention given to the class books in the Study Halls.

—A new game has sprung up on the Division which bids fair to even out rival baseball. This game is a mild form of tennis, and has been dubbed by its originators with the name "*Teneri*." To Messrs. O'Neill and McManns the honor is due of having brought the game into popular notice and favor.

—The philosophers finished their examinations upon June 15. Many then went home to spread the good news of their success among their friends. Their genial presence has been greatly missed.

—June 9th was a famous day in the annals of old St. John's. On that day the different cadet companies competed for a standard of colors which Lieutenant Squiers had offered to the best drilled company. So each company was on its mettle, and all made a grand showing. Lieutenant Price, U. S. A., is to determine the prize company, and the colors will be presented by the Hon. Thomas L. James, an LL.D. of this college, upon Commencement Day.

—On Whitsunday we had the pleasure of listening to a very neat little sermon, delivered by Father Slattery, the worthy President of the Alumni.

—St. Aloysius Day was celebrated, as it has always been in the past. The evening sermon was preached by our old graduate, Rev. Fr. Dougherty, of St. Monica's, New York City. On the following Sunday there was solemn High Mass, and in the evening solemn benediction in honor of the Sacred Heart. At the benediction Messrs. Keane, Lennon and J. Reilly were made promoters of the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of Prayer.

SECOND DIVISION.

—There has been a great deal of waking up in the matter of studies during the month. A few of our brethren have risen to a

consciousness of their deficiencies, and have been trying, hot weather notwithstanding, to imbibe the necessary amount to get a respectable note.

—How will you spend your vacation? is the query of all. Sea shore or rural districts?

—Our old friend, Mr. Flynn, must now be called Mister, as he has gone over to First Division.

—The second nine Rose Hills, with blood in their eyes and smarting under the insult of being taken for a "scrub" nine, which played a tie game with the Invincibles, challenged us rather unexpectedly and beat us 15 to 9. They request that the score be printed, owing to their late success. We didn't know they had such tender feelings. Father Gallagher's crack team, the "Annunciations" of Manhattanville played the Invincibles two games, in which they broke even, the Invincibles winning the first, 6 to 5, the Annunciations winning the second, 10 to 9. We had hoped there was to be a deciding game.

—Mr. Mulry, our former Prefect, is in our midst again, but not performing the duties of such. His health has been much benefited by the breezes of the Sunny South, and moreover, he brings back many laughable incidents of his experiences there.

—Cadet Company "D" on competition day showed us full well what Second Division can do when urged to its utmost.

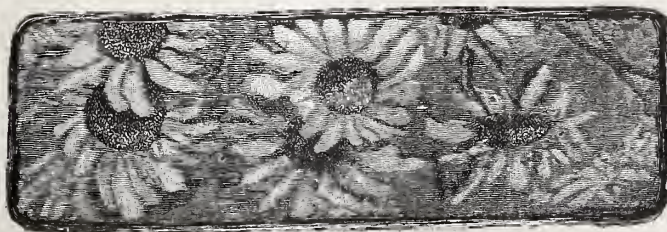
—From latest accounts we learn that the Tennis Club, having lost one of its celebrated players, disbanded for the season, permitting the tournament to remain unfinished.

—Mr. Bertier, of lawn tennis fame, sailed for France, his native land, June 13; he will return, however, for next year's term.

—The gentlemen from "over the way" warn us to be wary in our expressions, should we have the audacity not to extol the second nine.

—Next year some of us will be joined with our First Division brethren, but who they are to be is the momentous question.

—Mr. William Lauer, our old-time Invincible player, called to see us lately and was charmed at the rapid strides the Invincibles were making.



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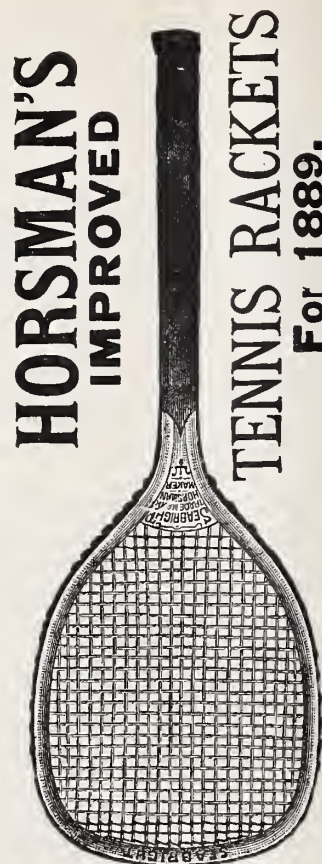
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VOL. VIII.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1889.

NO. I.

IN AUTUMN.

THE bloom still clings to every tree,
And meadows deep in grass yet lie,
But ah! they speak not unto me
As when the Summer's rule was high.

The sea waves beat like bells in chime,
And merry birds are still in air,
But not for me their pleasant rhyme
As when the summer tide was fair.

The blue is in the morning sky,
And pines still whisper on the hill,
And yet for me, I know not why,
All beauty's slain, all sounds are still.

WHAT THE JESUITS ARE WRITING.

WHEN I was a bit of a school boy down in New York City, I had a great fancy for wandering into the second-hand book stores on Nassau Ann and the adjacent streets. The odor of books is always inspiring, but seldom more so than when freighted with the breath of other centuries; than when they show in binding, title-page and letter-press, that they have been coeval with authors and workmen over whose tombs the decades have long been rolling. It was not always to purchase that I entered these stores. In many I was so well known that I was allowed to come and go at will. Curiosity was often my only motive, and one phase of that feeling is what prompts my present writing.

In turning over the more ancient of the tomes—now bound in vellum, now in hog-skin, and now adorned with brass borders and massive clasps—I used to be astonished at encountering so often after the author's name the three words, *E Societate Jesu*, "of the Society of Jesus." Verily, I mused, these Jesuits have been prolific writers. So often, in fact, did I meet the words, that afterwards I used to feel a positive pang of regret when they were wanting. These works were not ascetic works alone, nor works of philosophy and theology, but of every phase of science known in the days of their authors, of poetry, history, the classics in every tongue, biography, travels, fiction, and a hundred quaint subjects which have never been catalogued.

So much for the days of old, I thought, but what of the sons of Loyola at present? The Society was suppressed about a century ago, through the machinations of the Church's enemies, and, though speedily restored was so badly crippled in its resources that it will require years of struggling before it returns to its pristine glory. So I thought, but beside me lies a pamphlet which has happily dispelled my gloomy forebodings. It shows me that the Jesuit educator is to day as fertile an author, and the scope of his studies as far reaching as before the suppression.

The pamphlet is entitled *Moniteur Bibliographique de la Compagnie de Jesus*; 1889; *Janvier—Juin*, that is, *Bibliographic Record of the Society of Jesus*; 1889, *January to June*. It is a work of which no lover of books, no thorough-going bibliophile can afford to deprive himself. It is the record of what the writers of the Society of Jesus—so often persecuted, robbed of their libraries and expelled from their houses, and everywhere grossly hampered and maligned—did during the first six months of the current year. It includes a carefully indexed list of no less than six hundred and sixty-four books, pamphlets and magazine articles, the last named by far the fewest; or in other words an average of three works daily!

The catalogue is classified into five grand divisions: 1, Theology; 2, The Natural Sciences; 3, Belles Lettres; 4, History, and 5, Polygraphy. Under these fall twenty eight sub-divisions, which embrace pretty much the whole range of modern thought, expounded in all the great languages of

the world from English, Bohemian and Polish to Coptic Arabic, Chinese, Malagase, and Tamul. Dogmatic theology and canon law appear, closely followed by political economy, biology, the fine arts, literary criticism, philology, profane and sacred history, biography and archaeology. This list, moreover, excludes the twenty-two *Messengers of the Sacred Heart*, published in sixteen different languages, and the twelve different magazines of a religious, a literary and a scientific character, which the Fathers of the Society publish in every quarter of the globe. Can we conceive of a more magnificent contribution to the learning of the nineteenth century?

Theology, as the most sublime of sciences, naturally engages the greatest attention of the Jesuit scholars, "the grenadiers of the Pope," as Voltaire styled them. In our catalogue it numbers, in its various branches of Sacred Scripture, liturgy, dogma, moral, canon law, polemics, biography and strictly ascetic works, some two hundred publications. Among these we remark that no less than nine are in Chinese, including the grand collection of scriptural and dogmatic studies in eight volumes by the Chinese Jesuit Father L. Li, entitled *Tao iuen ting-tchouei*. The eight other works, also written by Chinese Jesuits, are chiefly of a catechetical nature. Four of the theological books are in the Malagase or Madagascar tongue, three in Hindostanee, one in Tamul and one in Coptic. In his *Historiae Rhythmicæ* and *Hymni Inediti*, the well known liturgist, Father Guido Dreves, has done an uncommonly praiseworthy work in reviving the beautiful offices and hymns of the Middle Ages.

Next to theology, the Jesuits have been busiest in writing of the sciences. Their works have been grouped into philosophy, natural law, education, political economy and social problems, the natural sciences and fine arts. They embrace about one hundred volumes. Under the head of philosophy, we cannot feel too grateful for the series of *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy* in English, inaugurated by the English Jesuit, the former editor of the *Month*, Father Richard Clarke. In the field of political economy we are proud to notice the English translation by Father Heinzle, President of Canisius College, Buffalo, of Father Cathrein's masterly refutation of the fallacious de Laveleye, on whom Henry George has rested the greater part of his arguments. Not much more than a year and a half ago, another clever little work on the same subject was published by Father Renée Holaind, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York.

The cyclones of the Antilles, the mollusks of China, the locusts of Madagascar, the parasites of Central Brazil, ærostatics and sub-marine navigation are a few of the more especial subjects we find mentioned under the natural sciences, while works on astronomy, physics, chemistry and the like abound.

The studies in belles-lettres are set off into philology, precepts, the classics, general literature, works in prose and poetry, literary criticism and literary history, treated in one

hundred various works. The Nez Percé, the Malagase and the Arabic languages constitute the principal studies in philology. For precepts and the classics, the French, Greek, Latin, Chinese and Malagase are the most conspicuous. In the pursuit of Chinese literature, the native Jesuit, Father Andrew Tsiang, of Shanghai, seems to be indefatigable, as Fathers Cazet, Rahidy and Caussèque are in the Malagase. Several charming stories of the days of chivalry are numbered amongst the prose works, but none of them are more charming than the Spanish tales of the present decade by the now classical author, Father Luis Coloma. A study of the women poets of ancient Arabia is the work of the missionary Father de Coppier, and proves a good companion to the *Notes on the Flowers of Arabian Literature*, by Father Cheiko.

History is treated of under the general titles of Ecclesiastical History, History of the Society of Jesus (general, biographical and missionary), Profane History, Geography and Archæology. One hundred and fifty-nine works are devoted to this subject, exclusive of twenty-nine catalogues of the various provinces and missions of the Society. *Critical Studies of the Spanish Rule in America*, by Father Ricardo Cappa, is the most valuable of the works on profane history; the first part, consisting of four volumes, is all that has yet been published. Father Roblet's great map of Madagascar is a work that represents the tireless labors, travels and dangers of many months, and has been awarded a special gold medal by the French government.

To archæology, Father John Zenner has contributed his work on the Phœnician inscription, recently found in the Piræus, and Father John Strassmaier, the famous Babylonian scholar, now in the service of the British Museum, his interpretation of the Nabuchodonosor inscriptions preserved in the same museum. The latter recalls the work of our own Father John F. X. O'Connor, a few years ago, in deciphering the inscription on the Nabuchodonosor cylinder, now in the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park. The studies of the Jesuits in archæology have, in fact, become so many and profound that, in March last, Father Charles Clair began a monthly publication, entitled *Notes d' Art et d' Archeologie*, which seems to have a fair future before it.

Necessarily, within the limits allowed me by the *Monthly*, I have had to seem hasty and have been forced to pass over in silence many a work of sterling value, but still I have outlined pretty clearly the work which the Jesuit writers did for God and Society during the first half of this year. That work represents some two hundred and eighty authors. Of these the Province of France has furnished forty seven; the dispersed Province of Germany thirty eight; Lyons, twenty-eight; Toulouse, twenty-seven; and Belgium, twenty-five; the other authors being residents of almost every corner of the earth.

If such is the record of only six months, what will the record be by the time our century shall have closed?

'80.

AD CICADAM.

SARBIEVIUS, S.J., B. IV., 23.

O QUAE popule summi sedens coma;
Cœli roriferis obria lacrymis,
Et te voce, Cicada,
Et mutum recreas nemus.

Post longus hiemes, dum nimum brevis
Aestas se levibus præcipitat rotis,
Festinos, age, lento
Soles crepe jurgio.

Ut quæque dies attulit optima,
Sic se quæque rapit; nulla fuit satis
Unquam longa voluptas;
Longus sæpius est dolor.

O Thou that sittest on the poplar tree,
With heaven's dewy tears intoxicate,
What charm hast thou of tuneful melody
Thy fears midst voiceless vale to dissipate?

When gone are winter's months so drear and long,
And summer all too quickly passes by,
Come Thou, and with thy plaintive lingering song
Detain the sun fast fleeing down the sky.

As night must usher in the brightest day,
So brightest day must wear to eventide;
Ne'er long enough hath pleasure deigned to stay,
But sorrow's tears, alas, too long abide.

ANTIPAS.

AN UNWORKED VEIN.

J. P. WALSH, '90.

NOVELISTS, now a days, have almost all taken to writing character sketches. Alas that this should be so! Alas for the good old days when we had stories of chivalry and romance! I fear me much that they are gone forever, and that in their stead we must now be treated to trivial sketches in unreadable dialect, notwithstanding the unsparing attacks Maurice Thompson has made for the last ten years against this dialect "school" of fiction makers. If character sketches must be written, why should our "school" not turn to something near home? There is often the temptation to a writer to take his facts and scenes and characters to a distance and put them down there to work out the evolution of his story. It gives them an additional tinge of romantic interest in the mind of the reader, if one may be allowed to argue from one's own experience. Yet near us, not so many miles from us, we have a very strong field in this department of fiction writing. There are our mines that from a literary standpoint are an unworked vein. No writer of worth, so far as our knowledge goes, has ever made them the subject or ground-plot of his story. We have had the English mines worked up for us even by Americans, but never our own, though to our thinking there is hardly any comparison to be made between them in point of interest and variety. Let us hope that the day is not very far distant when some of our own sketch makers will come to an appreciation of the rich materials that are lying within easy reach of their genius and that this feature in this work a day land of ours will be put before the thousands in this country who know absolutely nothing about it. It is not our intention in this short paper to show how this feature of our American life could be worked up, but merely to put down a few of the facts that have come under our own observation, and which, to our mind, offer an excellent ground work for most readable stories.

One might suppose that such a life as a miner leads below the earth would naturally tend to harden him; and that those qualities which the world so admires, would be entirely lost in his rough life. Yet I have seen exemplified in them the best qualities of human nature. I have seen about the mines such bravery as would not be thought of in other spheres of life.

Some years ago, in a little village in Pennsylvania, the ominous fire whistles blew. Every one knew at once what that meant. It was the signal for the ambulance. Men were hurt. How many no one could tell. Mothers, wives, daughters came running to the spot, anxious expectation depicted on every countenance. For aught they knew maybe one of their own was lying dead at the bottom.

The elevator ascended the shaft, the fire-boss stepped from it, and addressing himself to the crowd that had gathered said, "An accident has happened in No. 4, a serious explosion of gas. I can get to the place itself but no further. I have now come for aid. I want, if possible, ten men. Let

them be unmarried, because there is danger, and let them have good lungs, because the deadly fire damp is even now spread all over the mine." Under such circumstances I imagined he would be lucky if he got one, when lo! every man in the crowd stepped forward and volunteered his services. And instead of entreating ten men, he had to refuse three times that number.

An example of the unselfishness of some of those same miners, I myself witnessed a short time ago. While ten men were standing on the carriage at the top of the shaft waiting for the engineer to lower them, one of the number let a drill fall. Nothing was thought of it at the time, because they supposed it would fall to the bottom, but it did not. In its descent it struck against a board at the side and caught there. The elevator, or as it is more commonly called about the mines, the carriage, takes up almost every inch of space in the shaft, consequently when it came as far as the drill it stopped. The engineer, not knowing anything about this, continued lowering the heavy wire rope until over ninety feet of it was resting on the top of the carriage. Then the weight being too much for the drill, it broke, and the elevator dropped the length of the loose rope. The terrible speed with which it descended and the sudden stop threw three men off, and the carriage, broken almost to pieces, hung at an angle of forty-five degrees, two hundred feet from the bottom. Seven men all badly hurt managed to hold on. The engineer having seen by the last jerk that something was the matter, stopped unwinding the rope. Then the extent of the accident was found out, but there was only one way of getting the injured men on the carriage up to the top. That was by letting a rope down, and allowing one man at a time to tie himself to it and be drawn up. It was tedious and dangerous work, and it was over two hours before the last man saw the top. He was last by his own wish; young and unmarried, he would not go until those who had wives and families depending on them had gone before him, so for two hours, although injured, he hung with certain death below him in order to save the lives of his comrades.

Sometimes their heroism is of no avail, yet with almost the certainty that such will be the case, they do not hesitate to take the risk. Some twenty years ago the engine house at Avondale caught fire. Very soon the hoisting apparatus and the ventilating fan would be out of order, and then there was no escape from death for want of pure air. With death before their eyes, and none knew it better than they, the men nearest the foot of the landing ran to warn the others and all perished—two hundred and eight of them. Thank God there can be no such accident now, the ventilation laws requiring two fans and two exits.

Surely with incidents like these, and I have but selected almost at random those that came directly under my own observation, much might be done to heighten the effect of

the story and go far towards satisfying the pampered craving of even the most confirmed of novel readers. The characters taken from the life and with an exterior roughness that adds a zest to their generous hearted, self-forgetting heroism have in them the manly qualities that render them peculiarly adapted to the novelist's careful analysis. But we have still another feature to present. Let us go on.

You must not imagine that there is only a tragic side to the miner's life. Besides the nobler feeling the miners, at least the younger ones, well deserve the philosophical definition 'animal risibile.' To my cost I learned it no later than last summer.

We (that is a friend and myself), had determined to go down into one of the mines, and having got in with a party of young miners, we started on a day when the mines were idle. The mine we went into, was what they call a slope. The hole is dug into the ground at an angle of about forty degrees. It is about eight feet wide and from four to seven feet high. The coal is drawn out in cars along a small railway which runs all through the mine and along this railroad we walked. On the way down our companions explained to us the workings, and every now and then threw in a ghost story about different parts of the mine in order to heighten the effect. Most of the stories were about the very part to which we were going, but I did not find out the reason of that until later. When we reached the bottom, the party stopped and one of the crowd, walking to the other side, showed us a place where three days before two young men had been blown to pieces by an explosion of gas.

The story was told so vividly and in such a heartless manner that I really wondered if he was not afraid the ghosts of the dead men would come back and confront him.

After all the details of that horrible accident had been discussed, some one proposed that we should start home again. It seems that this motion was a preconcerted signal, immediately all the lamps were quenched and before I knew what the matter was, the patter of feet had died away in the distance and I was left alone in a dismal part of the mine, over a mile from the opening, without a ray of light to guide me even though I attempted to leave. My companion, who was also a stranger to the mine, had disappeared with the crowd; but I did not trouble myself very much "because," thought I, "this is only a trick, and if I get scared the whole party will be back in a few minutes to laugh at me."

So I sat still for a short time listening for the least sound which would announce their approach, but I waited in vain. The water trickling from above fooled me more than once the rats went scampering by me every now and then, and the cracking of the roof above me, scared me a dozen times. I waited patiently for what seemed to me hours. I found by my watch, which I could feel by taking the crystal off, that it was only fifteen minutes. I could stand it no longer. I began to call out. Again and again I called for some one to come back for me, but the only answer I received was the echo of my cry as it came in contact with the walls or the roof. After ten minutes more had elapsed, during which time I had worked myself up to an awful pitch of excitement, I arose and began to feel my way along the side. I walked about five feet very carefully, and then some of my courage

returning, I began to go quickly and with confidence. But I had not gone twenty feet before I ran face foremost into a pillar. When this experience had been repeated a few times, I decided to take the middle of the railroad track. Here it was just as bad, because I fell over almost every pulley on the road, and now with my clothing soiled and my face scratched, took the ditch on the right hand side. The progress I made was very small indeed, but with a heart beating fast, for I was really scared in the pitch darkness and awful solitude, I continued my hopeless struggle. I had walked about five hundred feet without running against anything, when my foot caught and I fell. What I came in contact with was not very hard so I reached out my hand to feel it, and my fingers touched something cold and clammy. I drew back and shivered, and then felt again. This time I became aware it was a man lying beside me. Then I began to think, that if he was only asleep, my fall would have awakened him and that consequently he must be dead. What a fear took possession of me no one can imagine. My heart must have stood still. The ghost stories which I had heard came up vividly before me and I wondered if the man had moved since I touched him.

I put out my hand again and found him in the same place. I shook him and I heard a low moan. I waited and then touched him again. This time a voice said distinctly, "Where am I?" and my heart gave a leap for joy as I recognized my friend's voice. After a few questions he told me that he had heard of the trick of leaving strangers in the mine and when the lights were extinguished he escaped with the crowd, but he was so scared in the dark that he fell and the fall and the fright so overcame him that he fainted. At this moment we saw a light far in the distance and in a short while we heard the crowd coming back. They were surprised to find that we had gotten this far and praised us very highly for our courage and perseverance. So accepting this praise as truly our own we took it and said nothing about our different adventures.

The untrained roughness of the miner showed itself in their practical joke that might easily in their thoughtlessness have proved serious. If it had happened so, none would have been more sorry than they, and I even thought that their almost effusive care afterwards in conducting us to every place of possible interest was due partly to the fact that they thought that perhaps they had gone too far in their good-natured but rather unpleasant joke. I left them at the "mouth" almost glad of my adventure. It had shown me another side of the miner's character.

These are a few incidents jotted down at random out of the many that come to my mind. Of course nothing has been said of the darker and sterner features of their life, their poverty, their struggle for existence, their ill usage. These are left for other pens. Of course they are only the bare facts, yet they seem to me capable of being wrought out into very beautiful stories. All they want is the warm coloring, the vivid play of the writer's fancy upon them, the dextrous weaving of fiction with fact to make them good and palatable to our reading public. A Tourgenief or a Reade would have in these and others that remain untold matter enough for drawing out a clever and interesting tale about the customs, the peculiarities and the habitat of one of the naturally best-hearted classes of men we have—the sturdy, thrifty seekers for the "dusky diamonds" of our country.

SOME MODERN PROVERBS OF ANCIENT BIRTH.

I HAVE always had a fondness for homely old proverbs. They give a rich flavor to conversation. They point off a story capitally, and for conveying kindly advice or rebuking an obstinate adversary I know of nothing equal to them.

Take, for example, the Book of Proverbs, in Holy Writ, It is the most sacred compilation, or rather composition, we have of this nature. Its author wrote under heavenly inspiration. His work, set off into a thousand separate paragraphs, declares a thousand separate truths. Each one of them might furnish us with long hours of meditation. I know, in fact, of no uninspired book that has afforded me so much solid instruction.

What consolation to the poor can be greater than that *better is a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasures without content?*—(xv., 16). What rebuke to the impious scientist is better verified in our day than *he that is a searcher of majesty shall be overwhelmed by glory?*—(xxv., 27). What neglect has wrought more mischief in young hearts than that of the parent who forgets that *the rod and reproof give wisdom, but the child that is left to his own will bringeth his mother to shame?*—(xix., 15). What more sensible advice than that *open rebuke is better than hidden love? Better are the wounds of a friend than the deceitful kisses of an enemy.*—(xxvii., 5, 6).

But I might as well quote every verse of this sacred book as to attempt to do it justice by occasional extracts. If another book had not already received the name, I should justly term it the Book of Wisdom. To my mind the title would be especially merited, because the truths it conveys are expressed so pithily. Wisdom is never better taught than when presented in a straightforward, lucid style, and this the Book of Proverbs does most beautifully.

The books of Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom are not less fertile in proverbs.

Be not over just; and be not more wise than is necessary have certainly a very modern ring about them, and yet they come to us from Ecclesiastes (vii., 17), as do also the words of the every-day adage, *there is a time and opportunity for every business.*—(viii., 6).

Treat not with a coward concerning war, nor with a merchant about traffic (Eccles., xxxvii., 12) is common on the lips of our generation, yet think of its antiquity!

Hence my great love for the proverb. It is a world of wisdom condensed into one sentence. Aristotle calls it a "remnant saved from the ruins of older philosophy because of its brevity and truth."

Horace among the ancients and Pope among the moderns owe much of their unrivalled popularity to the pointed, proverbial utterances which abound in their poetry. No two writers, Shakespeare apart, seem to be so extensively quoted, and in these quotations their proverbs are always most numerous.

But the antiquity of many of our present-day proverbs is what I want to dwell on especially.

Going back no more remotely than Shakespeare, it is astonishing to find in his plays so many of our ordinary proverbs, with which the most unlettered are familiar. But to the classical student, that is the student of *belles-lettres* at their fountain head, a much greater treat is in store. Looking over an old number of the *London Quarterly Review*, I have discovered a very readable article on this aspect of my subject.

The famous and often sadly-misinterpreted "God helps those who help themselves" is quite common among the Greeks. A fragment of Euripides might be translated thus into English:

Call in self-help. Then ask the gods to aid;
The gods aid those who first themselves assist.

The fable of the carter who bawled out to Hercules to lift his wagon from the mire before he himself put a hand to the wheel is too familiar to need repetition.

We sometimes speak of our incorrigibly thin friends as living skeletons, as looking as if they had been drawn through a keyhole. Zenobius tells us that the Greeks would have said: "as well try to fatten a mill stone."

The negroes of Western Africa and the cultured children of Athens have at least one adage in common. The former would have said; "not even Hercules is a match for two." The latter say: "though you are strong, you can't do the work of two."

How surprising it is to hear that our "carrying coals to Newcastle" is but another rendering of the ancient Greek "carrying fish to the Hellespont," or "the clod to the ploughed field!" So our "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," comes down to us from King Anceus of Samos. He had planted a vineyard, but had been told by a soothsayer that he should never drink of its wine. He gathered the grapes, however, made his wine, and at a banquet lifted up his first goblet of it and derided the soothsayer. The man only answered:

"There is much between the rim of the goblet and the lip."

Hardly had he thus spoken when a messenger hurried in and told Anceus that a wild boar was creating havoc in his fields. The king at once forgot his taunt, and, seizing his spear, rushed out to his death at the tusks of the boar.

"One swallow does not make spring" dates as far back as Aristotle; while "you won't catch a weasel asleep," can be traced to the sarcastic Greek adage about "a hare asleep," Pliny telling us that a hare sleeps with both eyes open; and "teaching one's grandmother," has its Greek equivalent, "teaching a dolphin to swim." "You are nothing sacred," is the Greek for our "a cat may look at a king."

Even the notorious "bull in a china shop" is doubtless of Greek origin. In that tongue we have "the donkey

peeping in," of Menander, who tells us that a certain crockery seller kept a number of birds in his shop, till one day an inquisitive donkey poked in his head at the door and so frightened the birds that they flew about and smashed the crockery.

"A burnt child dreads fire" is very much like the words of the fisherman in a fragment from Sophocles. Having drawn in his net and being too anxious to know what he had caught, he was stung in the hand by a scorpion, whereupon he exclaimed:

"Now that I am stung, I shall know better."

Who is not familiar with our old proverb in rhyme:

In time of prosperity friends will be plenty,
In time of adversity, not one in twenty.

The sentiment and its expression are as ancient as Menander, who said: "When a man is in trouble, his friends stand aloof;" or as the proverb in Zenobius: "boil pot, boil friendship."

"Set a thief to catch a thief," or "diamond cut diamond," is only the Greek "play the fox to another fox." "One man

labors and another enjoys the profit" comes from Callimachus, who says in his *Hymn to Ceres*:

"And those who ploughed the field shall reap the corn," which commentators tell us implies how, under the protection of the goddess, the old proverb should cease to be true.

The Irish author, Kelly, gives us an Ulster proverb:

Of all the ould girls that ever I saw,
Sweet bad luck to my mother-in-law.

I do not quote the lines for their sentiment, which I deem cruel, hack joke-makers to the contrary notwithstanding, but to say that Plato quotes a like euphemistic proverb in his *Phaedrus*, where he speaks of "a sweet bend" that is probably "a very evil turn of fortune."

These and many other close resemblances between the modern and the ancient proverbs make me more and more credit the word of Solomon:

What is it that hath been? The same thing that shall be. What is it that hath been done? The same that shall be done. Nothing under the sun is new.

Neither is any man able to say: Behold this is new! for it hath already gone before, in the ages that were before us. (Eccles., i., 9, 10).

BELLES-LETTRES.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

DOWN a valley green and wild,
Summer passed and all things smiled;
Burst the rose-bud, laughed the brook,
Darkness fled from every nook.

On it fared and would not stay,
Piped its song but for a day:
Only memories now remain,
Only the hope 't will pipe again.

Pretty





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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OCTOBER, 1889.



The College opens with very bright prospects. The number now in actual attendance is unusually large for this early period, and already as great as it was at any time last year. The number of new students is particularly noticeable. They have entered in greater numbers than for some years past. Two new classes have been added this year to the number already existing—an extra class of analytical chemistry and a class of electrical engineering. In consequence of this increase THE MONTHLY has had to vacate its old home and take up its quarters in the Rose Hills' room. We have dutifully tried to amalgamate with the new element into which we have been thrown, but the experiment has not been successful, and we are looking longingly for the contemplated change which will put us in possession of an abode brighter and cosier than the one we have vacated. Meantime we shall wear a peaceful smile and philosophically put up with inconveniences that cannot be avoided.

* * *

The idea of the statue to Archbishop Hughes and its popularity are growing more and more in the minds of the people. The papers of our city and the Catholic journals of the country at large have taken up the project with eagerness. Press notices of it are frequent, and our own cut of the statue printed in the last commencement number of the MONTHLY has been in constant demand ever since for the readers of our various Catholic magazines and weeklies. All this clearly shows the veneration in which the memory

of the great Archbishop is held. While all this public recognition is no doubt a matter of encouragement to the Alumni who have undertaken the task of erecting the statue, we hope it will go further and be the occasion of numerous contributions which are necessary for the work.

* * *

Rev. Father Rector has in mind the publication of the triennial catalogue. It is some time since the last one appeared, and it is desirable to get this one out as soon as possible. It is a work that for its value depends upon the accuracy and fullness of its data. All graduates of the College, therefore, since the appearance of the last catalogue, which included the year 1883, who may chance to meet with this notice, will help matters along considerably and save the College much time and labor by sending us full details as regards residence, occupation, etc.

* * *

The old boys on their return found some changes in the Faculty. They met a new vice-president and five new professors. Fr. Halpin, so well-known to former students, made the acquaintance of most of the boys by the retreat he gave last year, so that he is hardly a stranger among us. The years have not glided by so fast, however, as not to leave a few among the older ones who still remember him as our vice-president four years ago. Fr. O'Leary and Mr. Coyle are both old professors in the sense that they have taught at St. John's before. Mr. Coyle has but returned to meet his old boys again in the class of Physics. Of last year's faculty, Messrs. Hanselman, Schmidt and Kelly have gone to Woodstock to take up their theological studies preparatory to ordination; Mr. French has been transferred to Boston College. Mr. Mulry has succumbed to his sickness and gone to meet the reward his labors and zeal among the students deserved. He will be missed very much by the boys, as it was impossible to display greater interest and zeal in the welfare of the various pious organizations of the college, to show more sympathy and kindness to all, than did he. His death was keenly felt.

* * *

It has been a cause of no little disappointment to the friends and patrons of the College, and to the many admirers of the Archbishop, that the statue was not erected and dedicated on the day announced. And this feeling has, no doubt, been further increased by the conduct of some of our dailies which, in the matter of the statue, have given us, to say the least, doubtful instances of progressive journalism in announcing to the public facts that never occurred. The simple truth of the matter is that too little time was allowed to intervene between the inception and completion of the work, and as a necessary consequence the day of dedication had to be put off. If blame is to be placed anywhere it should be upon the fact that the work was begun too late in the year. It was only towards the end of June that the preliminary modelling in plaster was finished, and neither the reputation of the artist, nor the statue itself as a work of art would have had justice done them, had it been hurried on to completion for the opening week of October. Delay will prove salutary in this case in more ways than one.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF FATHER PRACHENSKY, S. J.

CLASS DAYS had hardly begun this year, when the College was the scene of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Father Joseph Prachensky, S. J. This venerable clergyman is well known to thousands as the Catholic chaplain of Ward's Island, for the past twenty-one years, from which office he was but lately transferred to that of Spiritual Father to the community of St. John's College. To a much larger circle of admirers he is also known as the author of a beautiful exposition of certain Gospel truths, entitled *The Church of the Parables*.

The day of his Golden Jubilee, or the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the religious life, Thursday, September 5th, was an exceptionally fine one. Father Prachensky sang High Mass in the parish church of Our Lady of Mercy, being assisted by Father Kevill as deacon, and Mr. John Coyle, S. J., as sub deacon. His voice rang out with marvelous strength and clearness. During the day congratulatory letters poured in upon him from well nigh all parts of the world, not only from his religious brethren, but from the many devoted friends whom he has drawn to himself wherever he has labored.

In the afternoon, supper was laid in the community refectory, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The Father Provincial, of the Maryland—New York Province, Father Campbell, and all the Fathers who could attend from the neighboring houses of the Society, besides a number from a distance, were present, together with all the Scholastics of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and our own St. John's. Amongst the distinguished visitors not of the Society, were Archbishops Corrigan and Ryan and Bishop Hennessey, and several prominent secular priests and laymen. During the repast, at fixed intervals, words of welcome and congratulation were read in original compositions, by four of the scholastics of St. John's, viz., an English prose welcome, by Mr. James Walsh, S. J., a Latin ode by Mr. Owen Hill, S. J., a Greek ode by Mr. Ambrose O'Connell, S. J. and an English poem by Mr. Joseph Smith, S. J. The evening was spent by Father Prachensky very quietly and happily, amidst the warmest expressions of good wishes from every one.

Father Prachensky was born in Austria on June 22d, 1822,

and entered the Society of Jesus on September 5th, 1839, making his novitiate at Gratz in the Austrian province of Styria. His novice master, Father Asury, had been a fellow novice at Polosk, in Russia, of the famous Father John Roothan, afterwards General of the Society in some of its stormiest days. During his second year of theology, the Hungarian revolution, under the notorious Kossuth, broke out, and, as usual, the Jesuits were the first to feel its effects. Kossuth, it may be remembered, had sworn that if he were successful the name of Christ should be unknown in Hungary after two years. The Jesuit communities were practically destroyed, so that they had no option but to depart for other provinces. Father Prachensky was ordered to the New Orleans Mission, and before leaving enjoyed the inexpressible consolation of being ordained priest. Though so long absent from his native land, he is still a member of the Austro-Hungarian province of the Society.

The New Orleans Mission embraced then, as it does at present, all the Gulf States. Father Prachensky crossed the ocean in company with Father Free, now of New Orleans, and made his first stay in this country at St. Joseph's College, of Springhill, near Mobile. Here he remained for some time, teaching the classics, after which he was transferred to the Missions of New Orleans and the vicinity, where he labored for fourteen years. At the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, he became chaplain of the Third Alabamas, accompanying them in all their campaigns as far north as Norfolk. His descriptions of army life are exceedingly graphic. He was a favorite with Protestant and Catholic alike, and his sermons, usually delivered by the light of their camp fires, were always listened to with the profoundest respect and pleasure.

The next scene in his life was no less a place than St. John's College itself. He made his tertianship, or third year of probation, at the College, under Father Schneider, and then spent the following year in parish work at Troy, N. Y. After this, his provincial sent him to Ward's Island, believing at the time that his term of office there would last only a year or two. But the years rolled on till they numbered twenty-one, when at last we find the veteran soldier of Christ returning to St. John's.

L. M. N.



 IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE A. MULRY, S. J.

WITH heartfelt sorrow that we feel sure is shared by all those who ever knew him, we are called upon to announce the death of Mr. George Mulry, S. J. He had been unwell, and seriously so, for weeks, yet as seems ever the case, death came with a suddenness that proved an additional shock to all. He began to keep to his room only on Sunday and died on Tuesday night (October 1), a few minutes after 10 o'clock.

Thus passed to his reward one who had won the hearts of all those with whom he had anything to do. He came to Fordham only three years ago almost prostrated by consumption. With the exception of about three months passed in the South, in the vain hope of improvement, he has been with us since. During that comparatively brief period, though suffering all the time, how much only he himself knew, he has accomplished wonders in the organization and establishment on a firm basis of the League of the Sacred Heart, the Knights of the Sacred Heart, the Altar Boys' Society and the confraternity of the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood.

He felt of how much benefit these societies are in enlivening faith, arousing charity, and encouraging a spirit of prayer among their members; and feeling, too, as he used to say, his inability to ever engage in the more laborious work of his vocation, he applied himself with all his ardent zeal to the care of these pious organizations of which the Church thinks so much, and whose practices of devotion she has enriched with so many indulgences.

We all know how arduous such work is and how many special gifts are required for its success. Those of us who have been with Mr. Mulry during his time at Fordham know how well he fulfilled the difficult task he had set himself and with what untiring apostolic zeal he accomplished it.

Besides this, he was, until deprived of his voice, the efficient director of the Parthenian Sodality, and many of his Sunday-morning talks will long be remembered by those who heard them. It is to his untiring efforts we mostly owe the beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin on the campus, and he it was who organized the attractive devotions that are held around it in May.

Yes! in the midst of his many labors, his office work and his prefecting he was, in the truest sense of the word, an Apostle. He realized in his own life the truth of the words uttered to a companion scarcely an hour before his death—to work and to suffer.

He had a wonderful power of attracting to himself all those with whom he came in contact. This personal magnetism, for such we must call it, gave him an influence over hearts that he was ever careful to wield in the service of his

Master. The most careless, even frivolous, found a pleasure in his company even when most serious, and no one knew better than he, while mingling the grave with the gay, to make even the most ordinary conversation serve the highest ends. How many there are among us who look back to what seemed a chance, few minutes talk for some of the best aspirations of their hearts.

He had a sweetness and a winning way that, while drawing every one to him, led them also to cherish his words, and better still to endeavor to put them in practice. Never did he seem to lose sight of the fact that his vocation was to bring souls nearer to God, and from his lips we can well understand and thoroughly appreciate the words he said to the brother infirmarian a short time before his death, when the brother said there would be some one to stay up and keep him company during the night: "This," grasping the crucifix and kissing it tenderly, "this is company enough for any one."

Sincerely then do we feel his loss. He has left a void that nothing can fill. But he had accomplished all that God wished from him and He took him to Himself. Well may we say of him in the words of Holy Scripture, "He accomplished a long space in a short time." We can only hope that God has not taken him from us entirely, but that from heaven he will look down on the work he was so much interested in because it was the Master's, and help it on even more efficaciously there by his prayers than he could have done by any human effort here below. *Requiescat in pace.*

W. J. J.

On the death of Mr. George A. Mulry, S. J., who had been the director of the Parthenian Sodality during the first term of last year, and had been forced by ill health to retire from office, the Council of the Sodality held a special meeting, Mr. Joseph P. Walsh, Prefect, in the chair, at which a committee was appointed to draft a series of resolutions which would give fitting expression to the Sodality's respect for his memory and grief at his loss. The following gentlemen were appointed to form the committee: Mr. Burrow, Chairman; Messrs. Keane, D. Arellano and Gutierrez. Mr. Burrow, in the name of the committee, handed in the annexed resolutions which were unanimously accepted by the Council:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an all-wise Providence to take from our midst Mr. George A. Mulry, S. J., a former director of the Parthenian Sodality, who had endeared himself to all the members by his saintly life and unwearied zeal in promoting the interests of the Sodality, be it therefore

Resolved, That the Parthenian Sodality express its deep sorrow for

the loss of one who on so many titles had merited our esteem and our love;

Resolved, That this Sodality tender its heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased in this hour of their great bereavement;

Resolved, That these resolutions, signed by the Committee and by the Prefect, be placed on the minutes of the Parthenian Sodality, and that an engrossed copy of the same be forwarded to the family

of Mr. Mulry, and that they be also published in the next issue of the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

Signed:

JOSEPH P. WALSH,
Prefect.

ALAN G. BURROW, *Chairman*;
JAMES J. KEANE,
DAVID ARELLANO,
R. J. GUTIERREZ.

JULIUS MACÈ, S.J.

THERE is no student of St. John's who will not grieve to learn of the death of good Brother Macè. Of the many Jesuits that have lived and taught and died at Fordham College there are but few whose memory in the hearts of old students will be greener than the memory of of this devout religious. His name is to be found in the chronicle of every happiest Fordham day almost since the founding of the college. No festival of the Church, no college holiday or entertainment ever came and went during Brother Macè's stay at Fordham without being rendered gayer and brighter and more festive by the musical genius with which he was so richly endowed. One thing above all others seemed to bring unusual joy to his soul—it might, indeed, be called the virtue that was one of his special characteristics all through life: like to the Blessed Master whose true and fervent follower he always remained, Brother Macè's "delight was to be with the children of men." He loved the boys, as they did him in return; and he was gladdest and most contented when he was given, and when he felt, the assurance that his musical performances had made their lives at college more bearable and more homelike.

Brother Julius Macè was born on the 8th of November, 1822, at Nantes, the chief town of the Loire-Inférieure. Though we should be glad to be familiar with his boyish days and to be able to relate what was the earlier course of a character so winsome, and a soul so manifestly chosen by God, still we must forego this satisfaction and rest content with the slight intelligence that Brother Macè studied music under the famous Bertini, and that the latter was deeply attached to his young pupil. A very valuable souvenir of this friendship was once found among the music sheets of Brother Macè. It was a copy of one of Beethoven's sonatas, in Beethoven's own handwriting, with annotations by Bertini. Gottschalk, another eminent musician, was also an intimate friend and fellow pupil of young Macè. The story is told that once when Gottschalk was performing before a large audience the distinguished artist was secretly told that his old friend, Brother Macè, was sitting in the audience. Gottschalk, with a grace proud of a close kinship with the modesty it was about to disclose in the person of Brother Macè, stepped forward and announced that there was one in the hall that night whose musical talent he honored to the

degree of considering it superior to his own. He begged his friend to put aside for the nonce his accustomed humility and for old affection's sake to come upon the stage and play. At this invitation a gentleman was seen nervously making his way towards the exit—it was Brother Macè seeking the street and not the stage; but the unassuming modesty of the humble religious could not escape the quick eyes of a number of gentlemen who stood near the doorway. They protested that Brother Macè was the honored man, though they knew not his name nor had ever seen him before. Resistance now was in vain; the whole audience applauded; a Jesuit Coadjutor Brother stood upon the stage, and in a moment he was playing to the delight of a ravished multitude.

On the 27th of May, 1847, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Saint Acheul. Each recorded incident of his life from the moment of his entrance into the Society he loved so dearly is but a testimony how ardent, yet how even, how pious was his whole temperament. It was his cheerful and self sacrificing character gleaming forth from his every action, which in him won upon us most, and which led those who knew him best to be edified at the absence from him of any indulgence of selfishness or any mingling in his actions of merely natural motives.

Brother Macè was a whole hearted servant of that King and Master for whose sake he refused the priesthood when, during his noviceship, the option was offered him of following a course of studies that would fit him for the exalted dignity. And the simplicity of a childlike feeling of unworthiness which prompted him to abandon the prospect of priesthood, chastened as that simplicity was by years of humble service in the house of God, was a warrant of the reality and stability of his saintliness.

Br. Macè came from France to Fordham in 1848. On the 15th of August, 1858, he made his last vows. During the forty-one years of his life in this country he was always connected with St. John's College, and always in the capacity of professor of music.

Brother Macè passed away very peacefully at ten minutes after two on Sunday morning, August 11, 1889. May he whose music so often cheered us during his earthly pilgrimage be himself refreshed forevermore by the harmonies of the choirs invisible.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

THE SANCTUARY SOCIETY.

THE Saint John Berchman's Sanctuary Society is about to be revived in the College. It was started last year by Mr. George Mulry, S. J., whose recent departure from this life we have all felt so keenly, but his ill health prevented him from continuing it.

This is a society for altar-boys which was founded in 1865 by Father Vincent Basile, a Jesuit Missionary in Slavonia, who obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., his approval of the same, to which His Holiness was pleased to attach a number of rich indulgences, plenary as well as partial. The Pope also granted permission to any priest to establish this Society in his parish, provided only that he first obtained the consent of the Bishop of the diocese. If any of our good boys ever be advanced to holy orders, we devoutly hope they will spread this praiseworthy work.

Our Society at St. John's will number about twenty students, chosen from the three divisions. These will hold a regular meeting once a month, besides having occasional extra drills for special occasions. The officers will be a prefect, vice-prefect, secretary, treasurer and warden. The present prefect, Willard S. Wright, of '90, will be continued in office and the other officers will be named at the first meeting. A little tract for the use of the boys has been published. A picture of Saint Berchmans adorns the first page, while the rest of the tract is devoted to a short sketch of the Sanctuary Society, a list of the indulgences granted by the Pope, a few general hints on deportment, five indulgenced prayers in honor of Saint Berchmans, and a list of those feast days on which an altar-boy might reasonably be expected to receive Holy Communion. A probation of two months will be required of all the members before receiving the diplomas, which probation, however, will not prevent their serving on the altar; but no member is entitled to the indulgences before being actually received into the Society, the reception here being made by the conferring of the diploma.

LEMUEL.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' RETURN.

To the readers of the MONTHLY the accounts of the various doings of each new year, must seem literary platitudes dealing in facts and incidents that have taken place year after year. Well, there may perhaps be a great deal of truth in the charge—our whole life is made up of just such repetitions. Yet repetitions though they be, they have a zest in them that makes their recurrence ever new. And so it was with the return of the philosophers this year. What it is that in the eyes of the small boys invests them with such an amount of dignity and importance, we could never tell. Perhaps it is their stove-pipe hats, high and shiny; perhaps it is an unconscious aspiration and longing to be like them some day. At any rate life seems to drag, and school to be without a head until they come. And thus it was until the evening of

September 11th, when our class of '90 returned resplendent in the glow of that article of dress which is the symbol and pride of budding manhood. The hour for study had been put back that the boys might be out to give them a glorious reception. A drizzling rain had set in early in the evening which succeeded in dampening everything but the boys' ardor. After many false alarms as train after train rolled up to the station, and passed away again without putting down the expected ones, but one hope remained—they must come on the 7:15 train or not at all. Soon the 7:15 train slows up just long enough to deposit its passengers, and with its long row of lights moves off into the darkness. Such a cheer is sent up as reverberates through the long arch of trees and dies away over the heights of the quiet hamlet of Fordham. This is merely tentative. A faint answer comes from the station. That is sufficient. The college cry is let loose, and at intervals from the distance comes the echo of our cheer, louder and louder—and now they are amongst us; a medley of umbrellas, silk hats, mustaches rather abbreviated, and philosophers. Such hand-shaking and greeting as follows! All are back looking as natural as ever, Latin '90 and English '90 too. The member from Philadelphia is there, as peaceful as ever, and twice as stout. Think of gaining forty pounds in two months; and with him is his companion in avoirdupois, all the way from Parsons, and bringing his smile along too. Our two captains are along, and our new lieutenant from the city over the river—military gentleman all with commissions snugly hidden in their trunks. Kingston's representative smiles down upon us from on high, and asks us what we think of a certain professional baseball player. Good philosophers all of them, we feel sure, and ready to sweep away with their logic all the errors that have been "builded" since the year one.

NAVONOD, '91.

THE NEW CLASS OF ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

An additional class of analytical chemistry, similar in all respects to the one already in existence, and under the charge of the same professor, has been added to the curriculum of the Latin course. As is the case with the class in the English course, it is intended mainly for the philosophers. Owing to a lack of a spare class room the MONTHLY is no longer the possessor of its old editorial room, and has been obliged to make shift for itself as best it may. Chemistry, noisy and ill smelling enough, has invaded the peaceful precincts of the Sanctum, and as incompatibles cannot dwell together we have been compelled to gather our robes about us and whisk ourselves out of our former spacious abode. Where once the Muses beamed down upon us in inspiration are shelves multitudinous of wash pots, beakers, pipes, tubes and all the other paraphernalia of a chemical laboratory. Desks, twenty and more, are there in the interest and advancement of science. The chemists that stand

up against them are embryonic just at present, and so far as history goes, have not as yet turned out a Bacon or a Davy in investigation analytical or original. Some members of the class, it has leaked out, are presenting excellent illustrations of the old bull-in-the-china-shop fable, and it is rumored on good authority that a contest has been inaugurated to decide who can break the most glassware by Commencement Day. However, broken glassware notwithstanding, they will turn out good chemists, as the course is an excellent one, and the opportunities of taking full advantage of it the best. T.

THE MASS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

On Sept. 13th, the Friday immediately following the return of the Philosophers, schools were formally opened by the customary Mass of the Holy Ghost. The reverend President celebrated the mass, Father Zeigler officiating as Deacon, and Mr. Hollohan as Sub-deacon. Rev. Harmar Denny, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's, delivered the sermon on the occasion. It was a familiar practical talk with the assembled students, in which he gave them much sound advice for the coming year, setting forth the many opportunities which youth afforded, and dwelling at some length on the necessity of taking advantage of these opportunities. The college choir rendered the music, under the direction of Mr. O'Connell, S. J., and Mr. Willard Wright, '90, acted as Master of Ceremonies. The remainder of the day was given as a holiday. T.

THE CLASS OF '89.

Not to lose track of the class that has just gone from us, our best reporter was lately sent out to gather up all the tidbits of information he could get about them. He has been successful in every case but one. There is only one sheep among them all, traces of whom could not be found. He came back from his search, just in time for this issue, with his goodly budget of personal information. With method in his hunt he first went after those who aimed highest in the calling of life, and gleaned that Messrs. Aylward, Meskel and Kieran intend becoming priests. Aylward and Meskel successfully passed the entrance examination to the seminary last August, and are now making their studies at the Troy Seminary. Kieran has been received among the Paulists and is only awaiting the opening of the new Catholic University at Washington to continue the course of philosophy he began at our St. John's. He has the honor of being the first Fordham boy to enter the new University.

Messrs. Sweeney and Marrin, our reporter found, are studying law at Columbia, still keeping as strong as ever the predilections they indulged in at St. John's. The staid Mr. Clare is also a disciple of Blackstone, but in his native city the metropolis of the West.

The last heard of Dan Hanrahan was just before entering a medical college. He was energetically using his arms and tongue in the vain task of trying to persuade Mr. Clare that the best place for the World's Fair was at the borough of Stamford, and not at Chicago.

Any one desiring to see Mr. Heffern, the retired star of the St. John's Dramatic Society, can have that pleasure by calling at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, where he is at present teaching.

We would like to inform the friends of Blun and Morrisse that if they desire to get out an insurance policy they would do well to communicate with either of these gentlemen, as they are both in the insurance business, the former in Savannah, Ga., and the latter in Patterson, N. J.

The only member of the class opposite whose name is a blank, is Mr. Kelley. He has managed to conceal his identity and occupation in the vast crowd of New York City.

All the members of the Special Science Class are accounted for. Messrs. Dowdney, DeBrackelier, Manning and Callan have entered business houses in the city. Mr. Mejia is sojourning at Bridgeport and drinking in the quaintness and beauty of Connecticut villages to bring to his Spanish home; while Posado and Villa have taken up special studies at Columbia. J. McN., '90.

FOOT BALL.

Base Ball has just died an easy, natural death, and to fill up the void in the lists of sports foot ball has stepped in and taken its place. This is just as it should be. There should be only one engrossing game on the division at a time. The managers of the team have recognized this and are already carrying out a well laid scheme for practice. This practice is of obligation for all members of the team. It takes place twice a day; on the field at noon, in which running, dodging, tossing the ball, passing it back, kicking to a goal, and all the tricks of the game are gone through; and in the evening, after supper, when a spin is made around the gymnasium track for the improvement of their speed and wind. What will be the outcome of all this work we can't say. We will have to abide the issue and then we shall have it in our power to say whether it led to victory or not.

THE DAY SCHOLARS.

Fifty-two day scholars are now on our list. This is at once consoling and laudable. They appear in all the college classes, and are steadily increasing in numbers. The facilities for solid amusement and still more solid study, and progress in learning which St. John's affords are daily being better appreciated in and about New York. One good man comes down to us from as far as Dobb's Ferry, and another up even from St. Mark's Place. A Sodality will be started for the day scholars the Wednesday after the retreat. Heretofore they have been prevented from joining the other Sodalities by reason of the inconvenient hours of meeting. In the present case this will be remedied by holding the meeting at twelve o'clock noon. The Sodality will be placed under the secondary invocation of the newly canonized young Saint, John Berchmans. All real Sodalities are, of course, under the primary invocation of the Blessed Virgin. The Sodalities already existing in the college are respectively under the secondary invocation of St. Aloysius, St. Stanislas and the

*Dan is always chafing
with some one on one thing or*

Holy Angels. The names of the officers of the Berchmans' Sodality will be announced in the next issue of the MONTHLY.

The formation of the [Sodality promises to be followed shortly by that of a baseball association. All healthy-minded boys believe in combining, though of course with zeal incomparably less, their physical with their mental and spiritual development; Juvenal's principle is also theirs: *A sound mind in a sound body*. Within the Association will be one or two baseball "nines," to be known doubtless as the "Berchmans Seniors" and "Berchmans Juniors." Though their holy patron is not on record as having played baseball himself, he knows what a blessing it is to the average boy at college. Just now indeed, the season is past for much in the line of baseball, but the Association will be broad enough to embrace more than the one game. Even if not, the nines can be well organized between now and the return of the season. The first nines will probably be chosen altogether from second division. John Malcahey, however, of third division is developing great talent on "the diamond" and in all likelihood will become an early member. Then let the First Invincibles look to their laurels. Frank Kelly and Timothy McLaughlin, not to mention other reliable authorities, claim the Gonzagas will snatch them away, and what Frank and Tim predict on such a theme is not unlikely to happen.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE STATUE.

During the past month the following contributions were received by Rev. Father Rector, for the statue:

V. Rev. F. Keegan, L.L. D.....	\$50
Rev. Father Byrne, St. Jerome's Church.....	25
Rev. J. J. Quinn, Collinsville, Conn.....	25
J. O'Kane, Mott Haven, City.....	10
A Friend	5

THE CADETS.

Once more from the various corners of the ball field issue the familiar sounds of the military commands heard from those to-be-pitied individuals, the officers in charge of the "awkward squad" detachment as they deal out in dreary monotone their instructions to the aspiring recruits. "A soldier's life is not a happy one," is, we suppose, the subject of their profound meditation, and we tender them our editorial sympathy. The number of recruits this year is something over forty, principally from

second division, although first and third divisions are well represented. The work of instruction is rapidly going forward, and at an early date we hope to see them gracing the ranks. The vacation seems to have had little effect upon our veterans if we are to judge from the excellent form in which they showed up on the first day of drill. They have not, in fact, forgotten all about the drill as they have already demonstrated. A furlough such as our boys have enjoyed does not usually lend such good results.

We were both surprised and pleased on our return to find Lieut. Squiers at his old post, as we had heard of his removal some time ago through one of the dailies. Lieut. Squiers has always been very popular at St. John's, and as he has been with us since the introduction into the college of this department, his removal would be much felt. The companies were mustered three days after their return and although they looked but the skeleton of the magnificent battalion which paraded on Commencement Day they are rapidly assuming their old form. Many of the old cadets are noticeably absent, particularly some of our ablest officers, but their places will soon be filled by new, and, we hope, just as efficient men. The few remaining gentlemen in first division who have not yet donned the uniform are alone in their glory and may be seen on the campus on two days of the week going through the various movements of the setting up. But we hope ere long to see even these retiring gentlemen in the blue and gray and thus render the ununiformed drill a thing of the past. They should remember that the many advantages which this change offers them would more than offset the few inconveniences which their making it would entail.

The drill on Commencement Day, everyone admitted, was extremely creditable. The day was fair and the martial strains of the David's Island Band, together with the admiring glances of friends and relatives incited the boys to make their noblest efforts. The array of dignitaries upon the field was something imposing, the purple being in the ascendant. The excitement pending the presentation of the colors was intense though subdued, and when ex-Postmaster James, in a pleasing address, announced as the fortunate recipient, Company B, there were some groans of disapproval, but they soon died away when the dissatisfied ones remembered the deserving work of this company throughout the year.

Lieutenant Squiers intends making the class in Tactics a very important part of this year's military routine, and all ambitious for promotion will have to undergo a rigid examination in a quantity of matter proportionate to the dignity of their rank.

F. J. D., '91.



COLLEGE WORLD.

A GOODLY portion of our last year's exchanges have come back to us, and all with the exception of the more vigorous ones appear with a diminished size. Our editorial sympathy instantly inspires us with the reason of said diminution. Summer is a kind of literary soporific, and none have better reason to appreciate its drowsy effects as regards journalistic vigor and activity than ourselves. Therefore we are in just the mood for condoning laziness on this point and of fulfilling the old time dictum, "be to her faults a little blind." Strange to say, or rather it should not seem strange to say, the first hint of intellectual awakening came from the West. The first one to greet us on the opening of class was the *Napa Classic*, from the far, far West, as neat as ever and with a kind word for everybody, ourselves among the rest. No Theban atmosphere west of the Alleghanies, as the Notre Dame *Scholastic*, the *Highlander*, the *Speculum* abundantly prove.

The *Scholastic*, with commendable regularity, has greeted us once a week, all the more interesting in its new exchange column. We congratulate it on becoming like unto its contemporaries. If we must confess to one liking above another, it is to the pleasure we take in reading the exchange column of a paper. So many vagaries of mind, so many choice bits of criticism, cheek by jowl with what is often abusive and commonplace, are to be found this column that we wouldn't miss the opportunity of enjoying the various sensations they give rise to for the world. The exchange column of the *Scholastic*, however, has none of the vices; it is conducted with a propriety that fits in well with the clever management of the rest of the paper.

The *Niagara Index* was one of the earliest exchanges received. It is just as vigorous as of yore. Change of editors makes no change of spirit in it.

—The public schools of Germany are all taught by men.

—During the last year the sum total of educational gifts in this country was \$5,000,000.

—The three teaching Universities of Australia—Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide—all admit women to their lectures and degrees.

—Of the 170 applicants for admission to Harvard at the recent examination, only twelve received credits for proficiency in English. —*Transcript*.

—Rev. Richard Clarke, S. J., the distinguished editor of the *Month*, has accepted the chair of Classics at the Catholic University College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. From this latter place he will still continue to edit the *Month*.

—The will of the late Prof. Elias Loomis, which was made public lately, bequeaths the bulk of his estate, which is valued at from

\$250,000 to \$300,000, to Yale, to be known as the "Loomis Fund." This is said to be the second largest gift ever made to the University.—*Critic*.

—The War Department at Washington has detailed Lieutenant Charles A. L. Totten, Fourth artillery, to report at Yale University, where he will be stationed for the next three years, to instruct the students in the scientific department in military engineering.

—A four years' course in electrical engineering has been added in the scientific department at Princeton.

The college year is now divided into two terms instead of three. The first will end February 5th, the second with the June commencement. The only intermission will be a week's vacation during the Christmas holidays. The short Thanksgiving vacation and the one week of spring vacation are abolished.

—It is expected that there will be 2,100 men at Harvard this year.

—The will of the late President F. A. P. Barnard, the venerable president of Columbia College, who gave the last quarter century of his life to the development of a great university in the City of New York, has just been made public. In it he bequeaths to Columbia College his library, his instruments and the bulk of his fortune.

—A new department has been erected at Dickinson College, styled the department of physiology, hygiene and physical culture. The chair is placed on the same footing as the others, and the instructor is a member of the faculty. Attendance in gymnasium is made compulsory, and both attendance and work are to count on class standing. All students are examined physically, and this examination is made the basis of physical training by the instructor. Gymnastic exercises are likewise compulsory in the Sophomore and Freshman classes of Haverford College.—*Ex*.

—Robert Coleman, a generous alumnus of Trinity College, has offered a prize to the base ball nine of \$50 for every game Trinity wins during the next season. This will no doubt act as an inducement for thorough training during the winter.

—Ex-Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn, has been elected President of Columbia College, and it is understood will accept the position. There is no division of opinion as to his capacity and fitness to succeed the late Dr. Barnard.

—Dr. William E. Story, professor of mathematics, in Johns Hopkins University, has been elected to and has accepted the presidency of the new Clark University at Worcester, Mass.

—The faculty of Haverford College, Pa., has started the "Haverford College Studies," containing the results of original investigations by the professors. Two numbers have been issued, and the publication has received excellent commendations from many authorities.

—Mgr. Bonnay, a Hungarian prelate lately deceased, has left the greater part of his large fortune for the foundation of a Catholic University at Buda-Pesth.



FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

HIGH water mark—224 boarders and 55 day scholars.

—It was more than a week before people and things about the Division got down to their natural aspect. Home scenes and influences, otherwise called the "blues" are accountable for the dullness and listlessness of the opening days.

—Many old faces are missing among the First Divisioners. The gaps made by their absence are being gradually filled up by recruits from Second, and by the advent of new comers.

—The number of new faces throughout the college is unusually large this year.

—All the remaining base ball talent of the Division has been pressed into service to fill up the vacant positions on the Rose Hills. They opened the fall season, as usual, by a brush with the old time Spartas. Their well-known captain, Mr. Broderick, must have rejuvenated his followers for the occasion, for they played with a snap and a vim that made our boys fear for the issue. The score was 6—2 in their favor until the 8th inning, when the Rose Hills "found" Mr. Broderick so vigorously that when the inning closed the result was 10—6 in our favor. It's a pity they could not have had the consolation of winning one game at least.

—Football is beginning to demand recognition on the Division; a few spasmodic kicks are as yet the only signs of returning life. The team for the coming season has been lately made up. We hope daily practice will be the main feature of their rules, as we have a score against Trinity that has yet to be wiped out.

—The gentleman from Little Rock, Ark., informs us by letter that he is now engaged in agricultural pursuits on his brother's ranch. He very naïvely remarks that he finds the poetical task of milking more difficult than solving problems in Geometry.

—Drill began immediately after the opening of schools. Old and new members make up a battalion even larger than last year's. Skirmish drill will be one of the features of the advanced course the battalion is to receive.

—The following are the officers on the Division for the term: *Base Ball*.—J. McNally, '92, President and Manager; J. Dunn, '91, Treasurer; P. Quinn, '91, Secretary. *Reading Room*.—F. Mermoud, '90, President; E. Godfrey, '91, Treasurer. *Billiards*.—L. Gillon, '93, President; R. Carmody, '92, Treasurer.

—The present class of Philosophy is the largest we have seen in many years. Apart from the strength they put into their yell, they prove the power of numbers by the energy and life that has been infused into the Division since their return.

—The class games, while they lasted, were watched with unprecedented interest. The contest was not so one-sided this year, owing to the fact that the various clubs were made up of the best players from the corresponding classes of the English and Latin courses. More than one tie game was played with victory, however, in the series, pointing in an uncertain way to Belles Lettres and Philosophy. She never had a chance to determine which of the clubs she favored as the cold weather came along and nipped the games.

—The poor "cinder track" is put to queer uses these days. Instead of the muscular forms of some of our choice athletes upon it, it has now to bear the heavy tread and listen to the peculiar utterances of our Logicians and Rhetoricians. One cracketh syllogistic puzzles over it, whilst the other giveth vent to his eloquent soul in uncertain periods—Peripatetics, logical and rhetorical ousting athletics.

—The retreat is in progress as we go to press. Rev. Father

Smith, S. J., an old student, and at present rector of Loyola College, Baltimore, is conducting it.

—From being read separately to each of the Divisions, the monthly marks are now read in the presence of the whole college. This change meets with the approval of all, particularly of those who relish much company in their misery.

—We were of the number of those who braved wind and weather in their desire to give the returning Philosophers a hearty reception. The weaker ones grew tired of waiting for a particular 6.30 train that did not appear until 7.15, and of answering delusive sounds from the village in the hope that they proceeded from their expected brethren. High hats and pleasant anticipations of good fellowship lost charm for them in an intermittent rain. Those of us that remained made up in strength of yell and gave our great class of Philosophy a good old-fashioned greeting.

—We congratulate Messrs. Burrow and Straub upon their promotion to 1st Lieutenants. They are worthy, zealous officers and deserve their advancement.

—The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on the morning of the 13th inst. Rev. Fr. Rector was the celebrant, assisted by Father Zeigler and Mr. Hollohan as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. Deuny, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's College, delivered the sermon, a very happy and practical one.

—The death of Mr. Mulry, S. J., cast quite a gloom on the Division. Mr. Mulry had made many friends among us by his untiring zeal in behalf of the Parthenian Sodality, as well as by the ready sympathy and assistance he had for all of us. He is greatly missed. *Requiescat in pace.*

—Our village resident, and the genial captain of last year's banner company, Co. B, made us many visits during the past month. His great topic of conversation is the world and its ways, as seen through eyes recently opened to a view of it. He has many listeners. He is now studying at Columbia.

—The Parthenian Sodality, under the directorship of Father Kavanagh held its first meeting on Sept. 15th. The officers for the present term are: Prefect, P. Walsh, '90; First Assistant, R. Weir, '90; Second Assistant, F. J. Wingerter; First Lector, J. McNally, '92; Second Lector, J. Dunn, '91; Sacristan, J. Farley, '93; Musical Director, W. Feeley, '92; Consulters, J. Keane, '90; F. Dolovan, '91, D. Arellano, '91, H. Burrow, '90; Secretary, R. J. Gutierrez, '92, Treasurer, J. Perrillat, '92.

SECOND DIVISION.

—Life on the Division is going along quietly enough. Baseball, meeting with its yearly fate, is dying a peaceful, uneventful death with the prospect of resurrecting vigorously enough next spring. Only those who have grit enough to bear with tingling finger tips caused by contact of a hard ball with cold hands are now to be found on the field.

—Most of the boys showed up promptly enough on the opening days. A few, however, on whom the charms of summer grew in proportion as its pleasant days expired, yielded to the temptation and prolonged their vacation a week or two longer.

—Quite a number of the older ones among us have ascended to First Division. No doubt they were pleased and happy enough to have the fact that they have come to the age of college manhood thus publicly recognized. Their places have been more than filled up, so that the Division is larger than it was last year.

—The Invincibles, despoiled of many of their largest and best men in consequence of their exodus to First, have already

filled out the complement of players. Though hardly as strong as at the close of last year, they had sufficient strength left to be victors over the three outside teams that met them on the field last month. Joe. McAleenan has been elected Captain for the remainder of the season.

—The officers who are to do duty in the Baseball Association until the opening of the coming season have been limited to the following:—J. J. Reilly, President; F. McMahon, Treasurer; T. Smyth, Director.

—The Glee Club of the Division has again been reorganized with the following as its officers: J. J. Reilly, President; E. Kenney, Vice-President; E. Drummond, Secretary; C. Horn, Treasurer. Quite an amount of talent has been discovered among the new comers, so that the club need have no fear for its existence or for the variety and success of its future entertainments.

—Calendars outlining the general order of the month, and stating, among other things, the school and non-school days have been put up on the three divisions.

—Among the many improvements made in and about the college since June last is the removal of the old tavern between the depot and Lodge. It was a veritable eye-sore. There is now a free sweep of land down to the depot, and one may now enjoy from a distance the beauty of the college entrance with its green and golden gates and the gravelled approach to them.

—This is the season of the year when many of the romantic nooks and places about the college grounds appear to the best advantage. Prettiest, perhaps, of them all is the façade of St. John's Hall. Its mediaeval style of architecture, its cream-gray stone that makes such a harmonious background for the bright red tints of the ivy vine that clings to its surface, make it without doubt one of the most beautiful buildings to be found in New York.

—Lawn Tennis has been pretty much in vogue since the opening of the session. No association has been formed, however, as the season for this game is about over.

—The second nine of the Invincibles played the Lawrence Baseball Club not long ago and sent them away defeated by a score of 16-3.

—The Sodality of the Division was begun shortly after the opening of the term. The following were elected officers:—Prefect, J. J. Reilly; First Assistant, E. Drummond; Second Assistant, F. McMahon; Lectors, G. Walsh and H. Arellano; Secretary, E. Kenney; Sacristan, J. Noonan.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

—The calendar for the month of October met with the approval of the entire Hall. The feature particularly recommended in it was the holidays occasioned by the "retreat."

—We have not been the losers by our generosity with regard to Second Division. We have been repaid more than a hundred-fold for the number of boys we sent up.

—Several improvements have been made in the reading-room; in consequence it has become for many more attractive than the various games about the Hall.

—The Division, in part fulfillment of the new method of lighting up the College, has already been fitted up with electric lights. The operation of putting them in was novel to some of the boys, and they lost no opportunity, seasonable or otherwise, of eagerly watching the progress of the work in study hall, dormitory, etc. One of our smaller members was so struck with results that he thinks the Hall looks like "a large city."

—The Tyros have been reorganized, with Arthur Valdeavellano as Captain. The event was duly celebrated by a well earned victory over a nine from St. Francis Xavier's. The game was well

contested, success finally resting with the Tyros by a score of 23 to 22.

—Players of the midget order are captained by John Rosado, while Frank Perilliat is captain of those who aspire to the honor of position on the Tyros.

—The proposed extension of the play grounds is in a fair way to be realized. White-capped levelling stakes have already been put up, and the only thing wanting to fill in the valley behind the hill is the dirt from the excavations of the Harlem Railway. This will soon be forthcoming, as that portion of the railroad skirting the Hall is soon to be sunken.

—As a prelude to the proposed improvement, the old red ice house next to the play grounds, has been pulled down. The boys had a share in its destruction. In their rumaging for things curious about the foundations they were rewarded with the finding of a hornet's nest. The usual results followed.

—St. Stanislas Sodality held a meeting on Sept. 23d and elected the following officers for the term: Prefect, Arthur Valdeavellano; 1st Assistant, Frank Perilliat; Secretary, Edward Higgins; Sacristan, John Rosado; Director of Music, Alexander Sullivan.

BATTALION NOTES.

F. J. D., '91.

The promotions made on June 26th for the present year are as follows:

To be cadet lieutenants, Cadets 1st Serg'ts. Burrow and Straub. To be cadet 1st serg'ts., Serg'ts. Donovan and Oakes. To be cadet serg'ts., Cadet Corp's Reilly, Johnson, Mermoud and D. Arellano. To be cadet corp's, Cadets Orpheus, Kane, J., Gillou, F., and J. Perilliat.

Captain Wright is the senior captain now, and merits the well earned title. He is almost the "sole relic of auld decency" being, with the exception of Capt. Boylan, the only remaining member of the original company, and when they depart we will only be able to learn of the early history of the Cadets by tradition.

The battalion has lost two able officers, in the persons of Capt. Dowdneey and Marrin who have gone to seek other pastures. Capt. Murrin, however, frequently comes up to look upon and encourage his old company with whom he was a great favorite.

Capt. Malloy and 2d Lieut. Kelly, of the '87 company, have been frequent visitors at the college since the opening of the fall term, and have remarked the noticeable improvement in the drill. 2d Lieut. Kelly has returned from the "Fatherland," and will study at the Columbia School of Mines.

Sergeant Major Cooney has not yet returned, but is expected after the Holidays.

We miss the manly form of 1st Sergeant Oakes, from Co. C. He has visited us since the opening of the term; he expects to study at the School of Mines, Columbia College.

1st Sergeant Newton is at his home in Little Rock, Ark., "ranching it," and, we hear, he captures an occasional buffalo by way of diversion.

Platoon drill is the subject matter under consideration at present, and the boys are making a very creditable showing for so early in the year.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

We have lately had a visit from Joaquin Arrieta, '71. He comes as secretary to the representative from San Salvador to the Pan American Congress.

Rev. Fr. George Quinn, our vice-president of last year, made us a few calls lately.

John Halligan, '86, who is an aspirant for Congress, was with us for a while recently.

The following old students also visited the College during the past month: Cornelius J. Clifford, '79, William Crowley, '87, George Leitner, A. M., M.D., '84; William A. McCormack, '75, Joseph Fitzpatrick, '86, Joseph Kerrigan, '87, and of the class of '89, Charles Marrin, John Heffern, Dan. Kieran, John McGuire and Michael Sweeney; also James Butler, M.D., '83, Charles Murphy, '86, Thos. R. Halpin, '86, Thomas Kelly, '87, David J. Hogan, '75, Ernest Harvey, Joseph Quinn, Arthur McAleenan, Rev. Wm. A. Dunphy, '75, Rector of White Plains, John A. Dunn, and Thos. J. Dunn, M.D.

Rev. Fr. Racicot, S. J., has just returned from Rome, whither he went on business.

The following obituary notice of a worthy son and alumnus of St. John's, Michael J. Wallace, '72, is taken from the Albany *Daily Press and Knickerbocker* for October 6th:

The funeral of Mr. Michael J. Wallace took place yesterday, and was one of the most largely attended ever held from the Cathedral parish. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather and the steady downpour, friends and acquaintances from all parts of the city assembled in the vicinity of 201 Madison avenue long before the time of the obsequies. From the residence of deceased down to Eagle street was one vast canopy of umbrellas, and no more touching evidence of the esteem in which he was held during life, and the grief with which he was mourned in death, could be found than this scene presented. If anything outside of the solemn and consoling services of the church could bring comfort and consolation to the stricken heart of his kind-hearted and worthy father, whose life was wrapt up in his noble and generous boy, it was this outpouring of citizens of all classes and denominations to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of one so dearly beloved, so fondly remembered and so deeply regretted. The services at the Cathedral were of an unusually solemn and impressive character. As the casket was borne up the central aisle, between the long line of sorrowing friends on either side, the chancel choir chanted that most pathetic of Latin hymns, the "Miserere," the main choir alternating the versical responses, with the deep and

solemn accompaniment of the organ. When the richly mounted coffin had been placed upon the catafalque, in front of the high altar, a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father McGuire, assisted by Rev. Father Pidgeon, as deacon, Rev. Father Torpey, as sub-deacon, and Rev. J. J. Hanlan, as master of ceremonies. At the close of the services, Rev. Father McGuire spoke feelingly of the death of the worthy young man whose mortal remains were about to be laid in the cold and silent bed of earth, awaiting a glorious resurrection. Young Mr. Wallace, he said, had died a holy and edifying death, and the tenderest words he could speak to his afflicted father and friends were offered in the assurance—as far as mortal assurance could go—that all was well with their dear one in the eternal home to which his spirit was wafted.—*Catholic Review*.

The Catholic Review, in a late issue, printed the following death notice of Rev. Charles O'Neil, a graduate of '74:

Rev. Charles F. H. O'Neil died suddenly at Peoria, Ill., on Wednesday, 2d inst. The deceased, who was ordained in Montreal for the diocese of Brooklyn about ten years ago, has labored in Bishop Spalding's diocese almost since his ordination. There his ability and zeal soon earned for him the most encouraging recognition. And at his death he was revered as one of the most exemplary priests of the diocese of Peoria. Two years ago he was regularly installed as rector of the Cathedral by Bishop Spalding who was not slow to recognize and reward the zealous young priest's labors. More recently he made Father O'Neil Chancellor of his diocese.

In Brooklyn and New York Father O'Neil had a large circle of friends who will deeply regret his sudden demise. Genial in disposition, unassuming in manner, and with candor and manliness that were peculiarly his own, he was able to make sincere friends even among those who differed from him in belief. *May he rest in peace.*

We have to announce to our readers the death of another alumnus of St. John's, George W. Colligan, '76. His death occurred in the early part of the present year; it was only lately, however, that news of it reached us.



pretty

LEAFLESS DAYS.

WE cannot e'er have happy days,
Nor eke have pleasant weather;
Life goes by turns; March is not May,
Not always blooms the heather.

Not always blows soft Summer's breath,
And no rude wind thereafter,
Nor hearts are always clasped in death,
And no more hours for laughter.

A space the sky is leaden-hued,
And naked branches shiver;
A space withleaves the wood is strewed,
And stilled the noisy river.

A little time our souls are gay,
A little time in sadness;
But, passeth Winter soon away,
Then yield all things to gladness.

W.

A MONSTER WORK.

IN this age of labor-saving devices and inventions none are handier for the student the teacher and the writer than the compilations called encyclopedias. They were almost a novelty a century ago, now their name is "legion." Of course their very usefulness has left them open to abuse. Too many of them now-a-days are money-making rather than labor-saving devices: but thanks to the genius of letters, the spirit of what the Germans call Philistinism has not entirely succeeded in winning over to her cause what at first seemed destined to prove one of the most efficient allies for the spread of information on literature and the arts.

Many of our best histories of literature have the form, if not the name. The collaborators are men of the highest excellence in their department, and so their publications confer a double benefit. The one on their readers of the present day, to whom they convey in concise and accurate form all the information that has thus far been gained on the subjects treated—the other on succeeding generations, for they will represent to them exactly the extent of our knowledge on all the great questions.

Of course they were not in the beginning what they are now. Time has brought the defects to light. Experience and the errors of former laborers in the same field have taught the present generation some precious lessons. The older treasure-houses of knowledge have had their day and given way to the more amply stored and better arranged ones of our own time. Only one of the old encyclopedias remains and will ever remain (we say it with confidence) a priceless inheritance for all time. It was the first work of the kind to be begun. Though now in progress almost two hundred and fifty years it is as yet uncompleted and will require many more years for its successful and suitable termination. It represents the fruits of as much labor, I might say, as all the rest put together, and yet it is the one perhaps the least generally known of them all. It is of this work I wish to write, and even its name is, I think, entirely unfamiliar to most people.

It is usually called "The Bollandists," or, more fully, "The Bollandist Lives of the Saints." "Ho! Ho!" dear reader, I hear you say to yourself, "so all this talk is merely to get me interested in some old foggy work on the saints of the early and mediæval Church, their heart rending martyrdoms, their innumerable miracles and the countless legends about them. No wonder the work is not finished yet. I doubt if it ever will be." Passing over for the moment the sarcasm of the last remark, I will have something to say about it later on, let me say, "No, it is nothing of the kind." I merely wish to say something of a work, the publication of the first volume of which, two hundred and fifty years ago, secured at once for its authors the warmest praise and the instant recognition of all Catholic Europe. When, after the completion of the second volume, they set out in search of further materials, their journey was an ovation. Libraries

were thrown open to them everywhere, at a time when these institutions were not as easy of access as now. Manuscripts of all descriptions and copyists were placed at their disposal. Valuable collections of the most precious documents were even presented to them to facilitate what was looked upon as the greatest work of the age.

Nor has time decreased its reputation among those whose acquirements enable them to judge of its value, and whose studies have taught them to appreciate the work it involved and the extensive knowledge and wide reading it required. No good library is without it. No good writer attempts to treat of early Christian or mediæval times, be his subject what it may, history, politics, literature, the arts, even medicine, without referring to its pages. The suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773 and the troubles consequent on the French Revolution led to its discontinuance. As soon as Europe had settled down requests began to pour in from all the learned societies that it should be begun once more and completed. Napoleon even became interested in it and endeavored to get together again the precious collection of manuscripts that had been scattered during the long wars. Finally the Belgian government succeeded in securing its renewal, and allowed a subsidy to those engaged in it. The Parliament in England at once threw open to them the British Museum and all the other public collections throughout England, expressed its hearty appreciation of the work, and offered every facility in its power for the suitable completion of it. When, after some ten years, the religious troubles in Belgium led to the withdrawal of the subsidy and threatened to interfere with the progress of the work, the English Government at once came forward and offered to supply the necessary funds in England, provided the Bollandists would take up their quarters in the British Museum, declaring at the same time that they felt it rather an honor to themselves than an act of generosity on their part to be instrumental in securing the completion of so grand and beneficial an undertaking.

Evidently then, the work of the Bollandists is looked upon as one of the greatest works for the advancement of history and literature that is being carried on in Europe at the present day. Now who are the Bollandists and what is their work? To these questions I will try to give, as far as space and my own comparatively limited acquaintance with them will allow, a satisfactory answer.

About two hundred and fifty years ago an old Belgian Jesuit, Fr. Rosweyde, conceived the idea of writing the lives of all the Saints in the calendar. He secured the permission of his superiors and began to collect his materials. An arduous and lengthy task he knew he had set himself, but he had no idea that his project would develop into the immense work that it did. He put himself in communication with all the great Catholic libraries and began the collation of the manuscripts that were sent him. Soon he found that the work of preparation alone and the arrangement of materials

would take years. In fact, year after year rolled by and finally the old man died without having been able to so much as put pen to paper in furnishing manuscript for his much loved work.

His labor, however, was not in vain. The work was fraught with too much good to mankind, and letters alike, to be allowed to disappear from the scene still-born. Father Bollandus, from whom it was to take its name, was detailed to look over Father Rosweyde's collection of books and manuscripts. He was a man of immense erudition, with a mind broadened by varied studies and with talents of the highest order. To him came the first prevision of what the work was destined to be. He set himself at it with a will, and for years labored indefatigably. Finding old age and infirmity coming on, he asked for help, and Father Heinschen and afterwards Father Papebrock were assigned to assist him.

Meantime the first and second volumes had been completed. The reception they met with throughout all Europe was such as seldom or never has been accorded to any book before or after. Congratulations poured in from all the universities and learned societies. Each day brought fresh offers of new and inedited materials for the work. Then to avail themselves more effectually of these the two new collaborators set out to visit the various places where manuscripts were kept. Their journey, as I have said, was a continued ovation. Nothing seemed too much to do for them. They secured an immense store of rare and mostly inedited manuscripts and then settled down to the life-long labor of continuing the work. They no longer looked to the conclusion, that, they knew, would not come in their time.

When they grew old and were compelled to withdraw others were appointed to take their places. There are famous names among them, names that were known throughout Europe.

And so the work went on for one hundred and twenty-five years, until the suppression of the Society of Jesus, in 1773. Even then the ex-Jesuits continued, as secular priests, the labor that had reflected so much credit on the order and the Church. After successive removals, however, and the loss of most of their priceless collection of materials, some unfortunately by fire, they were compelled to discontinue.

I have already told of its removal and have only to add that with the old traditions and methods almost miraculously preserved and handed down to them through an old Father, who had been one of the collaborators before, the new generation of the Bollandists gives every hope to the world of letters of worthily completing the grand work that their laborious and learned predecessors began so well and carried on for so long a time. Already several new volumes have appeared and critics unite in saying that there is no falling off, that the careful, painstaking continuators are worthy successors of the devoted men who gave their lives to the task two hundred years ago.

And now that we have seen how the work has been carried on let us see what it is and why it is that it was worth while for these men to devote their lives to it. Were there not enough lives of the Saints already without adding a monster work like this? There were not; and the reason is

evident, if we consider for a moment the nature of the lives already in existence. They were in the great majority of cases crude and unfinished from a literary standpoint, wanting entirely in accurate historical criticism and in comparison with contemporary authors weighted down too often with an undigested mass of legendary matter that did much to discredit even the truth there was in them. There was need of some one to go over them all to winnow truth from falsehood and fact from legend.

The Church has ever claimed for the holy ones among her children power of working miracles, while the sects deny such power to have been conferred after the first century. Truth is convincing of itself if but freed from the shackles of error. What was necessary then was to tell the story of the lives of the Saints with all their wonderful doings historically, *i. e.*, in a straightforward way, as it was in the original and contemporary authorities, untrammelled by anything that ignorance or superstition might have added or the love of the marvellous allowed to creep in.

It was this that the Bollandists set out to do for all the saints of all the ages. It was a Herculean task and nobly have they accomplished it. Not that there have been no errors. That was not to be expected. Not that the work is always entirely satisfactory. Sometimes, unfortunately, original authorities are wanting. Then, of course, they can only discuss the traditions that have brought facts to us and endeavor to sift them by the rules of the best historical criticism.

All this has been done with a critical acumen, a painstaking research and a judicious impartiality that only those can appreciate who have attempted something similar. The old stories, historical and biographical, are given in all their naked simplicity and nearly always by eye witnesses. There is an air of sincerity in their straightforwardness that at once wins them credence even from those inclined to be skeptical. It is true that truth, according to the old proverb, is sometimes stranger than fiction, and some of the details seem to demand a strong faith, but not to one who approaches the subject with the feeling that not only miracles are possible, but that it is even probable that God would use towards us the same method He did towards the first Christians, whenever He wishes to make known His will.

We find ourselves with regard to some of the beautiful mediæval stories that, perhaps, we were accustomed to look upon as mere legends, in the position of the English lawyer at Rome some years ago. The process of canonization of St. Francis Hieronymo was in progress, and the air was full of reports of miracles. The lawyer, a protestant of course, had his little laugh and his sneer at the credulity of Catholics. He was surprised, however, that such a man as Cardinal Howard should be so credulous. He called on him one day, and boldly put the question whether the Cardinal was really a believer in them or not. The Cardinal assured him that he was, and, in fact, with the testimony before him, could be nothing else. He told the lawyer, too, that he would be able to furnish him in a day or two with copies of the documents in the cause, and would ask him to judge for himself. He did so, and the lawyer took them home for a careful perusal. He returned in a few days to say that he

was convinced, and felt sure that the documents would be accepted as conclusive in any court in England. Imagine his surprise when told that that very set had been rejected by the Court of Canonization because they did not seem to give all the assurance necessary, and that by order of the Auditor another and more complete set had to be made out.

This matter of bringing out in clear relief the miraculous events in the history of the church is not the only, or even the principal claim to recognition of the Bollandists. The lives of all the saints are, in some respects, the history of the Church they have illustrated, and the Church, for fifteen centuries at least, is the representative of all Christendom. The saints, besides, have themselves played a prominent part in even profane history. For instance, the life of St. Benedict is intimately connected with the invasion of Italy and the capture of Rome by the Barbarians in the fifth century. Or take the life of St. Bernard, bound up as it is with the Crusades. The collection and collation of documents often inedited, always contemporary on subjects like these, throws light on the history of politics, civilization and letters.

Nor is it only in the great questions that their work is of importance. The discussion of the time, place and circumstances of some obscure saint involves, sometimes, the solution of vexed historical, geographical and chronological problems. The manner of death of a martyr will require the explanation of the different modes of punishment in vogue at a particular time in a country such, say, as Abyssinia, China, or Japan. The occupation and means of livelihood call for essays on manners and customs of particular and widely-separated peoples at various times. The saints have been of all ages and places, and so their lives become a universal history in minutest detail.

This is what makes the Bollandists so valuable, and it is their success in this stupendous undertaking that has won them such golden opinions from all the world of letters. We cannot but feel sorry that it is not better known among the Catholics generally. Written in an easy, simple style in the universal language, it is accessible to nearly all, and it is too bad that more are not familiar with such a monument of Catholic genius and industry.

THE NOVEMBER MOON.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

ABOVE the hill that skirts yon stubble field,
Late tipped with gold from the fire smitten sky,
November's moon uplifts her gleaming shield,
And with majestic mien doth climb on high ;
And seemeth, her full loveliness attained,
A fair bride gliding thro' high heaven's hall,
Attended by the myriad train of Night.
With calm and pensive face she looks o'er all
The land, where Autumn's chilling mists have reigned,
And mastery of leaf and flower have gained,
And robbed the Summer of its sweet delight.

Her orb, the fairest jewel in the crown
That sparkles on the forehead of the Night,
On dale and hill, on sylvan haunts and town
Beams soothingly, and sheds its pallid light
Where Summer's leaves lie matted by the rill,
And where within the confines of the farms,
At intervals stands many a yokeless wain ;
It strikes the bare tree's thousand netted arms,
It strikes the empty cider press and mill
Noisy no more; o'er all it shines until
Doth stand revealed the harvested domain.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR AMERICAN LITERATURE.

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '90.

THE high standard of excellence to which our American literature has attained, needs no better proof than the determined struggle that has been carried on by Americans for the last half century against literary piracy, and for the establishment of an international copy-right law. For many years past a systematic course of robbery has been practised on us by English publishers. Almost every work of any merit that has been evolved from the brain of American genius has been seized upon by these pirates and published, sometimes under a different title sometimes with the text altered and the name of the author changed, but still more frequently without any attempt to conceal, or ever disguise the act of flagrant dishonesty which an imperfect legislation permits them to commit with impunity.

However, in speaking thus sharply of the adjustable consciences of our brethren across the water, we do not wish to be looked upon as pharisaical, or have it thought that we throw up our hands in holy horror at the thieveries of our English cousins, as who should say, "We Americans would not be guilty of such dishonesty." Far from it. We are fully aware, and sorry to be obliged to acknowledge, that that elasticity of conscience is a property common to both sides of the Atlantic and that some of our American publishers have proved themselves well able to cope with their opponents in matters of this nature. In this "work-a-day world" every man is for himself, but as we are now treating of American literature and its standing at different periods during the present century, we will set aside this maxim with all the practical applications publishers have given of it, and confine ourselves to the subject we propose to write upon.

Injurious as is this system of robbing to the interests of our literature, much as it has tended to discourage the efforts and damage the ardor of ambitious writers, still it is not without its grain of consolation. The soul of good, which, some one has said, is to be found in all things evil, asserts itself even in this crying wrong; for the very theft of these books is a virtual acknowledgment of the worth of our literary works. The mere fact that English editors and English publishers consider the products of American genius worth stealing for the benefit of the English public, is a sufficient tribute to American genius and a sufficient guarantee of our ability to cope in such matters with the elder nation. That this was not the state of affairs at the beginning of this century, those familiar with the history of letters in this country must know.

At that time, the country, young, and struggling against the greatest odds was possessed of a literature as young and struggling against odds equally great, and which, though making rapid strides in advancement, still bore all the characteristics of a crude and unfinished state. There was,

moreover, not only among the literary men, but among educated Americans generally, a servile spirit of submission, an unmanly deference to the tastes and opinions of the British press and public that savored of anything but that spirit of independence and self-reliance that distinguished them in other matters. They looked up to British opinion with an awe that was, at the same time, unmanly and inconsistent with those principles of independence which they were continually vaunting, and which have always been an American's proudest boast. They would await in anxious expectation the verdict of the British press on any book, poem or pamphlet American, before committing themselves by passing either censure or encomium on it, and then, with most wonderful facility, adapt their own opinions to make them agree with those of their English critics.

All these forces being brought to bear on it, all these circumstances conspiring against it, what wonder is it that our literature had not the standing that it might have had under more favorable auspices. But a decided change has come over it; for, as we remarked above, the persistence with which English pirates follow up and seize upon our works shows conclusively that a marked improvement has taken place. This change was inevitable. In the natural course of events the rapid progress which the American people were making in everything must necessarily have sooner or later affected their literature. But to whom is the credit due of lifting it out of the narrow rut into which it had fallen and placing it on the fair and even ground that leads to success? From whom did it receive the first impulse in the direction of that success?

Who was the first to take the timid Muse and lead her, shrinking and fearful, from the oblivion into which she had fallen, and, shielding her from the abuse and contumely of her own countrymen, lead her forth and proclaim her to the world? The man to whom belongs the credit of having accomplished this is James Fenimore Cooper. He it was who broke the spell that held our writers in thrall; he it was who by his superior genius asserted and exacted his claim for recognition both at home and abroad and placed before the world the first American novel worthy of a place in the annals of literature.

But before we discuss at any length the good he has accomplished, or dilate on his achievements in the arena of letters, it would be well to take a glimpse at the important events in his early history and the many influences that were brought to bear on him in the formation of his character. One hundred years ago Cooper made his entrance into this world. He was a native of New Jersey, but while he was yet young his family removed to New York and settled in a beautiful spot on the picturesque shore of Otsego Lake, where the little village of Cooperstown now stands.

Here, on the edge of an unbroken forest, whose untrod

recesses and seemingly interminable passes furnished unlimited food for a lively imagination; here, on the shores of one of the most wildly beautiful lakes in the State, around every rock and crag and jutting point of whose romantic shores, themselves the very embodiment of the picturesque, clustered some weird and fascinating legend, the future pioneer of American writers drank in that inspiration which, in after years, begot those beauties for which "The Deerslayer," "The Prairie" and "The Last of the Mohicans" are so justly celebrated. It was here, in Nature's own school, and from her own lips that he learned those first lessons, which, sown in his youthful mind and fostered and nursed in the ripening intellect of the man, sprang into life and bore that fruit which was destined to exact for American literature, everywhere, the recognition that it merited.

When he had passed from the domain of the nursery, and the child, with his childish tastes and instincts, was merging into the youth, he was sent away to prepare, under the tuition of an English clergyman residing in Albany, for his entrance into Yale. That his career in that honored institution was not particularly brilliant is apparent from the fact that in his third year his connection with it was severed, not through any desire of his own, but at the earnest request of the faculty.

After the abrupt and rather premature close of his collegiate career, Cooper entered the navy, and during the three years that he spent on the bosom of the rolling deep, he acquired that familiarity with seafaring matters, the intricacies of navigation, the characteristics and peculiarities of seamen, and that faculty of picturing so vividly the thrilling and awful grandeur of the sea. His marriage in 1810 practically put an end to his career as a sailor. He retired from the navy and for ten years led a somewhat unsettled life, moving about from one place to another, without following any particular calling until in the year 1820 he essayed a novel, and for the first time appeared in the literary world as the author of a novel called "Precaution."

We are loath to acknowledge it, but it is nevertheless true, that the prevailing ailment of American writers, subservience to anything and everything English, showed itself to a remarkable degree in the author of "Precaution." The plot, scene and characters were all English. As the writer was entirely unacquainted with anything English, his work, consequently, showed such ignorance of the customs and habits of the people he tried to depict that it was a failure and received little or no notice.

His next effort, undertaken, not through any desire of his own, but at the earnest solicitation of his friends, was that one work which is or should be, above all others, familiar to every American who pretends to any knowledge of the literature of his country; the first ever to receive recognition and approval from abroad; the first to proclaim to the world that America could and would prove her right to that recognition and approval; that pioneer of American novels, "The Spy." "The Spy; a Tale of the Neutral Ground," although not considered Cooper's best work, is a tale of the most absorbing interest. It, moreover, has the advantage

of appealing directly to that sense of patriotism which is inborn in every American.

Warned by the failure of his former effort, in selecting the materials for his second work he fixed upon scenes with which he had become familiar from long association and upon incidents that he had been hearing from his childhood. The character of Harvey Birch, his air of naive simplicity, and his native shrewdness, but above all his disinterested and all-absorbing patriotism that prompted him to sacrifice friends, self, even his reputation for his love of country, all combine to fascinate us, and leave an impression after them that is not easily erased.

The strange story of this stranger character Cooper had heard from a friend. These qualities attracted him, and when the opportunity for weaving him into a novel presented itself, he immediately grasped it. "The Spy" was written. The name of Fenimore Cooper became immortal, and America was given a place in the world of letters. To prove the universal popularity of the work, we have only to draw attention to the fact that in less than a year it had gone through three editions, and that besides the American and English editions it appeared in French, German and all the principal tongues of Europe. We are informed that it penetrated even as far as Spanish America.

But better than the universal favor with which it was received, is the effect it produced on the literary spirit of America. It really awoke American minds. It brought them to a consciousness of the fact that their own country was not a soil barren of romance. It was the means of making them independent in matters literary, as they were already in matters political. It opened up to them an unworked vein which our fiction writers have since followed up with so much success. And not merely in fiction, but in every other department of our literature was its effect felt. So that we may safely say that from this point the progress of American literature dates, and the fact that to day the authors of this country can hold their own against the world. But of all that have lived and written since his time, Cooper is the only one of whom it can be said that within so short a time from publication his works were read by all nations and in all tongues.

To Cooper we must also give the credit of first introducing the romance of the sea. Before he made that bold experiment which resulted in the first and at the same time the most successful of sea tales, "The Pilot," such a thing had never been heard of, perhaps never conceived. Here it was that his thorough knowledge of the sea and everything pertaining to navigation, came to his assistance and furnished the material to be worked upon by his wonderful imagination and moulded into those magnificent descriptions for which he is so justly famous. In spite of the warnings of solicitous friends who wished to deter him from taking so rash a step, he persevered in his resolve, and led the way into a field as yet new and unknown to the writer of fiction, the domain of the sea novel.

However great and instantaneous as was the success of "The Spy," novel and interesting as were his tales of the sea, still of all his works that series known as "The Leatherstocking Tales" is acknowledged by all to be his

masterpiece. On these his reputation rests; through these especially has he attained to the position of the first of American novelists. With the first of these, "The Pioneers," the only fault to be found is a certain tedious exactness of detail, which occasionally occurs, and a tendency to indulge in vivid and minute descriptions, which, beautiful as they are in themselves, nevertheless interrupt the progress of the tale and mar the beauty of the work as a whole. But in doing this we see that our author is simply giving way to a natural impulse to dwell at length on those scenes which bring back to him the memories of his childhood. The scene of the story is laid on the spot where his childhood was passed, and in depicting these well-known scenes, and treading again those old familiar paths, what wonder that he occasionally allows his affection for his childhood's home to supersede the interest in the tale itself. But "The Pioneers" is the only one of this most interesting series in which such a fault can be found. In all the others we find that absorbing interest, which he knew so well how to excite, sustained, with hardly a halt, throughout to the very end.

We have in these few lines reviewed the standing of American literature as it was at the beginning of the century; and taken a cursory glance at the life and works of the man who has unquestionably done more than anyone else for the advancement and improvement of American letters. Therefore, before we conclude, a few remarks on

the style of this author would hardly be out of place. That innate faculty of perceiving those little peculiarities of character that distinguish one man from another, that happy way of holding up to ridicule the foibles of society, which is found to such an extent in his English contemporaries, seems to have been denied to him. His characters are merely animated statues cast in the same mould, and, with the slight difference of some accidents of personal appearance, are identical. But where he does excel is in that wonderful power of depicting the beauties of nature in all her native grandeur. No painter ever pictured scene more vividly to the eye than does he place before the mind the beauties of his native wilds or the awful solemnity of the boundless ocean. In this lies the charm of his writings; in this and the absorbing interest which he imparts to every incident of the tale. For who could tell a story better than he? Who of all the train of ambitious writers who aspired to follow in his footsteps has ever excelled or even equalled him? None. Therefore, despite the many failings and short-comings which the critically inclined may find throughout his writings, when we consider all he has accomplished for America, when we consider all he has done to raise the standard of American literature, we may justly, and without opposition, proclaim him, of all others, the pioneer of American letters.

AN INTRODUCTION TO FAMILIAR SCENES.

D. ARELLANO, '91.

"Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy?"

THE month of September had set in and the scorching heat of August had subsided to a gentleness of ray that was only mildly suggestive of hotter days. Autumn was at hand! Already here and there could be seen shrubs, briars, broom, and even trees, taking on a change of color—displaying, as it were, the yellow banner of the fall, weary of the branding reign of summer.

Such was the aspect the fields presented to the crowds of students returning to college after the summer vacations, as they looked out from the windows of the railway cars on the familiar scenery that went streaming past them. And when at length the husky voice of the brakeman roared out "Hamford!" it was with a hurry and bustle that they got up from their seats and down from the cars. Instinctively they slackened pace the moment they saw the college gate of St. George's, as if to enjoy a few moments longer the freedom from restraint that makes vacation so delightful. From the foot of the gate through a spacious lawn ran an avenue which, lined on either side with tall and handsome elms, led like the wake of an ocean steamer, in two or three

long swept curves to the marble porch of the main entrance; then branched off a trifle to the right, and a little farther down, with one more winding, lost itself from view.

Among the groups of students who had now got as far as the gate, we would call the reader's attention to one who was remarkable above his fellows, not on account of his stature—he was quite short and plump of figure—but by reason of his sprightly manner and attractive way of talking. Beside him walked a little fellow who seemed to share in the hero-worship of all around him, looked up to him with eyes of admiration, and addressed him as brother.

"Is this St. George's, Danny?" asked the little fellow of his brother. "Yes, Willy," replied the popular hero. "Here is the gate, up there to your right stands the building of the Senior Division, where I belong! Almost in front of you is the chapel and the old college mansion; and directly before you the College Infirmary! It looks somewhat small and rather old, but I tell you what, if it's as old as the hills themselves, it's as solid, and like the hills it gets a coating of green every year. It's an old building, you know,

but it wouldn't do to remove it because the Father of his Country is said to have slept in it once upon a time. So, for my part, I say let it stand as a lasting monument to the patriotic spirit of old St. George's!"

"And last, but far from least, farther on to the left you catch a glimpse of St. George's Hall, where you are to belong! The building, they tell me, is of Gothic structure. It is made of gray granite, and, as you can see, is at present picturesquely overgrown with ivy, which shakes along the walls as if to laugh away their sombre aspect: in the front lies quite a little garden with a pretty fountain in the centre, full of golden fishes, and surmounted with two chubby-faced, smiling, brazen little fellows sheltering themselves under an umbrella from which showers the sparkling water down below! And here, Willy, on either side of you, you have the immemorial elms of St. George's, one of which was honored with having Washington's war horse tied to it! Don't you hear them waving their branches to and fro in the evening breeze? They seem to be tickled with joy over our return, and to be nudging each other as if to pass the happy news, and to be murmuring words of welcome to their old friends! You'll get a great liking for them, Willy, before you are here long; but let us go inside and see the place; I dare say you'll like that too."

They went in by the main entrance, walked down a short vestibule and came to a door on the right which opened out on a square, green swarded yard. Here the first object that met their eyes was a bronze statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, reared on a green mound and surrounded with flowers. It stood in the centre of a triangle formed on two sides by paths which started at the opposite extremities of the yard and completed the vertex in front of the chapel door. "By the path on your right," said Danny to his little brother, "the First Divisioners pass to and from chapel; by the one on the left the striplings of Second do likewise; and by this door back of us the small fry of the Hall make their appearance and disappearance."

"What's that noise?" interrupted his young questioner. "Why," answered Danny, "that's the old college clock striking six. It stands on the top of the building over yonder, to our left, and has stood there from time out of mind, 'monarch of all it surveys' with its four faces. Some years ago an article appeared in the college paper, saying that the old clock was silent forever! Amusingly enough, the old monitor gave the writer the lie the first chance it got, by quietly beginning to move its hands in the same irregular manner as of yore, for, like everything old, it is somewhat under the influence of the weather. This weakness, however, we can readily forgive the old fellow, because it often lengthens our hours of recreation and shortens those of class."

Just as the last stroke of the clock was heard, the Angelus bell began to ring, falling softly on the twilight air, and seeming to echo "Peace" along the old college walls. Our hero's voice paused with that of the clock as if by instinct; and his genial and merry spirit was touched into unaffected reverence by the inspiration of the moment. Willy, also, felt its influence, and the two brothers stood silent and col-

lected, while the bell sounded, as if they had heard a voice cry

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!"

and their young souls responded, saying,

"Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above."

"Come, let us walk towards the ball field," said Danny to his little brother when the echoes of the Angelus bell had died away. And much as everything about the college grounds had thus far delighted the little fellow, the words "ball field" seemed to have a special charm for him, so that he followed his brother out towards the campus with more than his usual alacrity. When they had passed beyond the statue and the whole of the spacious and beautiful play-ground lay before their eyes, Danny's talkativeness became twice as luminous, not to say voluminous, as before. The sight of the baseball field seemed to inspire him, and the diamond of the Senior Division had as many reminiscences for him as blades of grass. These he poured out to his little brother with a flow of language and a freshness of humor which captivated his attention and raised his admiration for him to its highest pitch.

He told Willy of the many hard-fought battles he had seen on that field between the college nine and visiting clubs. How "our boys" had often batted themselves out of a defeat; how so-and-so had made a brilliant running catch in the tenth inning that prevented the visitors from scoring a winning run; and how once or twice a holiday had been given in honor of such excellent playing on the part of "our boys." "And now," cried Danny, when he had expatiated at large on all the ball recollections of "old times" as they rushed up to his lively memory, "I'll tell you a little of the exploits I have taken part in myself, '*Quorum pars magna fui*,' to be a little classical. I have been three years on the nine, Willy, and if I were to fight 'all my battles o'er again' I would never finish; so I'll only tell you of two or three occasions on which I went into the 'box' to pitch against two or three 'Sunday' nines. Well, I don't want to praise myself, but I tell you what, I did settle those visitors in grand style! They went out in almost one two-three order and took me for a phenomenon; but the fact is that they were all minus quantities as regards batting, and they couldn't get a plus sign from my curves to save their lives. So I made quite a reputation for myself at their expense, and was appointed assistant pitcher of the college club."

By this time the shades of night had deepened to such a degree on the immense campus surrounded by the shadowy rows of rustling elms, that Danny thought it high time to take Willy down to the Hall, and then go among his own companions, whose number had grown to be quite large, judging from the loud and merry talk of common greetings which he heard in the direction of the Senior Division Building. On their way to the Hall, they had to pass through Second Division grounds where the candy shop stood, and little Willy, of course, was not going to pass right on without buying something or other.

The candy shop was the last building on the left

wing of the college, and stood apart from the rest. It was a plain wood structure, and was only valued for the store of sweet things it contained. Its worth was all within, and it was, perhaps, the building the destruction of which would cause most regrets. It goes without saying that it was very much patronized by the students, and among them by Danny, so that it was quite a while before he could bring himself or get his little brother to leave it and go down to the Hall. The Hall reached and a few words of cheer and encouragement graciously given on the part of his brother, little Willy began to make himself at home among its small boys, where we will leave him running around as happy and lively as a Hamford squirrel.

And little uninitiated Willy made himself at home before he was three hours at St. George's, what shall we say of his brother who had been there for almost twice that number of years? The long and short of the matter is, that this easy going spirit ran in his family and reached the brim in his own person. He was one of those "rare and radiant" blessings in the world "who ever with a frolic welcome, take the thunder and the sunshine;" born to be happy and to make others so. It was this that made him universally liked at St. George's, and it was this that placed him on free and easy terms with all the new-comers to his Division before two days had passed after the return from vacation.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '90.

IT is rather the exception to meet now a days with one who is intensely enthusiastic over anything, or who has not learned to school his feelings into most guarded expressions. It's the fashion not to be simple, not to be ingenuous. The *College Student* (Lancaster, Pa.), is an honorable exception to this false rule of living. It comes to us with unbounded enthusiasm for football. This game has grown to be such an ordinary matter of fact sport in college life that we were rather surprised at the *College Student's* jubilant tone over it. But we soon understood the reason. This is the first athletic organization they have had and it has come only after a long fight. Our only wonder is how they could, up to this time, have gotten along without some organized athletic sport or other to absorb the spare time that hangs in plenty on the hands of the average student, and keep him out of mischief.

The Student (New Orleans), is at hand toggled out in a tinted cover, pinkish,—if our eye saith aright—which makes it one of the neatest appearing journals we have received this month.

We admire the pertinacity with which *The Student* clings to Latin verse. Every issue is laden with an inspiration from the Muse of Latin song. In the midst of the hue and cry against the study of the Classics, and when the elective system with regard to them—which sounds really like their death knell—is in vogue, it is refreshing to come across somebody who still clings to the sound old fashioned method of education practiced of yore; it is like stumbling across an old landmark in a world of novelties.

The *Owl* once more shows its solemn visage within our *Sanctum*, and winks a grave and thoughtful wink of recognition at us as we try, for duty's sake, to make our way through old and new exchanges. That the task is an unpleasant one we do not wish to have inferred. But when, as in our case, our exchanges are literally heaped about us, and all waiting to unfold their beauties, and that, too, at one sitting, it is only the profoundly wise and peaceful look of the "bird

of night" that can put us at ease and keep us from growing weary of the mound of literary ware before us. We turn to him for rest, and find it in his bright and varied papers. They are refreshing, and especially the exchange column. Pithy, pointed and interesting, there is a breeziness about it which, though out of keeping with his solemn aspect, is just what in our opinion a well-conducted exchange column should be.

We acknowledge a timely visit from our time honored contemporary from Brown, that aspiring journal with the Silas-Wegg-like propensity for dropping occasionally into poetry. It comes abreast of the season, religiously changing its garb with the change of the season. We are Greek in our taste and admire its simplicity. The *Brunonian* is alike creditable without and within. Its prose articles are interesting; of its "poetry" we can say no more than what we have often said.

The latest addition to our exchange brethren (we use brethren in a generic sense, which acknowledges no distinction of sex in journalism) is *The Mount*, edited by the young ladies of Mount de Chantal, near Wheeling, W. Va. There is a tone of blushing modesty about it that is very pleasant to see. The editors lay down the usual platform or *raison d'être*, make the usual modest appeal to Alumnæ—we had almost said Alumni—and students, and make no promises other than what they evidently have it in their power to fulfil. With that quality of composition that ladies, according to De Quincey, possess above the other half of humanity, and with the *imprimatur* of the Reverend Bishop of Wheeling we have no doubt of *The Mount's* success.

—The *Oxford Review* is the only college paper in England published by the undergraduates. In the United States there are over 200.

—One of the professors in the University of Michigan gives the students weekly lessons in singing college songs.

—The students of Yale are endeavoring to establish a sort of loan library, whereby the students who are poor may have an opportunity to procure the college text-books free of charge,



PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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NOVEMBER, 1889.



The opening of the new Catholic University at Washington must be a subject of more than ordinary congratulation to Catholic students everywhere. The grandeur and solemnity of that opening—the gathering together of the hierarchy from all the corners of our vast country, the enthusiasm of the Catholic laity, represented in so great a body by some of its most distinguished members, the presence and well-wishing of the chief dignitaries of the nation—these features mark it as a unique event in our history. No other university has ever opened under such happy auspices. It inaugurates an epoch in the annals of the Church in America. It illustrates a Divine law in the progress of the universal church.

Whenever a broadspread religious need has arisen in the world, so surely has the guiding hand of Providence raised up the means of satisfying it. When Europe was rough and barbarous, the Benedictine Order arose to train up missionary monks to civilize it. The Dominicans were called into life to preach down the devastating heresies of the

Albigenses and Waldenses; and the Jesuits, to contest with Luther's followers every inch of ground, so that France, Austria, Italy, Spain and Portugal were made proof against them. So to day, we cannot fail to regard the flinging open the doors of our Catholic University as a public emphasis of the fact that the Church in the United States has emerged from her pioneer days and is on the eve of drawing to herself that fallen glory so long denied her.

* * *

It is intended to make the University not a mere college faculty with the power of conferring degrees, but a magnificent centre of ecclesiastical and secular learning, with special chairs for every department, to which the student sons of the Church may flock for solid instruction in all that is worth the learning. The object is at once noble and inspiring. If it only meets with the encouragement it deserves, it may prove the first of a series of movements which will win for the Church in America a special claim to the title borne by the universal Church, that of the Mother of Universities. Heresy, Free-masonry and Atheism have stolen the greater number of the European universities, and, by a refinement of cruelty have used against the Church the very weapons they thus obtained. In these United States, however, our almost inflexible Constitution, combined with the good sense of even our enemies, precludes the possibility of such high-handed injustice.

The new Catholic University has, we trust, come amongst us to stay and grow stronger with its years, and may God speed it in all its high and worthy hopes.

* * *

If it be allowed to take pride in anything outside our own domain, we are inclined to take it in our football team. To our peaceful eyes it is a marvel of muscular strength. So different is it from anything approaching football in the past, that we look with wonder on the change. It is now a legitimate and independent feature of our college athletics with an organization of its own. In years past it was nothing more than an intermittent outlet for the pent up energy that the idle days of summer had failed to utilize. This energy was given to it, but in such an unsystematic way that, as a rule, there was almost as much unused at the end as at the beginning of Fall. We are glad to see the game this year appreciated at its worth. If our opinion have any weight, we think it ought to be of a higher standing even than baseball. For it is certainly more absorbing and exciting while it lasts, and presents greater opportunities for character improvement than its rival sport. Besides we regard it as a more characteristic sport than baseball. To us it is more than any other game peculiarly collegiate. Its best exponents and players are college men; in fact its only real life and support in this country is to be found in the colleges. The game is with us now in the fulness of its spirit, and we hope it will remain so.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF BROTHER WILLIAM HENNEN, S. J.

ON November 9, Brother Hennen celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. To many of the old boys his name and the celebration of his Jubilee undoubtedly mean more than they do to the present generation of students. Many of the old graduates must recall the Brother Baker of years ago; the tutelary genius of the bakeshop when it meant even more than it does now. Brother Hennen has been at Fordham ever since it was first entrusted to the Jesuits by Archbishop Hughes in 1846. Even that was not his first connection with the institution. For St. John's, in more things than one, is really old St. Mary's, of Kentucky, transferred to its present home. The old clock on Second Division building is from there, having been brought originally from France, while many an old book around the house still bears the stamp of St. Mary's.

Brother Hennen was among the first who arrived, in August, 1846, not thinking, perhaps, that he was to be here so long, yet here he has been, year in and year out, through all this long space. Many a pleasant recollection he has of those first years—of the good hearted manly crowd of fellows, hard working students who played with all their might when the time came, wilder a little perhaps than we are

now, but magnificent specimens of true American youth,—of those first graduating classes, the members of which have reflected so much honor on Alma Mater, and make the present generation thoughtful as to what they should be, “the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time.”

The recollections of those early days, as they appeared from time to time in the columns of the MONTHLY have proved a source of the greatest pleasure to the good old brother. Of late years, of course, he has not been able to engage in active work, but his interest in the old place has never diminished and many a fervent prayer, we feel sure, he has breathed for the continued prosperity of Old St. John's. He has seen her first cramped and narrow quarters gradually expanding, and now the very month of his jubilee brings the beginning of another and the largest building yet for her occupation.

He feels that with the fondest wish of his heart—the success of old St. John's—assured, he can, in joy of soul, say his “Nunc dimittis.” The completion of fifty long years of laborious life in God's service, deserves the congratulations showered on him by his brothers in religion. Many years may he yet be with us to draw a blessing on us all by his fervent prayers.

W.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

A CHARMING little entertainment—charming for its naturalness—was given by some of the younger members of St. John's Hall on the evening of the 13th. The occasion was the celebration of the feast of the Patron Saint of the Hall, St. Stanislas. We are not quite sure whether the epithet “little” properly characterizes the entertainment or not. As far as the size of the entertainers goes, we hope they and the Hall will not be offended if we call it little. As for the entertainment itself—if they can catch the distinction—we think it was quite big for the little fellows that gave it. It was no small thing for them to stand up before a red clothed desk, and in the presence of their own comrades and an awe inspiring Faculty give, without paper and just as it came to them, the various features in the life of their Patron. This made it all the more natural and pleasing. The introduction—the only written thing of the evening—read by Master Alexander Sullivan—begged us not to look for too much nor to notice any faults. We were pretty faithful to his request. We found ourselves only once forgetting it, when we thought we caught a few mistakes, but only once, and then we remembered what the introduction had asked of us, so we concluded that the mis-

takes were ours, that we hadn't heard aright. We have praise for everything, for the introduction, by Master Sullivan, for the narrations of Masters Tomney, Higgins, E. Lamb, and Willes, for the solos of Masters Genico, Rosado, and Henwood, whose fresh young voice so pleased his hearers that he had to sing his song “Come unto Me,” over again; and for the refreshments served up at the end. Everything and everybody in the Hall looked so pleasant and cheerful that we hope to be asked again to their next entertainment.

THE ONE WHO SAT IN THE CORNER.

THE DAY SCHOLARS.

The day scholars have started their promised Sodality and placed it under the invocation of Saint John Berchmans. The first meeting was held on October 16th in First English class-room, where the following officers were elected: Prefect, John B. McHugh; Assistant Prefects, John Kelly and John Hart; Treasurer, Francis Kelly; Secretary, Ernest Rousseau, and Sacristan, George Tobin. At a subsequent meeting, held in the regular Sodality chapel, Francis

McDermott and Jules Peugnet were appointed lecturers, and Timothy McLaughlin, James Fisher, John Mulcahy and William Connell, consultants.

We have at present some twenty-eight members. We should have more if some were not half boarders, by which fact they must be at dinner during the Sodality meeting, while others have to go home at noon, and still others are only hanging fire to be brought into the fold later on. Every Wednesday, as soon as the noonday bell has rung for the boarders to form in line before dinner, we go to the chapel. The meeting consists of a short instruction by the Rev. Moderator and the recitation, in English, of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Application has already been made to the *Messenger* office in Philadelphia for a diploma affiliating us to the Roman *Prima Primaria*. Without this, no Sodality is regularly established, since without such diploma it is not entitled to the Sodality indulgences.

The baseball, or rather athletic association we contemplated has not yet been formed, for several very good reasons, but our doughty young captain and his fellow-athletes look for great events in the spring, when new blood and new vigor will make them the champions of Second Division, not to mention the hope they have of ampler facilities when the new building goes up. We take this occasion, by the way, of making our apology to John Mulcahey, of St. John's Hall, for writing his name so badly last month that the printer put an "a" into the first syllable of his name, instead of the historical "u".

SPECIAL LATIN.

THE SANCTUARY SOCIETY.

The Saint John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society has been reorganized, as promised in our last issue, or, rather, has been taken up again at the point where Mr. Mulry's ill health obliged him to lay it down. Our first meeting for the year was held on Wednesday, October 16th. Our twenty four altar boys were all in their places, and after a discourse on the duties and privileges of the Society the Rev. Moderator distributed the little tracts and then appointed the following officers: Prefect and Master of Ceremonies, Willard S. Wright, '90; Assistant Prefects, James B. Boylan, '90, and John Hardiman, '92; Secretary, G. Talbot Walsh, '94; Treasurer, William M. Boyle, '95, and Wardens, Henry White and Arthur Valdeavellano, of '95. The MONTHLY has already spoken of the nature of this society, and called attention to the fact that it is the only one of the kind to which the Pope has attached indulgences.

On the 24th of October, our Moderator called on His Grace, the Archbishop, to obtain his episcopal approval of the erection of the society, such approval being always necessary for the gaining of the indulgences attached to the same. His Grace very kindly expressed himself as only too happy to do so, and praised the society and wished it every success. The letters of approbation will be framed and hung in the sacristy.

Our meetings at St. John's are to be held once a month, unless some provision can be made for doing so oftener—an event which our altar boys earnestly desire. At the second meeting, which was held in the sacristy, each member was

allotted a cassock and surplice for his sole use. This is a happy deviation from the former custom of "first come, first served," as it precludes all possible uncertainty and confusion. A handsome list of the names of the members has just been printed at the Bedell Press. It gives each member's name and home address in full, as well as his class and course in the College. It is a very striking fact that in our society of only twenty-four members, the greater part of America and even Ireland itself are represented. The prefect, for instance, hails from the remote city of Tucson, Arizona; the two assistants, from New York and Watertown respectively; the secretary from Washington; and of the two wardens, the one from Mexico and the other from Lima, Peru; while Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Texas have their representatives, to say nothing of our youngest member, who comes from Belize, in British Honduras. W., '90.

IMPROVEMENTS—THE LIBRARY.

The spirit of innovation, or more properly improvement, is upon us. There has been a constant succession of improvements going on in the college, dating back even from before the opening of schools. Corridors frescoed and painted, class-rooms fixed up till in their freshness they cease to bear the well-known air they had as we left them in June last, electric lights all through the college almost glaring in their brightness in corridor and hall, and chasing away the darkness that lurked in many a corner when primitive gas held sway, and lastly the commencement of a large and magnificent building that will outrival First Division in beauty and convenience—these are a few of the good things we have been receiving. All these, however, are mainly for our material comfort. For our intellectual help improvements have also been made. The new classes of Electrical Engineering and Analytical Chemistry come under this head, but they are for the privileged few who are now on the last rung of their college course. The library, the common property of all the students, is perhaps the feature improvement in which all may appreciate. There has been a spirit of change working in it—a spirit working increase. Nigh a hundred new volumes have been added since the beginning of September, and we mention some of them in the hope that the fiction lovers among us may turn from the evil of their way and peep into the beauties and worth of the stock offered not for sale but for reading. No grade or class in the college has been forgotten, from the eager little "prep" of the Hall through the intermediate stages of college humanity up to its crowning perfection, the high-hatted philosopher. First and foremost is the staple article of all libraries, the novel, or if that is too suggestive of surreptitious reading and hours idly spent, the work of fiction, the titles of which we withhold lest they prove too enticing. Then come the books and authors of real solid worth. The temptation is upon us to jot down a few of them—to expose our new literary wares, to catch the eye of our Poets and Rhetoricians with Howell's "Modern Italian Poets," "Walks in Rome" and "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Aug. Hare, "Dante and his Circle," Lessing's "Laokoon," "Ballads in Blue China," Grote's "Plato" in three

volumes, and the "Tragedies of Sophocles." The Philosophers have but one new book for themselves, "Quaestiones, Philosophicae," Maurus—three volumes; a fact which seems to invite them to allow themselves to be stigmatized for the nonce by the old line *homines unius libri*—no indication, however, of narrow-mindedness or incomplete knowledge since *causas rerum* is its theme.

The reference table, which has been a misnomer for some time past, is about to vindicate its name. There will be free access to it during library hours. Another change made is the card-cataloguing of the books. The old book-catalogue served its purpose, and now gives way to a more modern and convenient one. It is gotten up after the approved pattern of great libraries, and is housed in a tasty black walnut case of drawers especially made for it. '91.

ELECTION DAY.

This is an off year in politics, at least people say so. What they thought we also thought; we took what the newspapers told us, and made it also an off year in our time honored election doings. The lethargy of the State elections infused itself into us, and everything went off in a characteristically tame way. Perhaps our own spirit was dampened; but the bonfire that crackled and roared so lustily last year seemed to burn very peacefully and undemonstratively this. The heartiest bit of fun of the day was enjoyed by a few who felt all the pleasurable excitement of fancying they were taking with "scott-leave," material that was purposely put out for the bonfire.

There was no change in the programme from preceding years. The pulpit was put in the same old place right in front of the football goal. Perhaps the identical flag that draped it last year draped it also this. The speakers mounted on high, but they didn't speak as speakers have done before them. This time there was something wanting. It was not exactly enthusiasm; there was an abundance of that. It was not a lack of speakers. In fact there were too many of them. Too many got up, declared their inability to speak, professed their political faith, bowed and got down again. Outside of Mr. D. Arellano, who, in an enjoyable speech after the most approved stump orator style, fired forth his opinions of the Pan American Congress and Mr. Blaine, and of Mr. Burrow who had a fertile topic for good old-fashioned Democratic language in denouncing Billy Mahone of his native State, there were few speakers worth listening to. We must not, however, forget the master of ceremonies and introducer of the various speakers, Mr. John Slevin. He had plenty of opportunities for bright sallies of thought and language, and he improved them all.

We came out from the Division for a night of fun, and had there been less of maiden bashfulness and more self-sacrifice in some we would have had it. ANON., '90.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' SPECIMEN.

On the morning of Tuesday, October 15, the class of Rhetoric was taken somewhat by surprise when invited to

attend the first specimen given by our philosophical neighbor. With us it was a case of invitation heeded, and we thoroughly enjoyed the whole affair. As a rule, all did well. Of course there were exceptions. Some were not so deft in unraveling syllogistic knots as they could have wished. This may be readily ascribed, however, to the timidity and lack of self-possession due to its being their first public appearance.

The specimen was given in the presence of Rev. Fr. Rector, the Rev. Vice-President, and as many of the faculty as were free. At the end the Rector spoke a few words of congratulation, and though pleased with what they had done, he exhorted them to go on and work out the improvement that all were capable of.

D. A., '91.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The St. John's Historical Association inaugurated its regular course of meetings and lectures on Wednesday, October 23d, the date of its first meeting for the present year. The elections resulted in the choosing of Mr. John H. Slevin for President, Francis J. Donovan, Vice-President; Alan G. Burrow, Corresponding Secretary; David Arellano, Recording Secretary, and Gilbert Eagan, Treasurer.

The course of lectures was begun by Mr. George O'Connell, S. J., on the "Philosophy of History," and will be given weekly in Library Hall. The time assigned to the Society is, of course, too limited to admit of the study of History on a very extended scale, and the lectures will rather touch upon the greater subjects and lend aid to a further investigation of the events in question than enter into any detailed account of their happenings.

The meetings of the Society, which is distinct from the class, will be held fortnightly, and consist principally of the reading of an historical essay and a discussion on some assigned subject, together with the reading of a critique on the preceding essay. "Christopher Columbus," in the more religious phases of his character, has already been ably written up by Mr. David Arellano, and the critique has been read by Mr. Edward Godfrey. Some of the essays to follow in the course of the year include an essay on "The Guineas of West Virginia, a strange colonial race living near Phillipi," by Mr. Ferdinand Wingerter. "Some Points in the Life of Mary Queen of Scots," by Mr. Gaffney Taaffe. "The Fall of Buonaparte," by Mr. John P. Whelan. Upon each of these subjects will follow the usual critique and discussion. It is the intention of the Society, as in former years, to invite to speak before them some prominent lecturers of the day, and on such occasions they will invite to their meetings the faculty of the College and those students of the higher classes who are interested in matters historical.

'91.

THE SENATE.

On Sunday evening, October 27, the first regular meeting of the St. John's Senate for the present scholastic year was held in Library Hall. This Society, in its present form, has only existed two years, but as far back as '57 we read in the

minute book of the St. John's Debating Society which continued up to '86, such names as Judge O'Brien, Marshall McMahon and Gen. O'Beirne, who were then making their course, and frequent mention is made of that talent which was afterwards to distinguish them. This Society closed a long and honorable existence in '86, when it gave way to the more modern and pretentious House of Commons. Under its new form, however, it had a fitful existence of only three years, when the patriotism of the members asserted itself and they unanimously agreed that the St. John's Senate was the only loyal and honorable form for them to adopt.

Although the Senate requires a much more complicated form of procedure than the old Debating Society, it is more animated and capable of arousing more interest. This was manifested in the beginning of the present year, when there was a question of returning to the old form; the opposition was too heavy and the Senate remains.

The Society is made up of the classes of Philosophy and Rhetoric, and thus the aspiring orator has two years in which to develop the latent springs of his eloquence. It is undoubtedly a most interesting and profitable part of the college course; for outside of the training in extemporaneous speaking which it affords, many of the popular questions of the day are brought in and discussed and often made the subject of warm debate. In mode of procedure the United States Senate is followed as nearly as possible, and Roberts' *Rules of Order*, being the most explicit and comprehensive work of its kind, has been adopted for reference. As the number of members of the House is not sufficient to provide two Senators for each State, the thirteen original States with the addition of Texas have been chosen as those most worthy of representation.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of Mr. Kenyon J. Fortescue for President and Mr. Francis J. Donovan for Secretary. The first bill of the session was introduced by Mr. McLean, of South Carolina: "To place the public libraries of the District of Columbia under the control and supervision of the Board of Education of said District."

The discussion of the bill was the occasion of a great display of eloquence, both for and against it. Bill No. 2 was introduced by Mr. Godfrey, of New York: "To restrict the right of franchise to those who can read and write," and is yet in its first reading. Other bills to be introduced during the session include a "Bill for the Annexation of Canada," by Mr. Plunkett, of Pennsylvania; a "Bill for the Abolition of Capital Punishment by Electricity," by Mr. McNeilly, of Vermont; a "Bill for the Appropriation of \$5,000,000 to the City of New York for the Columbus Quadri-centennial," by Mr. Quinn, of New York.

The Senate is not lacking in oratorical talent, as has already been demonstrated. For Philosophy, Messrs. McNeilly, Taafe, Ryan, Plunkett and Burrow have shown their ability to thoroughly grasp and expound a subject, while Rhetoric can boast of such men as Messrs. Dunn, D. Arellano and Godfrey to uphold the honor of the class.

'91.

DRAMATICS.

St. John's Dramatic Association held its first annual meeting on the evening of Oct. 16th. The principal business of the evening was the election of officers for the ensuing term. Mr. Taafe was elected President with Mr. Jos. P. Walsh for Vice-president. The Secretary's portfolio was entrusted to the watchful keeping of Mr. John Slevin. Mr. George Plunkett was unanimously chosen to look after the annual income of the Society. Mr. James P. McNally was appointed Stage Manager and Mr. James A. Dunn, Property Man. The Association, whose number is limited to 40, now numbers some 32 or 33. The Thanksgiving Entertainment furnishes abundant work for many of the members. Though the play is not a public one, it is gratifying to see that everyone interested in dramatics is working with untiring energy to make the performance a success and, as far as possible, not unworthy of the heritage of honor that has come down to the Dramatic Association. It is hoped that there will be at least one public play before the year is over.

FOOTBALL.

THE FORDHAMS VS. THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC ELEVEN.

WE have met the enemy—but they are not ours. This is the account in brief of our first game with an outside team. We would like to be able to fill out the remaining half of this famous saying, but we can't go in the face of truth; the issue was against us, 20-0. It is rather unfortunate that our team, during the three weeks previous, had been foiled of a game on every scheduled date. Several games had been arranged, but as sure as the day came round, so sure was it to rain. Football players despise an ordinary shower, but these were no ordinary

ones. And so when the first game did take place, our boys were not fully prepared to cope with the powerful eleven of New York athletes arrayed against them.

It is matter of congratulation that football this year is an organization fully developed. In this respect it is on a par with baseball. Exercise in it, though more arduous and trying than that required for its sister sport, has been gone through conscientiously and well. A temporary team was chosen, and against it was pitted the pick of the remaining players in the college. These contests revealed a few hidden stars of greater magnitude than some among the

tentative eleven. As each one was discovered, he was taken up to the exclusion of another less capable, so that as it now stands, the team is made up of the best players among us.

The game with the New York Athletics was played on the Polo Grounds. It is no secret that our boys went into the contest with rather high hopes of victory. Hopes, however, are not always realized. The opposing team was too lively a set, and from the very outset compelled the Fordhams to assume the defensive. Some very good play was developed in this way on our side, particularly in the tackling; it was lost, however, in the many good points of our adversaries. They had the advantage in point of weight. They were all pretty solid athletes; good sprinters, as the phrase is, with weight enough to make them formidable. But in their rush line more, perhaps, than in any other feature did they annoy our side. Their tactics while lined up were of the lively, vigorous kind, which at first sight one would be inclined to call rough. It was a reception new to the Fordhams and in consequence, somewhat rattled them. Inexcusable fumbling and failure to support the runner were the outcome of it. They forgot many of the tricks they had practiced, while variety certainly was not a feature of their play.

All this may sound bad, and may lead one to think there were few good plays on our side. On the contrary, there were many of them—as the low score will testify—particularly on the part of Reilly, Livingstone and the Carmody brothers. Good plays, however, were individual rather than a part of the team work. In other words, the victory was not won on its merits. The Fordhams did not play as they can. They are a better team than the score shows. They were weakened moreover, in one of the strongest features of the game, the center rush. Mr. Mermoud, who is a tower of strength in this position, was unavoidably absent from his place on account of a sprained wrist gotten in a previous practice game. All things considered, therefore, the game was unsatisfactory. Another brush, in consequence, has been arranged with the New Yorks, this time on our own grounds, to come off in the near future, when victory, we may be allowed to hope, will perch on our banner.

'90.

FORDHAM VS. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

On Saturday, November 16th, the second game of the season was played. There were two features about this game that met with the approval of all. The first was that it was played on our own grounds—the reasons for the acceptability

of this feature are too obvious to need mention here; the other was that it was played with a college team. Football is an intensely exciting sport at all times to the actual players; for them it has always in it the elements of absorbing earnestness and excitement. But for ourselves as spectators, we confess that we only warm up to the game and feel ourselves unconsciously swayed backward and forward with its fortunes when our opponents are a college eleven. It is for this reason we would like to see all our games, if possible, strictly college games.

That the game did not prove more than fairly interesting was due to the disparity between the two elevens. From the very first shock of battle it was immediately evident which was to be the victor. Our boys out classed the University team in weight and strength, and therefore in all that depends upon them, in rush-line, tackling etc. This knowledge made the Fordhams play a rather careless game; it was this that kept their score from being higher, and allowed the other side to make the only goal they made. That our tackling and rush-line in this game were inferior to that of the last, was also due to this fact. There were many good features, however, particularly the general play of Plunkett, the dashes of Tom and Rob Carmody, and the perfect goal kicking of Chas. Reilly. Never did he fail to make a goal. The only player on the University team that gave the Fordhams any trouble at all was Cochrane. He was ubiquitous and was allowed almost at will to break through the rush line. The score is as follows:

Fordhams.....	34
New York University.....	6

Below is given the status and weight of the eleven:

	<i>Class.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>
Plunkett.....	'90	Left End.....	167
Hickey.....	'92	Left Tackle.....	178
Fortescue.....	'90	Left Guard.....	199
Mermoud.....	'90, Eng	Centre.....	195
Walsh.....	'90	Right Guard.....	189
Comerford.....	'91	Right Tackle.....	181
Livingston.....	'90	Right End.....	187
R. Carmody.....	'92	Quarter Back.....	154
T. Carmody.....	'90	Right Half Back.....	185
Reilly.....	'90, Eng	Left Half Back.....	137
Sexton.....	'92, Eng	Full Back.....	146

Average Weight of Team.....	174
Average Weight of Rush Line.....	184

J. McNALLY, *Manager.*



THE HUGHES STATUE FUND.

The following is the complete list of subscriptions the College has received up to date for the Hughes Statue Fund:

Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D. D.	\$100
Rev. John J. Hughes, '62	100
Robert McCafferty	100
Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, '72, LL.D.	100
Thomas McManus, '71	100
William H. Hurst, '72	100
Very Rev. William McNulty, '53	50
John O'Donoghue	50
Maurice Ahearn	50
F. C. O'Reilly	50
H. R. Doherty	50
Rev. William Mulhern	50
James J. Walsh, S. J., '84	50
Very Rev. William Keegan, V. G., '49	50
Rev. James J. Doherty	50
Rev. James Dougherty, '63	30
Rev. J. J. Quinn, '77	25
Very Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, '67	25
Rev. E. M. Byron	25
Rev. James Doherty	25
Rev. J. F. Weir, '79	25
James Meehan	25
Eugene Dumin	25

P. A. Hendrick, '78	25
John J. Brady, '72	25
Hon. Honoré Mercier, LL.D.	25
Rev. J. F. Flood, '80	25
Rev. T. F. Rafferty, '81	20
Mr. Kane, Mott Haven	10
Rev. William A. Dunphy, '75	10
Rev. James E. Bobier, '69	10
Rev. Michael McEvoy, '77	10
Rev. Thomas Lynch	10
Rev. James Hughes, V. G., '49	10
William Farrell	10
James J. Larkin	10
Francis Higgins	10
T. F. Neville, '59	10
Dr. George Edebohls, '71	10
Rev. William L. Penny	10
Rev. F. A. Smith, S. J., '63	10
G. W. Eggleso	5
James McDonnell	5
John M. Quigley	5
C. H. McCusker, '87	5
Mrs. Ann Kerrigan	5
Charles Cristadoro	5
J. V. Healy	1

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

ALAN G. BURROW, '90.

THE game with Georgetown is the all-absorbing topic of discussion around the Division. Opinions manifold and wise are given away gratis, and the result of the game is looked forward to with intense excitement.

—The Philosophers have their circles every Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The first took place on Thursday, the 7th. The sack has a permanent place beside the defendant's desk, standing there with wide open jaws ready to welcome the unlucky one. One or two have dexterously danced around the edge without falling in.

—We are delighted to learn that "Our Glee Club" has been reorganized on Second Division, and judging from what we saw last year we have reason to hope for many a pleasant evening from the Club during the dull days of winter.

—The "Early Bed" Society met with a disastrous accident lately, in consequence of which it has been disbanded. However, there are still a few honorary members or "hangers on" as it were, who are loath to concede its downfall.

—The electric system of illumination has been adopted over the whole house; and it is needless to remark the great improvement over the gas system which had degenerated into a nuisance, at least around these parts.

—We have been duly warned to look out for new discoveries in Analytical Chemistry.

—Mr. Walsh, '90, accompanied by a high hat and gold-headed umbrella, paid a flying visit to Philadelphia during the month. He returned quite pleased with his trip. Mr. Slevin, '90, domesticated during his absence.

—The Philosophers celebrated their annual feast day on Monday, Nov. 25th, St. Catharine's day.

—Some gentleman ingeniously inserted "Rain" under the "De More" in the Monthly Bulletin. We wish he had said something "de sole."

—This year all interest in athletic sports has dwindled, or rather dropped into nothingness. The usual gay and athletic scenes on Thanksgiving Day had to be imagined this year, and in the natural course of events Fordham will have to retire from the I. C. A. A., where she has won so many laurels.

—Three-fourths of the "Big Four" visited the college during the month—Messrs. Kieran, Hanrahan and Heffern. Mr. Clare is as yet to be heard from.

—Mr. Blun, '89, has been heard from quite frequently, and in his letters the "Southern gentleman" wishes to be remembered to all.

—For the last month we have not heard a word about a certain favorite player of the Bostons. The cause for this phenomenon is Fifth Avenue; the effect is soothing to all.

—From a pugilistic point of view the games between first and second elevens prove quite interesting to the lookers-on, if not to the contestants.

—Great alacrity is manifested in returning library books, on account of a system of fines, lately in vogue, which will be imposed on all delinquents.

—The number of sodalists this year is so large that there is hardly room for all in the Sodality Chapel.

—The examination in tactics for the promotion of officers took place the Thursday after election. All information regarding its results may be freely had from any of the participants.

—The correspondence of the football management has grown so large that it now requires two secretaries to do the work. Evidently our fame is growing.

—The election of the St. John's House of Representatives, held after the retreat, resulted in the choice of the following officers for the present term: Speaker, Chas. A. Reilly, '90; Clerk, Thomas Cushing, '91; Minute Clerk, Walter Ronan, '91; Censors, Chas. Keith, '91, and Stephen Vargas, '91.

—This year the house is overflowing with "wire pullers," many of whom have become adepts in the art. The "pulling" is strictly confidential and carried on entirely "sub rosa" so that we are not at liberty to disclose any of their aims or success. The least wind of exposure would produce dire results in a case of this kind.

—Our political enthusiasts had a chance to assert themselves on election night. Unfortunately too many accepted the chance. It was a good instance of the famous old saying misapplied, *multum laud multa*.

—The various committees of the Senate are as follows: Ways and Means, Alan G. Burrow, '90, Jos. P. Walsb, '90, and Edward L. Godfrey, '91; Finance, John H. Slevin, '90, George C. Plunket, '90, George M. Warren, '91; Foreign Affairs, Francis J. McLane, '91, Emanuel Bertier, '91, and J. Patrick Whelan, '90.

—John Montgomery Ward's spirit has infused itself into quite a number on the Division; so much so, in fact, that a brotherhood of football players has been formed with the lofty and noble end in view—self-protection. It is just a trifle hard to see the connection between football and self-protection, and to discover the means they have of carrying out their object. For this reason the more conservative members of the Division look with eyes askance upon the new society. There is genius in the organization, however, as was evinced during the election for treasurer and chief backer; if the drawing up of the constitutions and by-laws, and the selection of officers be conducted with as much talent, we may predict great things for the brotherhood.

—The game with the New York University was marked by a carelessness of play, due to confidence in winning. Our rush line was particularly weak. There were some good plays, however, Charlie Reilly in particular distinguishing himself by his perfect goal kicking.

—Tuesday, October 8th, Captain Marrin, '89, celebrated his twenty-first birthday at his home on Fordham Heights. The commissioned officers of the corps, attended by an orderly, were invited and spent a most enjoyable evening. The gallant Captain of the Color Company has our best wishes for many happy returns of the day.

—Mr. Orpheus, with his famous combination team, has somewhat darkened the baseball and football prospects of Second Division. It has not been seen on the field since the drubbing he gave its team.

—Latest reports have it the Brotherhood is in mourning. They go about with crape pinned to their lapels. It is due, so it is said, to the defection of their best player over to the League.

—Our weather clerk predicts rain every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday till Christmas and evidently knows what he is doing.

SECOND DIVISION.

JOHN J. REILLY, '92.

—Second Division was the last to receive the electric lights. We did not stand so much in need of its rays as the other Divisions; there are no dark corners about our place.

—An improvised band lately made its appearance among us. With little instruments and a big repertoire it dispenses music to whoever will hear. Its most gracious days are the rainy ones, when with its accompaniment to all the latest songs we sing away the "blues."

—An especial inspiration must have been upon the one who put tables for games in the billiard room. It was a veritable example of laying up a store against a rainy day. This month has been unusually prolific of just such days, and it made us appreciate our opportunities for keeping our cheerfulness by the games of chess, checkers, etc.

—Since the death of baseball, one would think all the available athletic energy of the Division was hibernating, or else had loaned itself out to First Division. Only a few regular games of football have been played so far; the rest of the time the field is deserted, save for a few individuals who practice dodging and tackling.

—It is said we are going to keep apace with the times; rumor has it some new books are to be soon added to our reading-room.

—Mr. Frank McCann, whose sickness obliged him to leave us for awhile, has returned sound in limb again.

—The retreat had its desired effect in the increased vigor and attention with which the Division, and particularly the laggards, have taken up their books. This spurt is not likely to wax weak, as there is a potent influence behind the scenes that will not suffer it to flag.

—The Division on two occasions sent over a picked eleven to play against teams on First. They returned to us with no bones broken, but with very diminutive scores.

—A subject of grief among our sweet tooths is the "pie shop." The new building threatens to swallow it up. Then good-bye, fear they, to the luxury of a "sass" after the dry work of the afternoon class.

—Latest:—The "pie-shop" has been rescued from its perilous position. It has been transferred to the Division reading room, where it is as vigorous as ever.

—There was such a woful dearth of orators among First Divisioners on Election night that we were obliged to come to the rescue. With but few exceptions, the speakers they put up were not a bit better or more brilliant than ours.

—The Invincibles wound up the season by a game with the St. Francis Xaviers, in which the defeat of the Xaviers made the two teams quits with each other.

—The members of the Glee Club are all aglow with the anticipated success of their play to come off early in December. We are sorry we cannot announce its name to our readers, for the members persist in keeping their mouths as tightly closed as if their organization were a real secret society.

—The Vice-President, Rev. Fr. Halpin, pays each of the divisions a weekly Monday night visit. With some the only objectionable feature of his visit is the "black list;" happily for the parties concerned only a few names have appeared on it so far.

—"Within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, never have so many rainy days been known in Fordham before," is what we would like to hear said once or twice, to make us believe the weather we have had since the beginning of October is not natural, but phenomenal.

—New-comers have been streaming in so fast that, for their accommodation, the Division has had to put in extra beds and desks. We are pretty well crowded now, but this will not last long, as the long-promised new building has actually begun to exist. Soundings and measurements were made not long ago. Ground was broken at noon on the 18th. The new building will occupy the space just in front of the "pie shop," and will extend out almost to the "cinder-track."

—Thoughts about Christmas are rather premature for the middle of November, but the smaller contingent among us think otherwise. In little groups they are trying to solace themselves for these melancholy days by anticipations of Christmas delights. The weather is giving them plenty to do in this respect.

—The first shovelfull of dirt in the excavation for the new building was thrown out at noon on Monday, 18th. One of the wise standers-by asked the deep question why they had to go down before they could go up in the erection of a building. The conundrum is still waiting an answer.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

EDWARD M. LAMB.

—We hope the officers who were successful in their examination will accept our congratulations.

—We were looking forward to some of the old-time games on the eve of All Hallows. A bountiful spread, however, provided by Master Charles Smith, made us forget everything else as we gathered about and disposed of the good things set before us.

—We saw in the last MONTHLY how baseball had died a natural death and how his office was taken by his kinsman, football. Both games have died out with us—shinny is master of the day. Wonderful to relate, there are no broken bones reported as yet. We feel confident of our skill in this glorious game, and, though we do not boast of it, we feel confident, too, of being the champions of the college in it.

—The old passage-way leading from the seminary into the church has been re-opened at our end of it, and is being turned into a deep and spacious closet for the books and games of the reading-room. It will be finished soon.

—The officers of the reading-room are, Arthur Valdeavellano, Francis Perilliat, Edward Lamb, and Edmund Tomney.

—On Election night we had a large fire, larger even than First Division's, we think. The foundations of the old red barn made a capital furnace, which we spent all morning stocking with wood. The bonfire was started at two o'clock, and it was burning until the following morning. Each one of us managed to be provided with a hat-full of potatoes, and soon there were a dozen small fires in various parts of the field, where our potatoes were roasted. After supper we assembled and had speeches and songs in English and Spanish. To judge by the way some of the songs have been sung since that time, they were much liked and appreciated by all.

—In the beginning of the month the entire division went a walking—some to Washington Bridge, the rest to the Westchester Race Course. All professed to have had a fine time of it, and long for another such gala day.

—The altar boys of Third Division take this opportunity of thanking their Director for the handsome cards that have been lately furnished them.

—St. Stanislas' Day was one which we shall ever remember and in future look forward to. In the afternoon we went *en masse* to the shop, where each one was provided with what he desired. Before supper we put on our badges in honor of the day, and at eight o'clock came together in the study-hall, which had been quite tastefully decorated. A number of the faculty had come there also to encourage us in the honors we were to pay our Patron Saint. John Rosado told us of the boyhood of St. Stanislas

Edward Lamb of his school days; Francis Perilliat, of his journey to Rome, and Acheson Willes of his novice-life and death. Edmund Tomney related to us many beautiful things about the League of the Sacred Heart, and Edward Higgins entertained us with his stories of the Holy Childhood. Nor can we forget the many songs interspersed with the above, all of which met with such evident approbation. At the end we enjoyed a social talk over the luncheon provided us.

BATTALION NOTES.

F. J. D., '91.

—Our congratulations, Captains Burrow and Straub!

—Examinations for promotion were held on Thursday, November 7th, and were fairly successful. The result was the following appointments: Cadet Lieutenant Straub to be Captain; Cadet Lieutenant Burrow to be Captain; Cadet First Sergeant Donovan to be Lieutenant, Company B; Cadet Sergeant Slevin to be First Sergeant, Company A; Cadet Privates Burke, Conniff and Flynn to be Corporals. The unsuccessful aspirants have been instructed to prepare for examination on December 5th, when they will have a chance to retrieve their fallen fortunes.

—The class in Tactics, under the winter regulations is held twice a week, and thus more attention is given to that most important branch of military science. All commissioned and non-commissioned officers are members of the class and invitation is extended to all those without this pale who may be sufficiently interested to attend.

—A recent innovation in the uniform of the commissioned officers is the substitution of embroidered cross-rifles on the cap, in place of the national bird, as worn by non-commissioned officers and privates. A further improvement, and one much needed to relieve the monotony of color, would be the addition of the white cross-belts to the uniform.

—We were much amused one day not long ago to see two of our leading officers "doing" the division resplendent in the garb of our old-time dress coats. Whether they had resurrected this relic of "auld dacency" out of a desire for the improvement which it made in their appearance, or just for "auld lang syne's" sake we are not prepared to say; certainly it is an improvement on the plain fatigue coat, and, we think, all interested in the cadets would be pleased to see it again a part of the uniform.

—The drill in all of the companies is improving daily, but in none is it so marked as in Co. D. Their conduct on the field has been exemplary of late and we can safely predict of them that if they continue to improve in the future as rapidly as they have in the past, they will make the contest for the colors extremely interesting.

—The large number of recruits that presented themselves at the beginning of the year for instruction have gradually been raised to the standard and assigned to the battalion. They are now full-fledged privates, and we hear most encouraging reports of them from their respective captains.

—Acting Adjutant Brennan has been relieved from duty and assigned to Co. A. The Adjutancy is now vacant.

—Out-of-door drill will soon be a thing of the past for this term, as the approaching cold weather will force the cadets to take up their winter quarters in the First Division gymnasium. The winter, as usual, will be devoted to practice in the manual of arms, and is generally found none too long to attain perfection in that difficult branch of the tactics. So much time has been given to company drill during the fall, that the spring may be entirely devoted to battalion-skirmish drill and the ceremonies.

—Lieut. Price, U. S. A., was an interested spectator at many of the drills of late, and complimented Lieut. Squiers on the great work which he has accomplished.

—Second-Lieut. Kerrigan, '88, and First Sergeant Oakes, '91, visited us during the month.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

—Doctor Dunn, '84, has been made physician to the college. His home is now in Fordham village.

—The New York *Sun* is our authority for the bit of news that Wm. P. O'Malley, '84, has been appointed Vice-president of the Democratic Club of his native county.

—Dan Hanrahan, '89, did what he could by his presence, to help the Fordhams in their late contest with the New York Athletic eleven. Unfortunately for them, not one of the team could imitate his famous deed of last year, of making a touch-down with three men on his back.

—John E. Kelley, 89, the only one of last year's class whose whereabouts the MONTHLY's reporter could not glean, has returned of his own accord and given a satisfactory account of himself.

—Messrs. Clare, Blun and Morrisse are the only ones of last year's graduating class who have done the right thing. They have subscribed for the MONTHLY to keep abreast of Fordham doings.

—The following old students visited the college during the month: Rev. D. J. Hogan, '75; James J. Doherty, '60; Thos. McManus, '71; Wm. J. McCormick, '75; Edward Reynaud, '79; John Haben, '88; Jos. Kerrigan, '88; Jos. Kelly, '87; Daniel Kieran, '89; and Dr. Freel.

—The following account of our graduate and Alumnus, M. H. O'Brien, '80, is taken from the editorial columns of the October issue of the *Salem-Review Press*, N. Y.: "M. H. O'Brien, the newly-elected chairman of the Democratic county committee, was born in the town of Fort Edward in 1857, and has continuously resided there with his parents, except during a period of six years, while taking a full University course in the city of New York. Mr. O'Brien prepared for college at the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute. He graduated in arts at St. John's College in 1880, and the following year entered the law department of the Columbia University, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Laws in due time. Remaining in a large law office in New York city for a year after graduation to familiarize himself with practice, he returned to his native town, opened a law office, and immediately entered actively into county politics. For three years past he has named all the delegates from Fort Edward to the district, Assembly and county conventions, has been chairman of the county and Assembly conventions and delegate to the Senatorial and State conventions for three successive years.

"Mr. O'Brien is a skillful debater, a tactical leader and the orator of this county. He is a lawyer of ability, in active practice. The predominant personal qualities of the man are: Strength of char-

acter, decisiveness and courage in the execution of his plans; quick to form a judgment, the action quickly follows. He has certainly shown a genius for organization, and will doubtless make a successful chairman of the county organization."

—A late issue of a Rochester, N. Y., daily had a lengthy account of the action taken by the Bar of Monroe Co. on the death of an old graduate of St. John's, William Sheridan, '61. We print a part of it:

William J. Sheridan's death was commemorated yesterday by the Monroe County Bar Association. Judge Flynn adjourned the County Court until this morning on motion of William E. Edmonds. At 4 o'clock a large number of prominent lawyers assembled in the Supreme Court room, where Judge Adams was holding the Equity Term, and Hon. George Raines made a motion for adjournment.

"If the Court please, I have been requested by a number of the members of the bar to announce to the Court the sudden death of a brother member of the profession, on Tuesday morning, in this city, at his home. At the same time I take the liberty of saying to the Court that he had been a practitioner of long standing, of ability, of courtesy, who had endeared himself to all members of the profession in this city and whose reputation with the bench, I have no doubt, was such as to warrant the application which I make in behalf of the members of the bar to the learned Court for a recess or an adjournment of the Court until to-morrow morning."

Justice Adams granted the motion in an appropriate speech. After the adjournment a meeting of the bar was held in the same room, at which the following committee was appointed to draft resolutions: James M. E. O'Grady, Frank J. Hone, Bartholomew Keeler, Roy C. Webster and John Desmond.

James M. E. O'Grady read the resolutions, which were adopted, as follows:

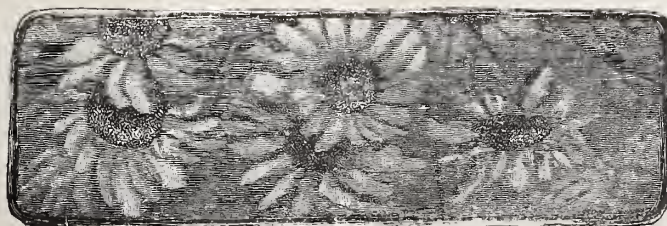
Again is the bar of Monroe county called upon to pay the last tribute of respect and honor to a friend and brother. When after twenty-five years of constant practice, Mr. Sheridan was called upon, almost without warning, to lay down his life's work forever, what more fitting eulogy could be pronounced upon him than that he was an able and conscientious lawyer?

Liberally educated, thoroughly well read and versed in the law, of an even and uniformly pleasant disposition, affable and friendly in his daily intercourse with men accommodating to the last degree in practice, he possessed all the attributes and qualities that go to make up the successful lawyer. He never encouraged his clients in litigation—on the contrary he preferred to foster in them feelings of amity and friendship—and though he seldom appeared in court as a contestant, he never came in an unworthy cause.

Devoted to his profession, he was never so happy as when discussing with a friend the intricacies of some legal proposition. Modest and unassuming to a fault, he never cared for the praise or plaudits of the crowd, but rather preferred the consciousness of duty well performed.

Like all men of a reserved disposition, his friendships were few and the warmer for that reason; and only those who enjoyed an intimate friendship with him can appreciate the great loss they have sustained by his death.

Such a man was William J. Sheridan.





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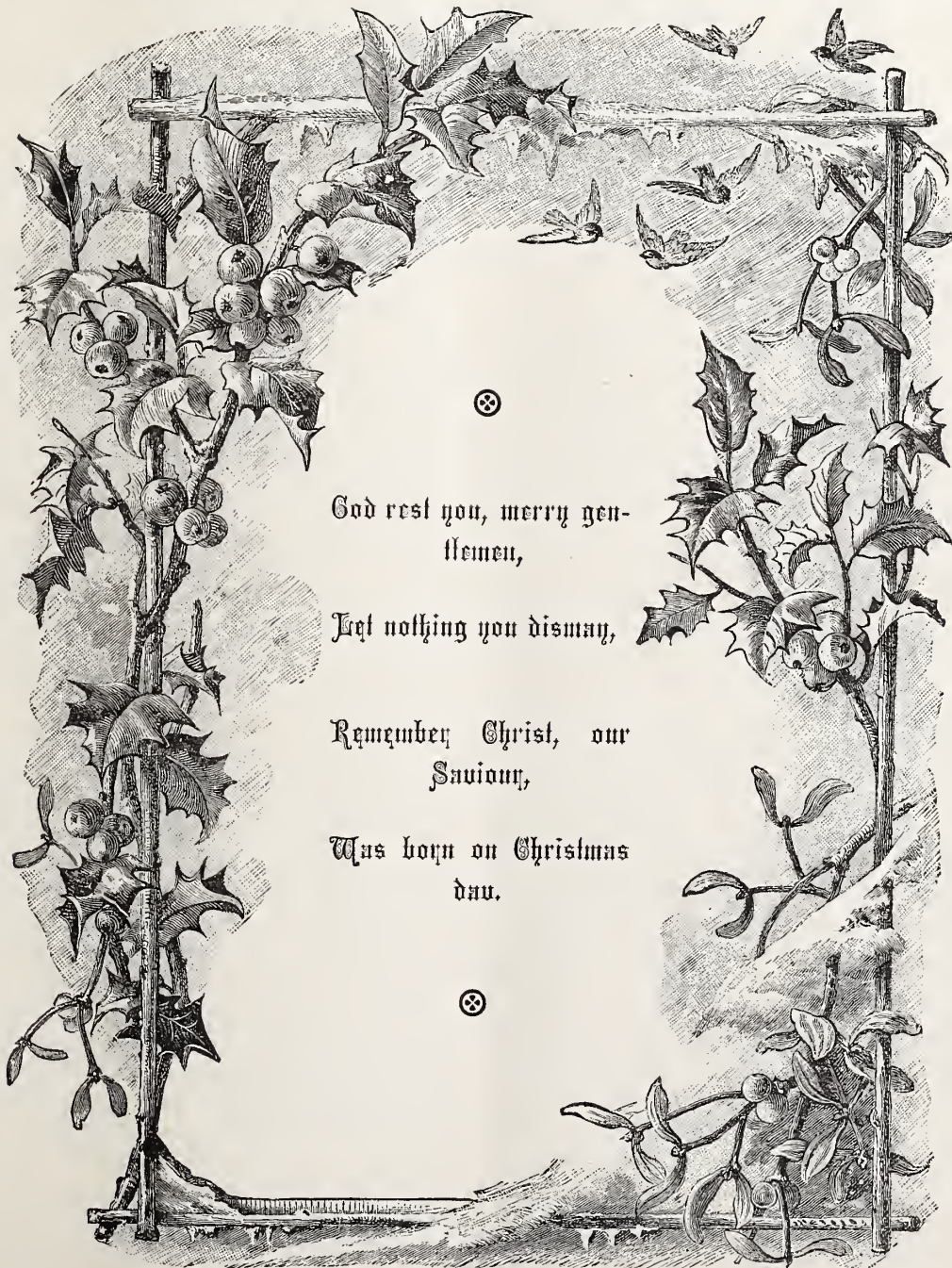
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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

VOL. VIII.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1889.

No. 3.



A STUDY IN HISTORY.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE GUINEAS, A PEOPLE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

F. J. WINGERTER, '90.

From Grafton, on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road one rides twenty-four miles along the winding ways of Tygart's Valley River over the Grafton and Greenbrier narrow gauge railroad to Phillipi, the Arcadian Capital of Barbour County. Every foot of the way is a picture framed by the mountains. The water, the color of June grass, is in a constant turmoil, and huge rocks, as large as cottages, lie in the channel by scores. There are few twenty-four miles anywhere on the continent with so much of the picturesque in them as these same that separate Grafton and Phillipi, along the Grafton and Greenbrier Railroad. Phillipi is one of the old time Virginia towns. The Court House, with its huge white pillars and broad porch, sits in the very midst of the place. Open doors and hearty manners put the new comer immediately at ease, and ere the sun goes down, he is "at home" in Phillipi. All about the town hills rise a thousand feet and one must enter and leave it through a deep cut in them, drilled by the gushing river. Outwardly there is nothing to suggest that Phillipi is aught else than a quaint, quiet, contented county seat, and its people, hospitable to a degree, cultivated and studious on all current topics, are not prone to give one pointers on more than one thing of which many places would boast.

But the most interesting study for the curious is a colony of strange people who live huddled together in a rich little valley, some two miles across the hills from Phillipi. Leaving Phillipi you enter the wildest mountain scenery. It becomes wilder and wilder as you advance. A wood runs along near the summit of the mountains—on one side huge overhanging rocks, on the other a precipice of immense depth, covered with rugged forest shrubs and wild vines. At the bottom of this ravine wind the silvery waters of a little stream. You pursue this road for an ordinary Virginia mile, now skirting the brow of the hills and now winding down into shadowy hollows. Suddenly a settlement of perhaps a hundred wretched habitations bursts upon your view, and ere you are aware of it, a troop of half starved children, some absolutely naked, others with but a fragment of a shirt or a tattered jacket come shouting forth, begging, dancing and tumbling along the road with such strange gambols that it raises a smile, while at the same time it makes your heart ache. Such is the home of the Guineas.

The Guineas are not popular citizens, though their dislike does not take an active form, and they come and go with little attention from the people, except that necessary to prevent movable property from disappearing while they are about.

Only the oldest inhabitant remembers when the first family of Guineas came here. The father of the family was a stalwart fellow, almost a giant in stature, his complexion that color which the ladies denominate "terra cotta." With him were his wife, a masculine creature and several singular children. Later on three or four other families, each with a

generous contingent of children, arrived, and the little settlement of perhaps forty souls began its singular life. Without a known exception in the three score years that have elapsed since the pioneer Guinea, Tobias Norris, arrived in Barbour County, not a single member of the tribe has married outside the fold, and the five hundred who now dwell in this land of plenty are as much a distinct people as those who sixty years ago built their first cabin there.

There is no history that tells from whence they came, but tradition dispensed by a wrinkled old dame says the original settlers came from one of the northern counties of Virginia. As a race they are direct descendants of an African king.

A miry, red clay road climbs tortuously northward from Phillipi across the hills to Guinealand. It is a different road from that by which we came, and is cut with deep ruts and bottomless mud holes, through which ox teams painfully pick their way, urged on by a sharp goad in the hands of a stalwart Guinea. Just across the crest of the hill the road turns at right angles and bisects the sloping hillside, forming the main street of the Guinea village, or properly, settlement.

The town lots contain on an average twenty five acres, and each supports a family of numerous children and few wants. The Guinea who desires to own more than twenty-five acres of land is regarded as unduly vain and soon feels the resentment of his less ambitious fellows. A discouraged looking school house and paintless church are all the public buildings the Guineas possess, and there is a monotonous sameness about the dwellings that emphasizes a lack of architectural genius. The church came before the school house and was a concession to the pressure from the outside—a matter of policy—a diplomatic trick to soften or rather deceive prejudice.

The school house came in much the same way. Three months in the year an imported teacher struggles with persistent absenteeism, dense ignorance and generations of tradition, then goes away, never to return. The next winter another comes and goes, and at the end of it all perhaps half a hundred of these dwellers beyond the mountain can read and write. The remainder are content with the primitive "X," a hank of home twist tobacco and enough "mountain dew" to keep their brains in a state of constant dampness. Down at the further end of the settlement, in a log building, too pretentious for a hut, too mean for a cabin, the Guinea seeress lives. All the regal power is centered in her, a bent, wrinkled, sharp-featured, thin-bodied old woman, with shrewd eyes and a strident voice.

Her age is an unknown quantity, unless her statement that she "is nigh onter a hundred" be accepted as fact. She lives alone, supported by the contributions of her followers. In one corner of the single room that is a combination of parlor, kitchen, sleeping room, reception hall, a huge bedstead's tall posts touch the ceiling. "That done cumed across de mountain," she explained. A huge feather mattress, a many colored quilt and sheets spun with her own

hands completed the adornment of the structure. The walls were covered with strange objects which the old woman described as charms, "gifts of Him" and powerful medicines.

The floor had never known carpet and its acquaintance with brush and broom was slight. One chair, pieces of two others, a debilitated box and decrepit stove that continually wept smoke, completed the outfit of the palace of this ruler of five hundred people—this descendant of a royal race.

It was evident she regarded visitors with distrust, and only after much urging did she consent to relate any of the traditions of her kind or expose the mysteries of their very primitive religion. The story she told was related with much wandering from the main subject, and with the frequent interlarding of unfamiliar provincialisms and an occasional word, the meaning of which it was impossible to learn.

She had no means of fixing dates, but said that ages before, her ancestors were the ruling house of a rich kingdom in Central Africa; they were enlightened beyond their neighbors, had some primitive arts and a knowledge of astrology that gave them great power over surrounding kingdoms. They were possessed of vast quantities of precious metals, ivory, and a valuable oil, which they alone knew how to prepare. This oil was first made for them by a god who enjoined them to keep its ingredients a secret. If any one not of the royal house was taught how to make it, woe would fall upon the kingdom and it would be destroyed. For generations prosperity made the kingdom powerful. But one day a reckless son of the ruling king became enamored of a maiden of the common people and all else failing in his suit he offered to teach her the secret of the divine oil should she become his spouse. The maiden yielded and that very night slave traders overran the principal kingdom, carried off its best people, including the king and all his family. Many died on the march to the sea; more in the noisome holds of slave ships. The king and part of his family reached America and became the property of a wealthy Virginia colonist. They had remained on the same plantation, growing from one family to four or five, when they secured their freedom.

The captive king, according to warning, had lost the power to make the sacred oil, but the power of prophecy possessed by the oldest daughter of the king remained and descended with each generation. Some little time before their liberation, the girl who at that time had the power of foretelling the future, warned her master not to take a certain ocean trip he had in contemplation, and protested so earnestly that he at last yielded. The vessel on which he was to sail was never again heard from. In gratitude he freed all the descendants of the deposed king and gave the heads of the five families twenty five acres each on the very spot where their settlement now stands.

"Some day we shall go back to Africa," she declared, "and again become the rulers of a rich Empire."

In answer to a question the old woman said her American name was Hannah, but that her African title was "Ungatildo, the Queen's God Gift." She professes to be able to read the future and there is pretty fair evidence that she

foretold the war and said its greatest leader would come from the West. It is also asserted by a number of reputable citizens of Phillipi that a dozen years ago she foretold the building of a railroad up the valley, a prophecy that was laughed at as the veriest nonsense. Yet the road was completed almost the exact day named.

From a small wooden box, roughly carved with the heads of unknown creatures and bodies of impossible animals, the wrinkled relic of another day brought out a score of gruesome objects. There was a bit of snake skin to cure disorders of the stomach, a single external application being all that is necessary; a rough stone that cures skin diseases and humors of the blood. A muddy liquid in a horn bottle, a sort of elixir of life, she assured me would insure a long life if taken at certain times in the moon. There were bits of wood and metal, shreds of cloth and the dried intestines of the first king of the Guineas, and the heart of a lion that once saved a king from death at the hands of an enemy. These two latter she would not allow to go out of her sight for an instant. There were also many other charms and amulets for bringing lovers together, destroying the power of witches, setting at naught the machinations of an enemy and for insuring wealth.

But now a few words about the religion of this people. The Guineas have outwardly a polyglot religion. They are Baptists on Baptism, Methodists on conversion, and the strictest Calvinists on foreordination. Like the Mormons they believe that they can be "sealed" here for eternity, and like Catholics, they place the utmost confidence in their pastor—aye they almost follow him blindly. They are persistent church goers, and their annual revival is a pandemonium of shouts, exhortations and wailings.

The preacher, an earnest old fellow, with a patriarchal beard, is possessed of considerable native eloquence. He vehemently denied that his people were superstitious above white folks, or that they believed in praying to the devil, but admitted that if he heard a screech owl or saw a crow while preaching the gospel, no sinners would be caught at that meeting.

As a matter of fact the Guineas are Polytheists. Their gods equal the stars in number, and while long association with civilization has blunted their belief in this direction, any sudden fright or great calamity is sufficient to cause them to fall upon their knees and pray to these unknown deities.

It has been charged that they offer sacrifices of bullocks to these divinities, but it is doubtful if such is the case. The old seeress admitted that occasionally a calf was slain and its blood burned, but the rite was rather to commemorate an event in their past than to propitiate an evil power or to please a good one, though she could not name any occasion or incident so honored. A calf was sacrificed early in January last, at her house while the clock struck twelve; but the particular thing it celebrated could not be ascertained. Sacrifices of this kind do not occur oftener than once or twice in two or three years.

In his habits, while not filthy, the Guinea is far from cleanly. His house is always in a state of confusion and all

the domestic animals of the place are as much at home in his kitchen as he himself.

He toils indifferently five days in the week, content to have just enough to live on. The sixth day he goes to town and on the seventh, after church, he hunts or fishes or visits his most distant neighbor. The men are always illy dressed in jeans, fashioned and made at home. The women affect bright-colored calicoes and gorgeous stuffs, and their hats and bonnets are veritable ribbon expositions. The women are great gossips spending a large part of their time away from home. In summer they pick and sell berries and vegetables or spend hours in fishing for bass in the swirls along the river. The Guineas are clannists in the extreme, and will not hesitate at perjury to serve one of their number.

The children grow up much as they please and spend hours wandering about the woods.

Just now a girl of fifteen, a daughter of the Norris family, is creating a stir by her alleged ability to converse with the dead. Some wondrous tales are told of her powers, it being claimed that she can make spirits appear in broad daylight and in the open air, but the visitor must be content with the assertion, for she does not display her talents to the outsider. Miss Norris is not prettier, for some of the Guinea girls are not unpleasant to look at, but is shrewder looking than the girls with whom she associates in Guinealand and a suppleness of limb and quickness of speech suggest great possibilities in mediumship in the hands of a careful trainer.

In politics the Guineas are utilitarian and vote for the money there is in it—whiskey rates as high as cash; many prefer it. They take no papers; receive no letters, and it is doubtful if a dozen in the whole colony know who is President of the United States. They never go to law with one another, generally referring their disputes to John Norris, the richest Guinea of them all, a man worth probably \$10,000. His decision is final. They never appeal to a higher tribunal.

With scarcely an exception the Guinea man is six feet tall, finely proportioned, with long black hair, coarse and straight as an Indian's. His cheek bones are angular and again the Indian is suggested, but the eyes are plainly those of an Ethiop, as in the thick lips, the broad, flat foot with projecting heel, and the dialect which is undeniably that of an

African. Besides the jargon used in every day life, the Guineas have a language they all speak, but which is guarded from outsiders with religious care. The children are not taught this language until they arrive at years of discretion and can be trusted not to betray it.

The women are shorter and stouter than the men, with fuller faces. Some of the younger are really good-looking. All chew tobacco and after marriage learn to smoke. Many of them have sandy and strawberry-colored hair, and a kink is often very noticeable. Men and women alike look down on the "common nigger," and resent any imputation that there is either white or Indian blood in their veins. The four leading families are the Norrises, Males, Kennedys and Guineas. These were, as near as could be ascertained, the first comers. Two or three new names have since appeared, exactly how is something of a mystery, but their orthography suggests a greater or less variation or combination of these four.

Their name, Guinea, was given them immediately after their arrival, and was suggested by their description of the land of their origin, the primitive geographers of the vicinity concluding they came from the Guinea coast. They also had a considerable quantity of very yellow gold beads which the not too intelligent metalurgist of that day declared to be Guinea gold.

It is more than probable the first race in this country was owned by a Virginia colonist, and that marriage with an Indian gave the red color they possess, likewise their love for rambling about in the forests, their long straight hair and prominent cheek bones. Later on an infusion of white blood gave the "terra cotta" color which now distinguishes them.

With their strange religion, a mixture of African tradition, Indian myths and extravagant orthodoxy, their unusual mode of life and their peculiar characteristics they offer an exceptionally rich field for the lover of the curious. Will they always remain as they now are? It is hard to say. All we know is that as yet they have never improved. They have increased in number, but in spite of this they are to-day the same social unknown that they were at the start.

THE DYING YEAR.

DEAD to me thou art now wrapped in snow;
 Chill Winter clasps thee in his shrunken arms,
 And pours his frosty breath upon thy charms.
 Across thy face rough winds thy tresses blow,
 While leaf-shorn trees, grim sentinels that throw
 Their forms' tall length against the sky,
 About thee keep their watch full silently,
 And suffer all unchallengèd to go
 Loud mocking blasts that skurry o'er the heath,
 And whirl in wanton play dead leaves, that late
 Made music as they pattered to the earth.
 So art thou to my thoughts as food for death,
 That leaves for nothing all the hopes and hate
 That make life fretful from its very birth.

D.

THE MANGER.



ALL day long and every day,
 From Christmas morn till Magi-day,
 Within a manger cold there lay
 The Infant Saviour dear.
 Wrapped in swaddling clothes was He,
 And deep down in His Heart, ah me!
 Though no man knew the mystery,
 Was fixed a bit'er spear.

No words did ever pass His lips
 Those days. Alas! than cruel whips
 More cruel now the winter nips
 His tender arms and breast.

His loving eyes are open wide;
 No samite fold falls o'er the side
 That felt the throbs all sanctified,
 Whose beating is our rest.

With inward sight He saw the rood,
 Whereby the Faithful Triad stood;
 From that same tree this manger wood
 Was lopped in years gone by.

He saw the lonely sepulchre
 Where shroud, lamp, cruse and flowers were,
 And spices tinct with sacred myrrh—
 Fair angels watching nigh.

And evermore the Mother mild,
 Thus fondly cherishing her child,
 The chilly hours of night beguiled
 With such like songs as these:

*Beat restfully, Sweet Sacred Heart,
 Prest to my bosom near;
 So shall we cling to sorrow's part,
 To life long toil and tear,
 Thine and my Father to appease.*



And many a time in those bleak days,
 Ere yet the Magi came to gaze,
 Was heard the pinioned hymn of praise—
Glory to God on high!

ANTIPAS.

KYFFHÄUSER-BURG.

JAMES DUNN, '91.

*"Und wenn die alten Raben noch fliegen immer dar,
So muss ich auch noch schlafen verzaubert hundert Jahr."*—Rückert.



WE were seated by the fireside in a German inn or wirthshaus, listening to the old landlord, who had been a soldier in his day and had participated in some of his country's most glorious achievements. He was recounting his strange adventures and mingling with them those peerless tales that are so characteristic of a German village. It was Christmas eve, and the tales naturally turned to that season of joy. The situation of the inn—it was on the edge of a dark forest and had been a lodge-

house once for the castle close at hand—and the temperament of its owner, together with the legends in which the surrounding village was rich, combined to make the weird tales more real than they otherwise would have appeared. The Americans of the party spoke of home, and expressed the passing wish that they were with their own kindred beyond the sea. For how true it is that Christmas, of all seasons, brings back to us thoughts of home, and recalls even the remotest incidents of childhood that are connected with that day. Oldest and youngest alike feel then a kind of joy that is above earth and has its origin in the source of all good.

The old dame in the chimney corner had just finished a very remarkable story of certain crafty dwarfs, who had rescued the beautiful Lottchen from the hands of the infamous and cruel Count Albert. Our host was puffing at his pipe, sending forth sharp, spiteful puffs of smoke that betokened deep thought. We all kept a respectful silence, and at last he told us a tale so closely connected with a tradition which has found a place in history that it had double interest even for us who were naturally partial to German stories. Would that I could catch some of the spirit of the old man, and that our language were as well suited to the tale as the rich, flowing German in which our host gave it.

Drawing aside the plain white curtain, the old man pointed to a dark shadow that loomed far up on the mountain top. "That," said he, "is the Kyffhäuser burg. In it is the tomb of Friedrich Barbarossa, and it is of him my story is. I tell a fact, for I have no motive to deceive. Ah! no. My life was much influenced by the incident I relate; countless toils I have undergone for it." The old man's face lighted up. The glowing of his eye, as he spoke, his venerable appearance and his quick, nervous words gave him the look of an enthusiast on the one great theme of his existence; yet over all was the expression of a sense of dignity and strict honor, that rendered his story all the more real and truth like.

"My name," he said, "is Gotthold Danzel, and I was born in Saxony in 1815, on the self-same day as our noble Prince Bismark. My father was a delf-maker. When I was three years old he came to this village and took the post of for-ester to Count Louis who then held Kyffhäuser-burg. As a

boy I remember being shown the three tombs in the old crypt on the mountain. An old woman had said that one of them, the white marble one, was the resting place of the mighty Friedrich, and that he who had never wronged any man could see a strange sight some Christmas eve if he watched it. To-morrow you can go to the tomb and see for yourself, yet you cannot open it for the stone cover weighs many tons. On the top is carved the figure of a dwarf sleeping. At first sight he appears to have a horrid leer upon his face; yet I watched that face so many times that the look changed into a benevolent smile. They tell me it is there yet, but I have not looked at it since the event happened that I now describe. Yes, fifty-five years ago this very night it happened.

"For five years I stole from my bed every Christmas eve, long before midnight and walked up that high mountain. I had my father's key, for it was easy to take it from the nail on which it hung. I entered the crypt and watched until a half hour after midnight. I was but a child. My first vigil took place when I was eleven years old. Think of those long hours in that place lighted solely by my single tallow dip that only served to let me know how dark it really was. Yet all that rewarded my patience was the sight of an occasional rat as he scampered out from behind the old wine casks and looked impertinently at me, saucily whisking his tail, and at times scratching his head with his fore paw, as if trying to find out what I wanted in the place at that late hour. But there was nothing else. The tomb remained as it was at first, only if I looked continually at the marble dwarf, it seemed to smile ever so little. Thus passed five Christmas eves, and at last, on the sixth, my diligence was rewarded.

"That year the Christmas season was unusually cold. The wind came furiously from the mountains and its sound among the trees was warning to all to keep their firesides, and few indeed ventured out after nightfall. You see we are accustomed to rough weather here, but that was the coldest winter I can recollect, and I am an old campaigner and have felt the brunt of forty winters in the field. Christmas eve was one of those clear, cold nights when the howling of the winds seems more chilling from the fact that the full moon is shining. But worse weather could not keep my mother and father from the midnight mass at Kyffhäuser-burg. So about ten o'clock they started out and left me at home in my warm bed. Little thought they that I would venture out that night and, little did I anticipate the wonderful adventure before me. That I was left at home need cause no surprise, for in those days boys of sixteen and eighteen were well kept under home care, and many an honest lad found his first experience away from home in the camp or perhaps on the battle field.

"Rising quietly, I took an old sabre that hung over the mantel and went out into the cold night. I was a stout lad

and feared not the cold, though I must admit that my strong sheep skin coat was small protection against it. I felt no apprehension of danger in the crypt, for I had been there for the last five years at just the same hour. As I was making my way against the wind that would have aided me considerably had I been going in the other direction, I met a small figure on the road. It seemed to be a boy, badly crippled; his step was so unsteady. As it came near I saw it was a little old man. His features were very much wrinkled and he wore a high pointed hat. I had never seen such a fellow in our parts, and taking him for a newcomer I asked him if he were in search of an inn. He looked not at me, but placed his finger on his lip and pronounced the one word, 'Ruhe, Silence!' Such an action from a man scarce three feet high seemed very odd to me, so I ventured to ask was he a stranger. 'Ruhe! ruhe!' was all the reply he made, and then he hurried away without so much as taking a glance at me. So I kept on my way and threw my hands sharply against my breast, for the cold was great indeed.

"As I neared the Kyffhäuser-burg I saw light faintly shining through the close latticed windows of the burg-chapel. The place was intensely quiet, for the worshippers at this lone mountain chapel were few and they were at their devotions. Directly under the chapel were the three tombs, one of which was Barbarossa's. I quietly entered the door of the crypt for I had taken the key from my father's girdle, and I knew every spot around the castle. I sat down on a log of wood directly opposite the tomb, and lighting my candle, placed it on a box in such a way that the light fell only on the tomb. I noticed that the marble dwarf that was chiseled on the huge cover had been removed. I went over and examined the spot and found that it looked as if there had never been aught cut on the smooth stone. Having observed thus much, and being not a little surprised at it, I went back to the log and watched the tomb. For an hour or more I sat there and finally fell off into a doze. Suddenly I was aroused by the voice of the priest chanting the mass over my head. I listened attentively. Then I caught a few notes from the zither and knew that Count Louis' daughters were going to sing, for they three sang to the zither, and I had often heard wondrous music from them. The singing began low at first and not at all distinguishable; then I caught a few tones and at last plainly heard the words 'Venite adoremus,' and knew it was the Christmas hymn.

"Just as the full, rich voices of the maidens were at their loudest, I heard footsteps coming down the crypt in my direction. At length, right into the light of my candle, and without noticing it in the least, came the little man I had met on the roadway. Not daring to cry out, I kept quiet. Straight to the tomb he went, and without any visible effort raised the heavy cover. Immediately sat upright a man with long beard, and a calm, grave countenance. He turned a face perfectly expressionless to the dwarf who made a profound obeisance. Then the great Friederick, for it was he, spoke. Never shall I forget those words, they have been ringing in my ears ever since, though their meaning I could never find out. 'Do the ravens still fly over the crag?' Mak-

ing a profound obeisance a second time, but without answering a word, the dwarf went away. I heard him open the door at the end of the long line of pillars.

"An irresistible impulse seized me and I rushed to the side of the tomb. I made a stately bow, as I had seen the odd man do, but my temerity served not to make me say anything. Barbarossa spoke to me in a kind voice: 'Boy, there is no need of fear. I tell thee, there is a grand future for our country. Again she will lead the nations, and again will I come, though my mind misgives me and I fear it is not yet time. Boy, be a soldier, for in the field is Germany's hope. All things else are but means to her existence; military prowess is the source of her glory. There is one who, as yet unknown to the world, is destined to bring back to Germany a great deal of her old-time glory. 'Tis Otto Bismarck, I mean. Thou hast not heard of him, for he is but a boy, but ere this generation of men fail the world shall render him honor, even though unwillingly. A hundred years, ago, when last I awoke, there were none here but the Zwerg—but, hark! he comes again to consign me to another century of slumber. Away! Avoid the Zwerg!' I went back into the darkness. As I did so the dwarf came. Making again a solemn obeisance, he said slowly and with evident sorrow: 'The ravens still fly over the crag.' Then Barbarossa sighed wearily and lay down to sleep for another hundred years.

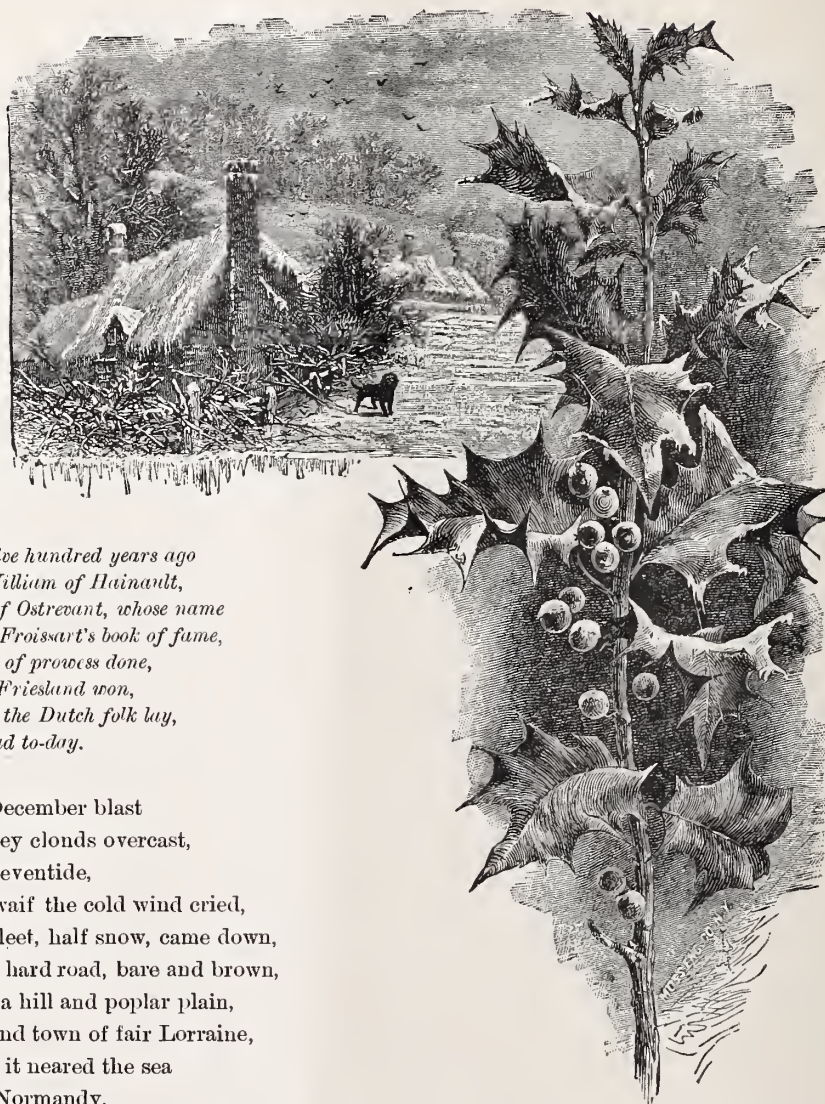
"I was amazed. The dwarf noticed my candle burning and with a wild rush quenched its flame. Next I heard his melancholy voice singing some weird German war song in a dialect I could scarce understand. As his voice died away I saw him in a strange, unnatural light lying on the cover of the tomb as if to sleep. Before my eyes, without any intermediate change he became the marble goblin that had been artistically carved on the tomb.

"The voice of the priest sounded above. I relighted my candle and was making my way out of the crypt when the bells of Kyffhäuser-burg rang gladly out; and far over the neighboring forest went the tidings that the Saviour had come to earth, and the bells of the distant hamlets took up the glad refrain.

"The following week I joined the army and served until old age required rest. I came here and took the old house and opened an inn. I get a moderate living and that is all I ask. But Germany has done well since that night. Bismarck has proved even more than Barbarossa predicted; and our Fatherland is in a fair way to rule the nations again. I shall not see the best of it, but unless something wonderful happens, he who watches the tomb in Kyffhäuser-burg in 1932, will see even more than I saw. With Barbarossa at the head of our country again, what can we not expect?"

The old man ceased. He continued to puff sleepily at his pipe, and said no other word that evening. The wind whistled loudly around the inn, and the small boy placed more wood upon the fire. A light could be seen streaming from the window of Kyffhäuser burg. Years must pass before the sleeping monarch rouses himself again, but Germany still progresses. And when the time shall have flown by, the next adventure at the tomb of Barbarossa must be experienced by another than our host of the inn near Kyffhäuser-burg.

THE LORD OF NEUFCHATEL.



THIS tale, rehearsed five hundred years ago
 At Yule-tide unto William of Hainault,
 By that high Lord of Ostrevant, whose name
 Is blazoned in John Froissart's book of fame,
 With mention of great deeds of prowess done,
 What time, their victory in Friesland won,
 Both camps at Holland with the Dutch folk lay,
 I sing again to make you glad to-day.

Steadily blew the drear December blast
 Beneath low skies with grey clouds overcast,
 Until, as day waned unto eventide,
 And like some houseless waif the cold wind cried,
 The pent-up storm, half sleet, half snow, came down,
 Shrouding with white the hard road, bare and brown,
 That stretched o'er many a hill and poplar plain,
 Through many a thorpe and town of fair Lorraine,
 Northward and east, until it neared the sea
 At Neufchatel in warlike Normandy.
 Now, there the broad way turned, and rising, wound
 Up to the rocky fastness, castle-crowned,
 Where John the Knight of Neufchatel held sway
 O'er some starved lands that stretched a league away.

Brave was this Lord ; so bold that all folk said
 The very fiend himself held him in dread.
 And so they called his hold the black hawk's nest,
 Whence he, the hawk, on many a lawless quest
 Of bloody rapine bent, would sally forth
 To rob the Flemish merchants journeying north
 To sell their precious stuffs along the coast.
 Now, while the storm was at its uttermost
 And the black knight, then three full days away,
 Having fared forth, as was his wont, for prey,
 Three begging friars, as it strangely fell,
 Climbed the sheer slope that led to Neufchatel
 And craved for hospice at the castle gate.

"God save yon, holy men ; you travel late,"
 Cried out the grey, old seneschal, a man
 But poorly mated with the castellan,
 For that his heart knew pity and could feel
 Sorrow or joy at tale of woe or weal.
 "How now so late, and on what foolish quest,
 "Come you thus prying to the black hawk's nest?"
 Whereat, the begging friars answer made:
 "We journey to Dieppe ; but now delayed
 "By this dire storm, seek shelter for a space
 "For Christ's dear sake, whose birth draws nigh apace.
 Then answer gave the grey old seneschal:
 "Cold welcome waits you in my master's hall.
 "Bethink you of that friar who, months ago,
 "Was driven hence with many a lusty blow ?
 "Certes, I grieve to speak you in this wise ;
 "But I may not the black Lord's word despise ;
 "And he by Christ's red wounds hath sworn to me,

"That priest or prelate ne'er shall guested be
 "In Neufchatel's grey towers—God speed you well,
 "And send you gentler host than Neufchatel.
 Then turned the monks to go ; when lo ! there came
 A henchman from Marie, the castle dame,
 To bid them gladly welcome—This Marie,
 A high-born lady of fair Picardy,
 Wife to this warlike lord of lesser worth,
 As oft-times happens on this sorry earth,
 Lived, wasting the white glory of her grace,
 Lovely and lily-like in this lone place,
 And yet, withal, most patient. She had heard
 The meek petition of the monks, and stirred
 To saintly charity like some sweet nun
 Whose life is happiest in service done,
 And bolder made, withal, for that it seemed
 Her lord would late return that week, had deemed
 It meet that housing to the monks be given,
 For the sweet sake of the Lord Christ in heaven.
 Now, here was God's directing hand, I wis ;
 No deed, in His name done, shall go amiss
 Even in this poor world so void of right.
 Sir John of Neufchatel returned that night,
 Drunk with the gladness of a triumph won,
 And hearing of the deed his wife had done,
 Laughed loud and long for very merriment,
 Vowing himself in every wise content.
 "Perdie ! " he cried, "and by my soul, sweet dame,
 "My heart dares not deny thy gentle claim.
 "One deed of good I'll do before I die ;
 "Mayhap some grace may come to me thereby.
 "But hold ! my mercy shall be merry too,
 "If I this most unwonted thing must do.
 "Ho ! henchman, say thou to the Seneschal
 "To house the friars in my charger's stall ;
 "Hang trappings there : the night wind whistles keen,
 "And bring fresh straw, well shaken, crisp and clean.
 "The King Christ lay on straw when He was born ;
 "Then why should shiftless monks or friars shorn
 "Sleep better than their blessed Master slept ? "
 So was it done. The friars were housed and kept.
 Now one of these three monks, by name Pierre,
 Grieved at such wicked blasphemy, made prayer,
 With many tears that fell upon the straw,
 That this lewd Lord who held not God in awe,
 Might yet find gracious mercy ere his death.

"God's ways are not as man's : " the prophet saith.
 Ten years went by ; and John as folk said well
 Was still the lawless Lord of Neufchatel ;
 Save that his humor bettered day by day,
 Since *la belle dame Marie* had passed away.
 One morn it came to pass as Yule drew nigh,

Men went to see a solemn mystery,
 Holden by many a learned monk and priest,
 At old Dieppe, in honor of the feast.
 "God's ways are not as man's : " the prophet saith.
 All things of life in love He ordereth—
 All things—and we see not nor understand.
 This mystery was marvelously planned,
 Folk said. And John the Lord of Neufchatel,
 For what strange cause, nor man nor child might tell,
 Rode forth to old Dieppe to see the play.

Moodily sang the wind on that same day,
 As he rode back to towered Neufchatel,
 Humming in broken bars half audible,
 A sad church tune and musing on what had been.
 That night he dreamed, conjuring up the scene
 Life-like and wondrous fair to look upon,
 Which he, when at Dieppe, ten hours ago,
 Had viewed—the Mother Maid, the low-built shed,
 Saint Joseph and the Christ-Child's manger bed,
 Shepherds and kings and all ; and as he gazed,
 Full of strange memories and much amazed,
 The Lord Christ looked at him with soft mild eyes,
 Full of divine compassion and surprise,
 Then fled from him : he ever following on.
 Under the spent stars eastward towards the dawn,
 Both went, Christ and the Knight ; and thus they passed
 Into the city glorious and vast,
 Jerusalem, where all men's deeds are weighed.
 There did the rough Lord, pale and sore afraid,
 Wait for his doom ; there too by Christ there stood
 Michael with the dread scales that weigh all good.
 And in one pan that dipped far down, there lay
 Foul deeds of violence done day by day
 In God's despite ; and in the other nought.
 Vainly his guardian angel trembling sought,
 Pressing his hand, to bring the light pan down ;
 When lo ! some faded straw, all crisp and brown,
 Dewed with a poor monk's tears, by Mary cast
 Into the pan, swung back the scale at last.
 "Oh ruth of God ! " cried waking Neufchatel.
 What wonder if, as monkish writers tell,
 He died a holy friar in his cell.

*This story told five hundred years ago
 At Yule-tide unto William of Hainault,
 By that high Lord of Ostrevant, whose name
 Is blazoned in John Froissart's book of fame,
 I've sung again for you in my poor way,
 Striving to make you somewhat glad to-day.
 Christ make us wise, and may we ponder well,
 The story of Sir John of Neufchatel !*

AL.

THE CHURCH BREAKERS.

ARTHUR NICHOLSON, S. L.

HOME, sweet Home," blithely whistled Ned Pulver, as he slowly descended the winding stairway of the village schoolhouse. "Home, sweet Home," whistled two other lads following serenely after.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ned Pulver when he had reached the foot of the stairway, "I won't have to climb those stairs again for two whole weeks. Now for fun! "Charley," he asked the taller lad, "are you going to decorate the church this evening?"

The boy addressed, Charley Bell, was considered the brightest scholar of the school and was the favorite of all. Nothing ever happened in the quaint and quiet village of Hillsdale without his having something to do with it. Balls, sociables and even surprise parties were considered incomplete without him, and so to night, Christmas Eve, the church had to be decorated, and of course Charley Bell had been invited to assist.

"Well, I think I'll go," Charley replied in a doubting tone. "And what do you say, Will?" Ned inquired.

"I suppose I'll have to say yes, too," said Will, rather crossly, "but really, I don't half like the idea of spending the evening decorating, when we have promised Louis Forster to help him build the snow fort for to-morrow's battle.

"Fiddle sticks!" exclaimed Ned. "It's a wonder, Will Elmer, you don't join the army, you are so fond of fighting.

At the post office the lads parted, promising to meet again at 5 o'clock. Precisely at the appointed hour they were at the post office, a favorite resort of the farmers in the long winter evenings. It was an old country post office, where dry goods, groceries and Yankee notions were sold. Ned's father was half owner of the store, and had been appointed by President ——— as postmaster of the village. Mr. Elmer was good natured, jolly and always happy; or at least, if he was cross now and then, his features never portrayed it; one could not help liking him. From the post office to the church—there was only one church in the village—was a good half mile with a steep hill to climb. In the balmy evenings of the summer it was a very delightful walk, but in the winter, with the chilly piercing winds and the deep snow drifts, it was not so delightful. To-night the moon was hidden from view by inky-colored clouds, and the snow was falling steadily and heavily. From around the corners of the houses and down the streets the wind came in gusts, carrying the light flakes of snow along and piling them in drifts on the door steps and against the palings of the houses. Darkness had settled completely everywhere and the cheerful lights from the windows were the only guides for the passers by. The snow already covered the ground to quite a depth, and in many places it had formed drifts several feet high. Within the post office the clerk was hurrying to and fro attending to the last wishes of dear old Santa Claus. Around the stove that stood in the middle of the store a few farmers were seated enjoying its

warmth and half dreamingly watching what Santa Claus was buying for his dear ones. On top of the sugar and flour barrels in the corner Ned, Charley and Will were perched eyeing scrutinizingly the clerk and the dreamy sleepers by the stove.

"Don't you think its nearly time we started for the church?" asked Charlie.

"No, not yet," Ned answered, looking at his watch; "it's only five minutes to six and I am afraid if we were to go now the church would not be opened; so let's wait a while longer." Will and Charlie readily assented, as the low, mournful shriek of the wind was not very alluring.

"Say, lads," suddenly exclaimed Will, leaping to the floor from the old flour barrel on which he had been perched, and almost bringing Ned and Charley along with him, "I have an idea."

"That's nothing unusual," remarked Charley, little caring to know what Will was going to do, but trying to resume a comfortable position on the flour barrel again.

"If you don't care to know I won't tell you," said Will, as though displeased.

"Never mind; out with it," said Ned, good naturedly. For a few moments Will stood motionless, eyeing the ruddy glow of the fire and the darkness without, hesitating to make known the idea for fear it would only meet with disapproval. After a while his face brightened again. "Let's ring the church bell to night," he said, in a whisper. The word church-bell aroused Charley from his sleepy mood, and he leaned forward to hear what Will was saying.

"Capital idea," said Charley descending, "what's your plan?"

"Come along and I'll tell you."

Bundled from head to foot in their ulsters they started slowly up the hill towards the church, Ned, lantern in hand, leading the way, a few paces ahead.

"Do you think, Charley," asked Will as soon as they were outside the store, "that the watchman will be on duty at the church to night?"

"No, not a night like this. Why, the poor creature would freeze to death," replied Charley, "He will not venture far from the fire, I'll bet."

"But he could watch inside the church," said Will.

"Yes, but it is not likely."

"We can tell whether he will be on duty," said Ned, "when we leave the church."

"We couldn't have a better night," remarked Charley, looking at the black clouds overhead. "Nobody will suspect anything and nobody will be at the church to hinder us; in fact it's clear sailing. When the sexton hears the bell he'll be afraid to come to see who is ringing it."

"Hush!" said Ned. "Who is that leaning against the lamp post?"

"Where, where?" asked Charlie, bewildered.

"There," replied Ned, pointing to a dark figure under the glare of the lamplight in front of the church.

"It's the watchman," said Charlie, "and I think he has heard us talking. If he has, woe to us if he catches us in the church to-night."

Past the watchman they walked and up the steps of the church, without a word.

"Oh!" exclaimed Will when they were in the vestibule.

"I don't believe he recognized us. Do you, Ned?"

"No," returned Ned, shaking his head.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Miss Mary Consadine, who was superintending the decorations. "I never knew boys to come early, except to a baseball match or a circus, and then they are always too early. Why, the decorating is almost finished. One more pillar and the Christmas tree to decorate."

"Why, we thought you would not need us till seven," said Charley.

"Pshaw! Seven!" exclaimed Miss Consadine, with a smile; "the idea! Well, I suppose I'll have to forgive you this time. What do you think of my taste?" she added, pointing to the pillars entwined with evergreen wreaths and to the Christmas tree dazzling with candles.

"Heavenly!" replied Charley.

With the assistance of the lads Miss Consadine soon had the decorating finished. Meanwhile Ned had taken particular notice of the door that led to the belfry. It was securely barred and bolted. This was an unusual occurrence, but it did not daunt him.

"Charley," whispered he, "how are we to get into the church again? All the windows and doors are securely fastened. We can't hide here. Miss Consadine might suspect something's up."

"Never mind. Maybe we can get in through the basement windows," was the low response.

"But if we do get in," said Ned, "we can't reach the belfry, as the door leading to it is like the rest of the doors—locked, locked, locked."

"Yes, we can. Where there is a will there is a way," replied Charley, laughing at his own pun.

"Now, good night, boys," said Miss Consadine, as she parted with them at the church steps.

"Good night," returned the boys.

"Hope you have a happy Christmas," added Charley.

"Same to you," came the answer faintly from the distance.

The lamps which lighted the church steps have been put out by the wind. In the darkness the church resembles an ancient castle. The belfry, half square and half round, seems to tower above the tall poplar trees that protect the church from the fury of the wind. All is still. The lights from the distant houses are like points of fire. The village sleeps to wake on Christmas morn. The old clock on the belfry strikes the hour.

"Ten o'clock and not in yet. Turn the lamp down lower, Ned. If anybody happens to pass, the light will attract their attention. Lower still. There, that will do. Now hold it so that I can see what I am doing. No, we can't get

in at this basement door," Charley continued, withdrawing the last key of a large bunch which he held in his hand.

"Try the windows, Will."

"No go," said Will; "they are all fastened."

"Strange!" murmured Charley to himself, rubbing his hands vigorously together to relieve the coldness.

"Here, Ned," exclaimed Will; "where are you going with the lantern? Do you think that Charley and I can work without the light?"

"Going," said Ned, crossly. "Where do you think I'm going?"

"Well, thought you were going into the church again," replied Will laughingly.

"That's just where I am going," said Ned, lifting the lid off the coal-hole and measuring it closely with his eye to see if there was any possibility of his venturing down it. Where it ended he did not know, but he felt sure that if he could only crawl to the end, the rest would be clear sailing. This was his only hope. He must get in that way or else their plans would fail, and get in he would. With the lantern clutched tightly in both hands he started feet foremost down the hole. Cautiously he descended and slowly the unsteady gleam of the light faded. At last it vanished from view.

"All right down there?" shouted Charley, poking his head into the hole.

"Aye, aye, come down," came the answer from the other end.

Impatient with excitement Charley did not hesitate, and started headforemost at a rapid rate down the hole followed by Will. If cleanliness be next to godliness, there was precious little of the latter commodity about them, when they found themselves at the end.

"Look out niggers!" exclaimed Ned, as he caught a glimpse of their coal-smeared faces; "don't smash the lantern." The warning was given in the nick of time. The coal hole brought them right into the basement of the church. In one corner were piled old pews, pulpits, singing and prayer books, and in another coal and wood for the old furnace that from all outward appearances, to speak the truth, looked even much older than the other antique rubbish. And now how about the door leading upward. It was not locked. With delight Ned led the way up a dusty narrow staircase to the vestibule. How Christmas like everything appeared. The Christmas tree laden with presents almost touching the ceiling, the pillars, the pew railings, the walls, the organ, covered with evergreens that sent forth a sweet odor. Here and there sprigs of bright berries were to be seen.

From the vestibule there was only one door that led to the belfry, but it was securely locked. However with the bunch of keys Charley had there yet was a possibility of easily reaching the belfry. Alas! Not one of the keys fitted the lock. Again and again Charley went over the bunch with the hope that he might have overlooked some in his eagerness, but none fitted.

"Boys," said Charley, shoving the keys back in his pocket

with dismay, "we must not give up now when we are so near the belfry. We must break the lock."

"No, stop" shouted Ned, as he caught hold of Charley's hand tightly clinching a hammer in the act of destroying the lock. "Try first to unscrew the bolt."

"Hush, you madman! said Charley, throwing the hammer to the floor with disgust; "do you think I am deaf?"

"No, not quite as bad as that" replied Ned good humoredly.

With the assistance of their jack-knives Ned and Charley soon had the lock unfastened and the door swung open of its own accord. Up the rickety stairway that led to the belfry they scrambled, pushing each other in their haste to reach the landing first and gain the ladder at whose upper end the coveted bell rope generally hung. Will, being the nimblest, reached the landing first but he could proceed no further. The ladder was not in its usual place. Where could it possibly be! High and low they hunted for the missing ladder but in vain. At last weary with searching they were about to give up when Will suggested that it might be found in the wood-shed at the other end of the church yard. Ned and Charley were dubious but finally agreed to look there. Leaving the main door of the church unlocked, they started in silence, Will in front with the lantern.

The snow lay deep and heavy, and it was still falling. The wind had risen to a gale and, as it hurtled by, seemed to shriek into their ears, "Home, home." Fire and cold! Cold and fire! Cold—c o-l-d!" They were undoubtedly cold, for they had left their overcoats in the church, but they didn't care much for that when they saw the ladder leaning against the wood shed. They started back with happy hearts, for now there was surely no obstacle to mar their enterprise. They had almost reached the church when Charley beheld the same figure that they had met leaning against the lamp post early in the evening. Without a word he let go of the ladder as though bewildered, and it fell to the ground. Stupified, he gazed at the face of the figure, with its wild, barbarous look piercing his very soul. Could it possibly be a ghost? He had often heard his grandfather speak about a ghost who, many years ago, had paid a visit to the church on Christmas Eve. Ned and Will were in the act of asking him what the matter was when he motioned them to keep silent. Plucking up courage Charley scanned the features of the stranger. Was it the watchman? But as he looked the figure slowly vanished into the snowy darkness. Surely this, he thought, must be a ghost or else his eyes had deceived him, for the other boys had seen nothing. Taking hold of the ladder again, he walked towards the church in silence and up the long narrow stairs to the landing. Against the dusty wall the ladder was rested. Will being the lightest climbed it

and uncoiled the bell rope that was fastened to the beam directly above the ladder. It was now fifteen minutes to twelve by the belfry clock. Fifteen minutes more and the clock would strike the dawn of Christmas. They stood waiting patiently, trembling with excitement, each with a hand firmly grasping the rope. "Ten minutes more" the old clock ticked out—five minutes—the hour—and with all their strength they pull the bell rope, and the merry peal of the church bell rings out, and is caught up by the wind and goes echoing and re-echoing up and down the village streets until it is lost in the shrieks of the gale. With the sound of the bell, the watchman cozily sleeping in his bed at home, awoke, but only to be charmed asleep again by its majestic spell; it was only the wind as it rattled the shutters and the windows in its vain attempts to enter.

As a safeguard they had securely barred and bolted all the doors leading into the church and to the belfry. And then they rang—and rang again. How they did pull that rope! They took turns, now ringing and now keeping guard at the foot of the ladder. Charley had been at the bell-rope and had just been relieved by Will. No sooner had he taken up his position at one of the narrow windows than his eyes met a gleam of light slowly but surely advancing towards the church. Nearer and nearer it came. Now he could recognize a dark form, and as it wedged its way from out of the deathlike gloom he recognized it to his horror—the same fierce features with the same stare that he had seen twice before that evening. His whole body trembled; he was too terrified to cry out.

When the form reached the lamp-post it stood still and then slowly mounted the church steps. Here again it stopped. Was it going to enter? Charley watched every movement of the form with intense anxiety. Every feature of the man's face was plainly visible. It had the seal of years, of misery and wretchedness imprinted upon it. The eyes shone as though enveloped in fire, and the hair fell to his shoulders in a mass. The man—if it was a man—after glancing up at the belfry, retraced his steps and vanished into the darkness. And still the bell rang, and Charley's teeth kept time to it.

Here my story ends. Soon after the disappearance of the mysterious stranger they went home tired and cold, yet happy in the thought that Christmas had come and that they had welcomed its coming. Charley, it is needless to remark, said nothing about what he had seen through the belfry window. When they awoke the merry church bell was filling the air with its joyous pealings. The gates of heaven were already open, and the brightness of the throne of God came streaming through, danced with very joy over the sparkling snow, and, peeping in through the windows of the "Church Breakers," wished them A Merry Christmas. There was a stranger at church that day.



CHRYSTEMESSE-TYDE.



"At Chrystemesse-Tyde
 Two sorrowful things there be,
 Ay, three ;
 A nest from which ye fledglings have been taken,
 A Lamb forsaken,
 A redde leaf from ye wilde rose rudely shaken.

Of gladd things there be more,
 Ay, four ;
 A Lark above ye olde neste blithely singing,
 A wilde rose clinging
 In safety to a Rock, A shepherd bringing
 A Lamb found, in his arms, and Chrystemesse
 Bells a-ringing."



PUBLISHED

*By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.**SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.*

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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DECEMBER, 1889.



O VER the field of snowy drift,
That 'round our home extends,
We gladly send this Christmas gift
To all our many friends.

Ah, would it were a wreath of green,
Fresh twined from that fair dell,
Where flows the Bronx by many a scene,
To Fordham hearts known well.

A crown of holly leaves 'twould be,
Inwrought with blooming bay,
To tell to friends how cheerily
We greet them Christmas Day.

We think it instructive to take a glance at the football situation. To be brief, the team has lost this season as many games as it has won. We might explain away a few of the defeats by stating that, whenever we played against a very strong team, we were sure to be handicapped by the absence of some injured player. To speak frankly, however, we should probably have lost those games in any case.

What was the cause of our defeats? Lack of practice? Well, if we compare the work of this year's team with that of any team of previous years, we cannot say there was lack of practice; there never was so much of it. The score of the first game between the home elevens was 6—6; of the last, 80—0. Those figures are eloquent. No favor was shown in the selection of the men; when a better player than one on the team was found, the change was made at once. The fault this year—excusable under the circumstances, for we were but following in the footsteps of our predecessors—lay in our not taking up football until the middle of October. We have found that we cannot begin at that late date and get the team in good shape until after the season is over. Well we are going to remedy all that. The time of the elections has already been changed. While the usual inter class contest will take place in the fall, there will be no Rose Hills organized in September. Instead, we intend to devote all our energies, from the day the boys come back, to the selection and training of a team which will be on the football field what the Rose Hills have for thirty years been on the "diamond"—almost always victorious, never badly beaten. This last is intended especially for the kindly eyes of our Franklin and Marshall friends, but particularly so for their friend and ours—Mr. Bernard J. McGrann—genial host and courtly gentleman, whose name and favors shall ever be held in benediction by the boys of Fordham.

* * *

Our football team met with a reception at Lancaster, Pa., that will cling to their memories for many a long day. It was one of feasting, good fellowship and defeat. It was bitter and sweet, with the sweet so far predominating as to utterly do away with the taste of the former. The defeat was administered by the Franklin and Marshall boys, the open-hearted Mr. McGrann gave the feast, and the good-fellowship was the product of both. Though not at the banquet ourselves, we have amply gathered the nature of it, and of their royal reception, from the fact that it has been the only topic of conversation for our eleven since their return. Evidently they remember their host with feelings of the utmost gratitude.

* * *

The work on the new building is progressing satisfactorily. Excavations preparatory to the laying of the foundation commenced at noon November 18th. The work has since been hurried forward so rapidly that already more than half the huge foundation has been laid. Work will be continued during the winter months as far as practicable. Second Division has thus every prospect of bidding adieu next September to their crowded quarters and will gain in return a most spacious building. For an account of what the building is to be we refer our readers to the article upon it published elsewhere in this issue.

THE NEW BUILDING.

AT length the hopes of years are to be realized and Second Division is to have its long-promised new building. The work of excavating for the foundations began in November, and about two weeks ago the first stone was put in position. The work is being rapidly pushed forward, and already a good part of the basement wall is completed.

The old wooden Third Division building that lives in the memories of former students as the play room, study hall, billiard and reading rooms of ten years ago, has been pulled down. Another familiar landmark gone, the absence of which will doubtless cause more remark from visitors of "ye olden days" than have even the other changes for the better made about Fordham during these last few years. The new building does not, however, encroach on any of the ground occupied by the old building, its front wall being two feet away from the line. This gives a pretty good idea of its position.

Its front is exactly on a line with the front of First Division and its sides parallel to those of First. It is to be of the same length and width, 140 feet by 60. It is not, however, to have the projections on both sides as First Division has, but is to be built flush with the side walls. Nor is there to be the projection at the end which in the present First Division building contains the second set of stairways. While having the same length therefore, it will have that much more internal space. The ground on which it is built is higher, and the building itself is to be somewhat higher, 78 feet in all, so that it will be a more imposing structure even than First Division.

When housed in their new home, and it is expected to be ready next September, Second Division will have most spacious quarters. The basement will be nearly nine feet high, clear and lightsome. The first floor, with ceiling higher than First Division's playroom, will contain the gymnasium, play room, billiard and reading rooms, toilet and wash rooms. The second floor is intended for a study hall and on occasions for theatrical and other exhibitions. Its floor will have a slight slant towards a stage, that is to be twenty-five feet in depth. On this floor will also be the Vice-President's office, a much better arrangement than that of to-day, because more central in its location than the present one. The third floor will have eight large class rooms, each capable of easily and comfortably holding fifty boys. The dream of years of successive generations of editors may be finally realized, and it is their hope that one of the rooms will be appropriated as a suitable sanctum for THE MONTHLY. The fourth floor will be the dormitory, capable at any time of being made into two rooms by means of folding doors if occasion should suggest. The fifth floor is to be the wardrobe. We believe there is to be an elevator up to it, otherwise we think the brother will be spared considerable of the bother he now has from importunate callers.

Outside, the building is to be in most respects exactly like the present First Division. The differences are, however, worthy of note, for they promise to be decided improvements. The windows are all to be two feet higher, thus securing abundant light and easier and more thorough ventilation. The stone, while in all other respects the same, is not to have the smooth finish, but is to have the rock or ashlar face that adds so much to the external appearance of the Science Hall. The granite coigns are to be the same. The architect of the work is Mr. Poole; the contractor, Mr. Myles Tierney, a personal friend of Father Rector's, and the contractor for the Washington bridge. The cost when completed will be in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

When we come to this item—the cost—we cannot but feel that it is too bad that the only means for its defrayal is the income from students. It has been said so often, and yet we cannot help repeating it—it is a shame that our Catholic colleges get no assistance from the interest of wealthy Catholics in the cause of education. Every week brings us the account of some new bequest to colleges of other denominations. Only a week ago, Dr. Ayres gave \$250,000 as an endowment fund for Wesleyan, and the trustees crowned his gift by guaranteeing to raise another \$250,000.

We remember some years ago, while waiting at the Vice-President's door for a catalogue on Commencement Day, hearing the late Mr. Hassard, of happy memory, address the Alumni on just this subject of donations and bequests to Catholic colleges.

His attempt to illustrate, by patting himself on the back, the self satisfied complacency of the Catholic Alumnus for the great favor he had conferred on the college by lending it the recognition and encouragement of his presence on Commencement day, drew roars of laughter. We wonder if it was not quite as much for the grain of truth his words contained as for the ready humor of his exposition of Alumni feelings.

St. John's we might almost say has been less favored even than her sister colleges by donations from friends. We do not think that it is a duty incumbent only on old students to contribute materially when they can to the prosperity of Alma Mater. We feel that parents whose children have been educated within the walls of Old St. John's owe her a duty in this respect too.

So much might be done even in a small way by friends to help on the march of improvement that has come for St. John's during these last few years while contributing at the same time to the spread of higher Catholic education. Scholarships, for instance, might be founded. One thousand dollars will establish a scholarship for externs, and with the growth of the city towards us and the increasing desire of New Yorkers for out-of-town homes, this is rapidly becoming a more important element of college life. Five thousand dollars will establish a scholarship in perpetuum

for a boarder. The competition for these would bring to us talented young men, and would supply a much needed stimulus for young Catholics and at the same time enable those who are eminently deserving, but are perhaps prevented by circumstances, to obtain a solid Catholic education.

Let us hope that so favorable an opportunity as the present will not be allowed to go unheeded, and that St. John's too will be able to point with pride to the generosity of friends and students in her behalf.

Loc. Ed.

THE GAME WITH FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL.

IN view of the large-hearted way in which Franklin & Marshall boys received our football team, and especially for the regal treatment they got from the generous Mr McBrann, we have departed from our usual custom and print the entire account of the game and banquet following, as it appeared in the Lancaster, Pa. *Intelligencer* for December 4.

When yesterday's 2 p. m. train rolled into the Pennsylvania station there alighted a jolly set of young men who would rival in form and address Apollo of antiquity. They were students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., and their mission was to check F. & M.'s victorious football team in its triumphal march.

It is reported that these men have won laurels and distinction in many athletic contests, but any one who saw them play football yesterday at McGrann's park would not be likely to accept this game as their stronghold. Somehow they failed in their mission and were compelled to succumb to the powers of their adversary by a very unenviable score. Stout and muscular men make up their rush line, but they fall short in executing the fine points of the game. The F. & M. boys forced the play from beginning and played with their accustomed cleverness. After the contests like those just passed, a game like this afforded much amusement and pleasure for them but to the St. John's nothing appeared particularly laughable.

Carriages, which were trimmed with the colors of the respective colleges, bore the teams to the scene of the conflict.

Despite the threatening weather, about 1,000 people from the city witnessed the game. While it was not as brilliant as those played before, much interest was manifested and every movement was carefully watched. The usual disputes and wrangling were not engaged in, and the best feeling prevailed—the St. John's fully acknowledging their inferiority to F. & M. For the visitors Charles Reilly, of this city, who attends St. John, by his running and tackling, merited the most honor. T. Carmody also did well. On the home team, as usual, all did well. Harrold, by clever securing of the ball, and Griffith, by good tackling, won much admiration. Irvine did excellent work in the centre, and made several splendid runs. Gabriel, true to his fame, made brilliant runs, as did Nothstein.

FIRST HALF OF THE GAME.

It was about 20 minutes of three when the maroon and the white and blue coaches arrived on the grounds, and immediately the preliminary work which consisted in kicking, passing and catching the ball began. This soon became too tame for the boys, and though not yet three o'clock, the two teams advanced to the centre of the field, F. & M. facing the north goal and having the ball, while Fordham cast their eyes toward the sunny south. After the captains expressed themselves as ready, Referee Wiley called play and the game began.

Irvine dribbled the ball to Gabriel; in an instant the two teams were on a heap and the ball was down eight yards from the centre.

Irvine next took the ball, gave the shovers the word and five

more yards were added. He tried again, with an additional gain of ten yards.

After several more slight advances by the same kind of work, he succeeded in massing the visiting team about the centre; but, to vary the monotony, Nothstein took the ball around the end and the first touch-down was made just three minutes after the play began. Irvine kicked goal and the score was 6 to 0.

Play was resumed in the middle of the field, Reilly taking the ball and advancing it ten yards. T. Carmody backed this up with ten more. After another advance of five yards their progress was checked and on the fourth down our boys again had the ball. Gabriel shot around the end for a gain of fifteen yards. The visitors now began to line out well in order to check the runs, but a centre rush reminded them of the fact that Loback was still in the game. Runs by Nothstein and Gabriel carried the leather twenty yards further, and Irvine rushed for eight yards. Slowly but surely the ball moved forward till Irvine planted it well across the line, and after kicking goal the score stood 12 to 0, in favor of the white and blue.

Reilly gained ten yards for his team, but on the next play Harrold secured the ball and its course was changed. Soon the ball was carried back to the starting point and Nothstein, swooping around the end, before he could be tackled, had the ball behind the goal line. The try at goal failed, but Harrold seized the ball and immediately made another touch-down from which Irvine kicked goal. Score, 22 to 0.

After gaining ten yards Carmody kicked and Irvine secured the ball on F. & M.'s twenty-five yard line. It was soon worked back to Fordham's territory again and after a 25-yard dash scored the fourth touch-down, from which Irvine kicked goal.

Fordham started the ball with a kick, but one of our tall men jumped before it and Gabriel seizing it gained 10 yards. Irvine next made one of his beautiful rushes, carrying all who could hang on, gaining 20 yards. After a run of 20 yards Gabriel laid the ball gently between the posts. Irvine kicked goal, and after a few minutes more play the first half closed. Score, 34 to 0.

SECOND HALF.

By this time the visitors were warm enough and they looked with longing eyes toward the north pole. Greeley tried to reach this point some years ago and was snowed under; so were they. The visitors had the ball, advanced it ten yards, but lost it on a forward pass. Our rushers now began to rush and after a few of these by our invincibles Nothstein ran around the end and scored the seventh touch-down. Goal. Nine minutes later F. & M. secured another touch-down and kicked goal.

Fordham now made a desperate effort to score, and after Reilly had made two beautiful runs, one of 10 and one of 20 yards, it looked as though they might succeed, but by good blocking and tackling they were checked. They lost the ball on four downs. Nothstein ran 20 yards, Irvine rushed eight. After three downs Irvine kicked into the crowd and Gabriel got the ball, and after dodging three or four men was finally downed. Irvine made a fine

run of 15 yards, scoring a touch-down. The try at goal failed, but Harrold again secured the ball and made the tenth and last touch-down a few minutes before time was called. Fordham's kick-off was returned by Irvine and time was called. Score, 56 to 0.

During the first half Hickey was slightly hurt and Baker took his place.

The players were as follows :

F. & M.—Right end, Stonebraker ; right tackle, Krick ; right guard, Harrold ; centre, Robb ; left guard, Lobach ; left tackle, Harnish ; left end, Griffith ; quarter back, J. H. Apple ; half backs, Nothstein, Gabriel ; full back, Captain Irvine.

St. John—Right end, Johnson ; right tackle, Cumerford ; right guard, Walsh ; centre, Mermoud ; left guard, Fortescue ; left tackle, Hickey ; left end, Plunkett ; quarter back, R. Carmody ; half back, T. Carmody (captain) and Sexton ; full back, Reilly.

Referee, Jas. C. Wiley ; umpire, Campbell.

THE BANQUET.

Virgil and Horace through all their writings never tired of doing homage to Mæcenæ, the great patron of letters. The football team at Franklin and Marshall College, likewise, will never cease to send up pæans of praise in honor of Mr. B. J. McGrann, the patron and lover of all sports, and especially of football. Having perfected the arrangements of the game, which yesterday gave the F. and M. team a signal victory over the eleven from St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., he was not content, but, with unparalleled hospitality, invited the members of both teams to a banquet at his palatial country residence on the outskirts of the city. After the game the teams met at the City Hotel, whence by the kindness of B. J. McGrann they were conveyed to his residence in coaches. The banquet was given in Mr. McGrann's parlor, where covers were set for forty persons ; the regular dining-room constituted an overflow room, where the dozen or more other guests from Ford-

ham and Lancaster dined. The tables laden with cut flowers and dainties, together with the forty athletes, formed a picturesque sight and one worth miles of travel to see. The chandeliers, windows and tables were wreathed and decorated with smilax ; great banks of roses covered the mantels, and platenus of choice flowers stood on each table ; the mellow light of wax candles under many colored shades and variegated fairy lamps enhanced the beauty of the scene.

In front of the large mirrors at either end were suspended two large floral footballs, inscribed with the initials of the two teams in violet. After the banquet these were presented by Master Richard P. McGrann to the captains of two teams. Mr. McGrann made an address of welcome and the guests were seated alternately, a Fordham and a Lancaster man, the captains and Referee Wiley, each occupying the head of a table.

The dinner, a model of the caterer's art, was served in eleven courses. The best of good humor prevailed, and the men who had struggled desperately in the afternoon against each other vied one with another to promote the feeling of good fellowship.

After the cigars had been passed, Mr. W. U. Hensel acted in the capacity of impromptu toastmaster. Captain Irvine responded for the F. & M. team, and Captain Carmody for the Fordham boys. Mr. McNally, the manager of the Fordham eleven, responded to the toast, "Mr. McGrann and the son of his father." Remarks were made by Messrs. Edgar Campbell, B. J. McGrann, W. B. Middleton, J. C. Wiley, C. G. Kennedy, Curran, E. G. Smith, W. N. Apple, H. F. Dittmar, E. O. Nothstein, Plunkett, and Fathers Scully, McCullagh and Quigly. The speaking was interspersed with solos by Messrs. Wiley and Irvine, and college songs by the whole company. It was eleven o'clock before the boys bade good-night to Mr. and Mrs. McGrann, and made the night air ring with their college hurrahs for the big-hearted host of the great occasion—a real red letter day in the history of two colleges, whose students, late strangers, had been so quickly made friends.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

THE SENATE.

THIS society, although opening its career at the beginning of the term with flourishing hopes, met with a sudden and sad interruption in the loss of the Rev. Moderator, Mr. G. O'Connell, who owing to ill health has been obliged to leave us for a term of recuperation ; but with Mr. Walsh as our pilot the Senate is again under sail with all its bright hopes renewed. Since our last issue the senate has been employed principally in the discussion of Mr. Godfrey's bill "To withhold the right of franchise from all those who cannot read or write." The bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole and was the source of much good speaking. Mr. Dunn of Connecticut proved its most able supporter and doubtless succeeded in convincing many of its justice. His main arguments were based upon the theory of intelligence as opposed to ignorance. Mr. Burrow of Virginia stoutly advised the measure in that, as he said it would put an end to that offensive class of voters, the Southern negroes, who, he maintained, should have no part in our government. Mr. Taaffe of Vermont opposed the measure so stoutly and eloquently that at the end of the debate opinion seemed about equally divided. '91.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Owing to the absence of our Rev. Moderator, the Society has been unable to hold the usual number of meetings during the past month, but it is hoped that an early date will see his return to our midst and the regular continuation of our meetings.

The essayist of Wednesday evening, December 20th, Mr. Wingerter, '90, read a paper on the "Guineas of West Virginia." The essay was extremely interesting both from a historical and literary standpoint, and was written in the gentleman's characteristic style which is peculiarly well suited to such a subject. In his handling of it, the essayist manifested his thorough knowledge of the character of these people and an intimate acquaintance with their manners, popular superstitions and domestic modes of life. Mr. Wingerter's own native heath being in close proximity to the people of whom he wrote made the selection particularly happy for him ; and enabled him to furnish us with many details of their character and lives from personal observation. The whole was interspersed with touches of dry humor, and enlivened by many comical incidents and interesting character sketches. We refrain, however, from

further giving our impressions, as we do not wish to anticipate any of the pleasure our readers will derive from it, since the paper appears in the present issue.

The critique on Mr. Arellano's essay on Christopher Columbus was read by Mr. Godfrey, '91, and did full justice to all the merits and demerits of that gentleman's paper. The critic spoke at length of that portion of the essay which treated of the charge that some would like to lay at the door of the discoverer, and which constitutes the only stain in the otherwise pure life of Columbus. The manner in which this question had been handled by the essayist, had given rise to much discussion at the previous meeting, but Mr. Godfrey succeeded in justifying him in all he had affirmed.

At the following meeting Mr. Wingerter's essay was commented on by Mr. Lennon, '91, and while he might have adhered more closely to his office and dealt less roughly with the weaker parts of the gentleman's essay, we must pronounce his criticism, on the whole, just. In the absence of the essayist appointed for the following meeting, Mr. Wingerter kindly volunteered to read a portion of a lengthy essay on "Daniel O'Connell." We can make no comment, being unable to discuss the paper as a whole, but if the remainder can sustain the interest which the portion read elicited, we do not hesitate to pronounce it equal to anything we have yet received from Mr. Wingerter's pen. Mr. Taaffe will follow with "Mary, Queen of Scots," as his subject.

'91.

THE THANKSGIVING PLAY.

The first production of the Dramatic Association for the present scholastic year was given on Thursday evening November 28th, in the College Hall. "Peacock's Holiday" a comedy in three acts, and "Taming a Tiger," a farce, constituted the evening's performance. To criticise this, the initial production of the year, upon its merits, would be unfair to most of those constituting the cast, who, we think, labored conscientiously to make it a success. Nor on the other hand if regard be had for the former productions of the Association wherein we have witnessed these same gentlemen again and again justly applauded, can we speak of it in that full spirit of praise to which our editorial breast moves us.

Mr. Dunn as "Anthony Peacock" labored hard to awaken interest in the comedy. He was impeded, we could see, by his make up which was not fully suited to the character he portrayed. His efforts, however, were appreciated and as we are acquainted with the gentleman's abilities, this latest effort of his has not at all detracted from his histrionic laurels. We might, however, remark that his endeavor to be heard was often too manifest, and his pleasantries, sent home so forcibly, failed of their mark for this very reason. Mr. Farley as "Henry" acquitted himself well and turned to advantage the limited capabilities of the part. Mr. Bertier as "Robin Swyane" was naturally French enough for the part, and so his effort to be more so, frequently made him indistinct; otherwise his acting was excellent.

Mr. Keating made his debut on our stage in the character of "Stephen Tickell," and if he will overcome a tendency to monotony of tone he is sure to meet with considerable success. His acting was good, and he made an able second to

Mr. Bertier. Mr. O'Neil as "Erasmus" had a part well suited to him; in fact his *nonchalance* seemed to incorporate itself into many of those around him. His meeting with "Stephen Tickell" and "Robin Swyane" in the first act was inimitable. Mr. Taaffe as "Goliath Wolfe" was, as usual, excellent, and Messrs. Straub, Whelan and Walsh did credit to the minor rôles assigned them. We must not, however, forget Messrs. Fogarty and Godfrey as the two Knights of the Road; they were very funny and original, and Mr. Fogarty's song delighted every one.

The evening entertainment concluded with the farce, "Taming a Tiger," and we cannot bestow too much praise on the cast, Messrs. Taaffe, McNeilly and McNally. They kept us in constant roars from its beginning to the end. Mr. McNeilly as the untamed tiger was perfection, while Mr. Taaffe as the loquacious wine agent made a typical modern drummer.

The college orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Petersen, furnished us with some new and tuneful selections.

'91.

SECOND DIVISION'S DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

"What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor?" This Shakespearean quotation inscribed on the programme expresses the happy feeling of surprise which rose in our breast when we entered First Division Study Hall on the afternoon of Thursday, December 12, to witness the rendering of a drama called "The Midnight Watch," by the fledging Booths and Barrettes of Second Division. We say we were surprised—and happily too. Although we had been hearing a vast deal about the great event coming on, we did not know that our dramatic friends from Second had jumped from the sock into the buskin since last year's entertainment and were now to present a drama on a small scale. And as we have at heart the success of the Glee Club and are anxious to see it add to the reputation it achieved last April, we were on pins and needles as to how they would fare in the bold step they had taken. But the tone which matters assumed shortly after the curtain rose, set us at ease. Our editorial eye, though not exactly a prophetic one, saw at once that the Second Divisioners would come out swimmingly in the end, what if they seemed to be venturing beyond their depth at the start.

The first and last and only scene of the little drama is the courtyard of a fortress in Marseilles during the Revolution. Young Paul Dubois appears sitting "quiet as a stone" under the battlement, to whom enters Labarre announcing that the time allotted him to recreate himself is over and that he must now go back to his cell. Paul is loath to quit the air fresh from the sea, and the gruff but humane Labarre consents to grant him a little longer stay, and withdraws. The young prisoner, left alone, reflects on the events which have brought him to his present condition—how at the outset of the Revolution he took different sides from his father, Pierre Delaroche, a thorough republican, on account of his friendship with Count Dubois, whom he has rescued from prison at the cost of his own liberty, and whose name he has since assumed to spare his father the knowledge of his misfortune.

Meanwhile a certain "citizen," Francois, comes in with a

mysterious letter or packet for Dubois. Sometime previous the young prisoner had been informed by a note dropped in his cell, that an effort to rescue him would be made at midnight. In this he had but little faith, and it was not until Citizen Dubois had recognized him as an old school-mate that he began to have hopes of delivery from prison; for his school companion assures him that the effort will be made at midnight. As Dubois opens the letter given him the turnkey enters and stops matters where they are. Dubois retires to his cell and Francois leaves the fortress. Adjutant Clogher has charge of Pierre Delaroche's regiment and assigns the watch for the night, the midnight vigil falling to Pierre, whereupon, Duval, one of the soldiers, feels disappointed, and is commanded to hold his tongue, not by the Adjutant but by Coco, one of his own rank, a corpulent, good natured fellow, who uses his vocal organs with as much freedom as smartness.

This amusing personage played by William O'Shaughnessey, makes free with the Adjutant and with everybody else, and bids Duval take things as a philosopher like himself. Upon Delaroche appearing Duval asks him to change watch with him, and they both agree to the proposal, despite Coco's urging Delaroche to change with him.

Young Dubois comes out once more for fresh air and is soon recognized and reconciled to his father, who had remained under the battlements when the rest retired and the first watch had begun. They hear the preparations for the scaffold going on without the fortress, and the father pledges himself to rescue his son. He therefore annuls his agreement to change watch with Duval on the plea of doing his duty, not without receiving some bitter words from him. Duval now determines to invite Pierre to a mess, intoxicate him and take the midnight watch himself. Pierre accepts the invitation, and meanwhile the regiment is "wetting its whistles" with that liquid which is to wine as "moonlight unto sunlight." Labarre is called upon to give "one of his old favorites;" he accepts and gives a song with the refrain, "Listen to My Tale of Woe."

It was not, we fancy, as hackneyed in the days of Robespierre as it is to-day. To make this assertion good we give two reasons—to wit: That Labarre did not know the words and could not go through the whole of the piece; and that, for all this, the sans culottes applauded the performance to the echo. Notable among those who praised Labarre most heartily was Pierre—a good sign that Duval was already gaining his point. Pierre calls for cold water which is given him, mixed with some drug or other by Duval. When he awakes from his sleep it is well on towards three o'clock. He remembers nothing—suddenly he hears a shot in the distance and then another. He begins to have an inkling of what had happened and of what is now going on. He grows impatient as he recalls everything.

Sometime later his son, young Dubois, is in his arms seeking protection from the rabble. Duval coming in a few minutes before this, had disclosed everything up to the last shot heard, when young Dubois, escaped prison, was rescued from the sinking boat which the soldiery had shot at and which was to take him from France. Just then news of the fall of Robespierre reach Marseilles

and all the prisons crammed with the victims of the Reign of Terror are commanded to be thrown open by the new government in Paris. So ends the little drama, heartily received by all.

We congratulate Master Fitch, who, as Paul Dubois, excited our admiration by his sweet voice, clear enunciation and delicate action. Master Talbot Walsh, in the rôle of Pierre Delaroche, the former's father, acquitted himself well; and Master Drummond, the rescuer of Dubois, showed much ease and no little ability, while Ferguson's Labarre came up to our idea of a common turnkey of the Conciergerie. Mr. Byrne's Francois was an effective impersonation of a French "Citizen." Nor must we forget our friend Coco, Mr. O'Shaughnessey, who was as full of common sense and smart sayings as Sancho Panza, and gave us many a chance for a hearty laugh.

The Steeple Chase is the name of the farce that followed. Master Stephen D. Clarke, as Anthony Tittums, promises to be quite an acquisition to the St. John's Dramatic Association. His acting of the jockey—and it was his maiden appearance—is one of the best things given on the St. John's stage.

To be fully appreciated it needs to be seen; no words of ours can describe the manner in which, all out of breath, and seated exhausted on his chair he gave an account of his ride accompanying it with the action. Doctor Clipper, played by Master Gibson, took himself and the audience by storm with his novel view of consanguinity—"I am your nephew, your wife's husband, sir." All the other young gentlemen helped to make the farce a most taking one. But having already overstepped the time and space allotted us we must stop short with sincerest congratulations to the Glee Club and to Mr. T. G. Taaffe under whose management the entertainment was conducted.

D. A. '91.

At the last meeting of the Senate the following resolutions were introduced and adopted by the house:

WHEREAS, The failing health of our late Reverend Director has forced him so suddenly to sever his connection with this body, and

WHEREAS, During his brief term as Moderator of said body, he had so won the respect and esteem of all the members as to render his departure a source of sincere regret to the whole society, be it, therefore,

Resolved, That the St. John's Senate tender to Mr. George O'Connell, S. J., its heartfelt sympathy with him in his illness, in the hope that, with the help of an all-wise and all-powerful Providence, he will soon be restored to health and return to those duties, in the performance of which he has afforded so much pleasurable instruction to all who have been brought in contact with him, and be it furthermore,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the St. John's Senate, that they be printed in the next issue of THE FORDHAM MONTHLY, and that a copy, signed by the President and Secretary, be forwarded to Mr. O'Connell.

(Signed).

KENYON J. FORTESCUE, '90, *President*.
FRANCIS J. DONOVAN, '91, *Secretary*.

THE SHOOTING GALLERY.

There seems to be a perennial spring of liveliness bubbling up on Second Division this year. I wonder if it is the near

prospect of the new building that has done so much to enliven the spirits over there. Their baseball at the beginning of the year was a great success as usual. Their pertinacity at football practice despite of wind and ground and weather was the admiration of the house, a shining light not hidden under a bushel. Their recent dramatic entertainment was a high bid for honors and they deservedly secured them. They are to have a piano after Christmas. They have got the toboggan slide into shape, and have aroused lethargic. First at snow-balling. *Macte virtute puer sic itur ad astra.*

But our enthusiasm has carried us on or rather off. We started out to describe the formal opening of the recently

refitted gymnasium. On the 15th instead of going to late studies the announcement was made that all were to meet in the gymnasium. Needless to say all enjoyed themselves. The gymnasium had been hung with bunting for the occasion. The new rowing machines and, above all, the air-gun found numerous patronizers. Amidst the popping of ambrosial corks and the consumption of jellies all went merry as a marriage-bell till the time for breaking up. All departed for their studies or couches, deeply grateful for this last proof of all that Mr. A. O'Connell, S. J., is doing, and has done to make things pleasant for the Division this year.

AN OBSERVANT SENIOR.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

Alan G. Burrow, '90.

THE football team had a very pleasant time in Lancaster; so did we—waiting for the telegrams, that never came.

—Quite a fashionable soiree was given last month, which succeeded materially in dispelling the gloom that is wont to hover over Fordham and Fordhamites, every rainy day, and that's about three days out of every week, according to the present climatic system. Early in the afternoon the guests assembled in the Dancing Hall, otherwise known as the Gymnasium, to engage partners for the Grand March. After this fascinating evolution, the orchestra struck up "Dancing in the Barn," Gavottes, Lancers, waltzes and other dances, in which the light fantastic toe was tipped to perfection. The finale consisted of a good old-fashioned Virginia Reel. The entertainment was a great success and could bear repetition more than once. The programme was the feature of the evening.

—Quite a few on First Division failed to see what pleasure Second Divisioners could derive from a ride around the country in the college coach. Neither could that fox see what was enjoyable in those grapes that hung aloft before him. We editorially advise those gentlemen to consult with said fox and then perhaps they will be able to see.

—The god, Morpheus, had a great many devotees all during the 26th, and one or two continued to worship him for a few days after.

—The Philosophers will give their first public disputation on Saturday, the 21st, before the Faculty and the university course.

—Classics boasts the handsomest, Belles-Lettres the loudest, Rhetoric the most omniscient, and Philosophy the tallest man in the house.

—When a man mistakes a hod-carrier for a football captain it is time that he should undergo treatment—from an oculist, we suggest.

—How little time it takes to change the state of things. Just think—no dark corners on Second Division!!!

—"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The Dramatic Association has got a new motto.

—The toboggan made its appearance with the first flake of snow this year. We hope it will have a chance to appear oftener than last year, for tobogganing is our king sport during the winter.

—Alas! the proposed smoking shed has been doomed to death, and perhaps, too, by slanderous tongues. What a shame that we have to smoke with the constant fear of the rain's extinguishing

our light; especially this year when it rains so often. We advise all lovers of the weed to procure large family umbrellas and rubber coats with which to defy the raging element.

—The father of one of our number has been elected Mayor of Omaha. THE MONTHLY sends its congratulations.

—In the course of Fordham and terrestrial events it rained exceedingly hard all St. Catharine's Day; consequently beaver hats were at a discount in the morning, and those that were brave enough to venture out returned considerably at a discount in the evening.

—We would like to rent that shed from Second Division at a reasonable price and certainly for a very reasonable object.

—The clamorous shouts proceeding from the neighborhood of Berkeley Oval, during the Yale and Princeton game, were very audible to us at the college and stirred up a feeling which on paper would read: "We would like to be there ourselves."

—We hope that all have decided to leave on Sunday, the 22d, and that there will be no delinquents in this matter at all.

—Mr. Plunkett, '90, left-end man on the team, made a rousing speech at the banquet in Lancaster; so eloquent was it that, it is said, a pin could have been heard to drop during the course of the speech; so interesting, indeed, that the glasses and cigars were left alone until the orator had extinguished himself.

—It is with deep regret that we learn of the departure of Mr. George O'Connell, S. J., for California, where he goes hoping to recover his health. Although he had only been with us for a short time, still he had endeared himself to all who had the pleasure of meeting him; and he leaves us with the wishes of all for his speedy recovery.

—The entertainment given by Second Division Glee Club was indeed a great success, and all who had the good fortune to be present spent a most pleasant afternoon. And here we would like to tender our thanks to the club for its kind invitation to attend, which was most willingly accepted.

—Out of the three tickets that entered the field for the election of Division officers for the Athletics, Reading Room, etc., only one remains, the *Pro Bono Division* ticket. This is so manifestly strong that the others have bowed themselves out of the race. Secret canvassing, however, is the order of the day.

—Our "tallest member," who lately indulged too freely in football, is now, in consequence, hobbling about on three legs. He has our earnest sympathy in this, his calamity, and our wishes for his quick recovery.

—Some gentlemen fail to comprehend the fact, that even if robbed of their long-cherished moustache, they would still be of the same, identical substance.

—"The Society of the Four Hundred," organized last April, will be re-organized in the near future. Due notice will be given so as to enable all the old members to be present on that most auspicious occasion.

—The Parthenian Sodality will hold its reception on the 2d of February.

—The candy shop is not the only thing that has had to yield to the march of the new building. The armory and all its trappings now make their home—a temporary one—in our gymnasium, in consequence of the destruction of the old building.

—Exhibitions in gymnastics are given every evening after "Buns." As an allurement for visitors, we promise them feats such as human eye has never seen before.

—We always like to hold the supremacy over Second and Third Divisions, and thus far have done so; but when spring beds are concerned we are out of the race entirely.

—The Historical and Altar Societies and the St. John Berchman's Sodality for the day scholars, are happy to learn that the Senate has given such full expression to the feelings of gratitude and hope which all entertain towards their former moderator, Mr. George O'Connell.

SECOND DIVISION.

J. J. REILLY, '92.

—The new building is the main feature of the Division. The contractor might almost dispense with his foreman, so great is the interest taken in all that pertains to it. It has developed overseers enough among us to supply all the builders of the city.

—The reading-room has very gracefully made way for the "sass-shop." Few regret the change, particularly those of a Philistine turn of mind.

—"As the old cock crows, the young ones learn," is the motto of our football team. It has organized anew out of respect for its brother organization on First.

—The old willow tree that had stood in the middle of our inner playground for the last sixty years, and the last of its race about the college buildings, has at last yielded to a power stronger than old age, the woodman's axe. It fell on Saturday, November 23d, at precisely twenty minutes to two in the midst of the cheers of the assembled division. Relic hunters have a grand opportunity for innumerable canes, penholders, etc., from its wood.

—The College "bns" was called into requisition lately to give some of our members a ride. The roads were so bad that the joy of their outing was short-lived. A sleigh-ride should be the next thing in order for them, to atone for the rude interruption from December roads and weather.

—The game with the Americans was an agreeable surprise to everybody. It was a beautiful exhibition of team work on the part of our eleven, and was declared the first real game of football ever played on the grounds. Signs, obstruction tactics and interfering were almost perfect. Messrs. Plunkett and Reilly did remarkable work, the former by his running and tackling, the latter by his goal kicking.

—In order to put ourselves into a merry mood for the comedy and farce of Thanksgiving evening, an impromptu show of an elocutionary kind was gotten up by Messrs. Foster and Wm. O'Shaughnessy. It consisted of the recital of many humorous pieces interspersed with laughable songs. They were uproariously received.

—The venerated remains of the old "pie shop" strew the ground about its former site. Like the pod without the pea, its destruction seems to have caused little grief, as long as its contents have been preserved among us.

—The musical talent of the Division has been evolved far enough to make us aspire for a piano. The movement set on foot but very lately has gained the favor of all, and a goodly subscription towards the purchase of one is growing in value daily. The jews-harp and the comb will be used hereafter only as specimens of the antique in form.

—A shooting gallery was opened to the public December 17th, amidst the popping of "sass," the shooting of guns, and the missing of targets. Everything was free. The first shot fired was so wide of the mark that nothing has been heard of it since.

—Christmas has already taken a tangible form among us in the guise of certain boxes, at whose contents we can only guess.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

EDWARD M. LAMB.

—The toboggan hat is the fashion now about the Hall. Our toboggan, however, is of nature's own making—the hill-side, as much as there is of it, at the edge of the ball field.

—The absorbing topic at present for some is to be or not be here during the Christmas holidays.

—We are glad to be able to announce that Fr. Walsh, who has been confined to his room for the past two weeks, is well enough to be around again.

—The hand-ball alley has been in constant use of late. It is the only spot that did not get intolerably wet and muddy during the November rains.

—The cadets of the Hall are divided into four squads; the first has Captain Wright for Commander; the second, Captain Boylan; the third and fourth, Sergeants Ramsay and Orpheus, respectively. A competition drill between them is to take place at an early date. The palm of victory, from present indications, lies between the third and fourth squads.

—Second and Third Latin Grammars had a grammatical bout last week, in which Second was the victor by a small margin. Of course we extend our sympathy to the defeated class, and hope they will study harder for the next contest or else not have the hardihood to venture a passage with older and wiser heads.

—A football eleven has just been organized under the captaincy of Arthur Valdeavellano. We shall not publish their weight for fear of injuring the feelings of the Fordhams. There is rumor of a game to be played soon with an outside college.

—Thanksgiving eve we had a grand feast in one of the class rooms of the Hall, which was tastefully fitted up for the occasion. On entering the pro tem. dining hall we fancied that we were either in fairyland or in some place very much akin to it. Among the guests present were His Grace the Bishop of San Salvador, Rev. Fathers Rector, Halpin, Cardella, and many others. When we had disposed of the many good things about us, and cheered to the roof everybody in the college, we adjourned to First Division study-hall, there to put a fitting end to the day's amusement by witnessing "The Peacock's Holiday."

—The dirt gotten from the excavations for the new building has been used for the enlarging of our night bonnds. A portion of it has also gone to the ball field, increasing the amount of available space around second and third bases. There is no longer any fear of one's rolling down the embankment whilst attempting to catch a "fly."

BATTALION NOTES.

F. J. D., '91.

Special Order No. 13 reads as follows:

The following medals will be awarded at the Commencement Exercises, June, 1890:

- I. Best examination in Tactics, June 1st, 1890,
 First prize.....Gold medal.
 Second prize.....Silver medal.

- II. Soldierly Conduct during year 1889-90,
 First prize.....Gold medal.
 Second prize.....Silver medal.

The winners of medals for Soldierly Conduct to be voted for by the corps of Cadets some time after June 1st, 1890. A Captain's vote will count as 5; a Lieutenant's, 4; Sergeant's, 3; Corporal's, 2, and Private's, 1. The cadet receiving the greatest number of votes will receive the Gold Medal; the next greatest, the Silver Medal.

- III. For the best essay on any military subject to be selected by the President of the College,
 First prize.....Gold medal.
 Second prize.....Silver medal.

Special Order No. 14 is to the following effect:

The following promotions are hereby announced:

Sergeant Johnson to be First Sergeant Co. B.
 Corporal Ramsay to be Sergeant Co. A.
 Corporal Plunkett to be Sergeant Co. B.
 Corporal Orpheus to be Sergeant Co. D.
 Corporal Gillon to be Sergeant Co. B.
 Corporal J. Perrilliat to be Sergeant Co. D.
 Corporal Feeley to be Sergeant Co. B.
 Corporal McNally to be Sergeant Co. C.
 Corporal Weir to be Sergeant Co. C.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

—The next examination for non commissioned officers will take place the first Thursday in February, and for commissioned officers the first Thursday in April. It is recommended that privates of First Division attend the recitation in Tactics in order that they may be able to pass the examination for promotion in case they are selected. The fifteen vacancies in the list of Corporals will be filled by the February examination. Hereafter there will be announced in orders, at the end of the month, the company having the highest percentage in drills, appearance and attendance. In making up the day's percentage, 5 will be deducted from the maximum for each absentee or for cadet not in proper uniform.

—"Variety is the spice of life," says the proverb; we will begin to believe it, say we, if the location of our armory undergo many more changes. A few days ago we took a trip over to where was situated our snug little arsenal; the room was there, but the contents—gone. A few days later a convoy of strange looking oblong boxes appeared in the vicinity of First Division; here they lay for some time, viewed with suspicion and calling up anything but pleasing images. The mystery, however, was finally solved when the contents of the offensive boxes were revealed and set up to adorn the immaculate walls of our gymnasium—they were the old familiar rifles.

—The battalion presented quite a fine appearance on the last day of out-of-door drill, drawn up in the position of open files, to perform the exercises. Captain Wright commanded, and all non-commissioned officers as well as privates were required to go through the movements of the setting up. This gives an additional incentive to the privates, and its good effect was plainly visible.

—"Colonel" Joe Fay, the pride of Co. B, visited us during the month and appeared as smiling and good-natured as ever.

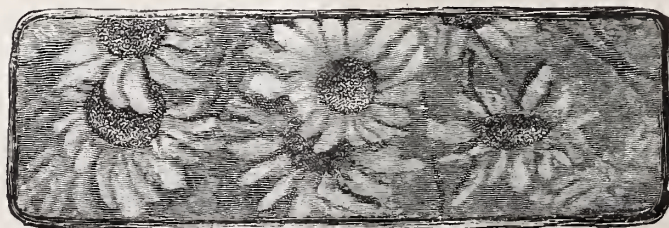
OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

—Apart from our President, Rev. Father Scully, who attended in his official capacity, Fordham had four of her Graduates and Alumni among the delegates to the Catholic Congress lately held in Baltimore. They were Judge Morgan O'Brien, Gen. Martin McMahon, Gen. James R. O'Beirne and Daniel Dougherty, Esq. Judge O'Brien had the distinction conferred upon him of being chosen Chirman of the Committee on Resolutions.

—Rev. D. Hogan, A. B., '75, has become a member of the Faculty of his Alma Mater.

—Louis Haffen, '75, has surveyed the grounds of the new building.

—Letters from the following members of Alumni were returned to us uncalled. We would like to know their present addresses. Readers—especially old students, who may know them, will confer a favor by communicating them to us. Wm. H. Curley, Newport, R. I.; James W. Gordon, Newton, Conn.; John F. Leary, Boston, Mass.; Augustus Langdon, M.D., Brooklyn; Patrick J. O'Grady, Brooklyn, L. I.; Wm. J. Lanigan, Harlem, N. Y. City; Lewis D' Aguiar, N. Y. City; W. J. O'Sullivan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wm. Burke, Harrisburg, Pa.; Francis P. Owen, Cincinnati, O.; Jas. C. McNulty, Chicago; Chas. J. Gallagher, N. Y. City; John C. McBride, M.D., Jersey City; Numa Samory, New Orleans, La.; Jos. A. McCreery, Jersey City; Rev. Chas. F. Nagle, Jersey City; Jas. Hart, Cincinnati, O.; Louis Kramer, Buffalo, N. Y.; Henry Fitzsimmons, New York; Jas. C. Ryan, Taunton, Mass.; Leon C. Kierzkowski, New York; Thos. B. Connery, New York; Nelson P. Banta, New York; Richard Merrick, New York; Geo. P. Byrne, New York; Jos. W. Buffy, Brooklyn; Paul J. Robert, San Francisco; Eugene Murphy, San Francisco; Zephyrin Renaud, Montreal; Chas. L. Phillips, Philadelphia; Thos. B. Minahan, Milwaukee; John F. Gray, Newark, N. J.; Thos. E. Davis, Paris; Garrett Byrne, Middletown Point, N. J.; Augustus Lerue, Montreal; James McGary, Rondout, N. Y.; Alexis J. Myers, Baltimore; Walter J. Flattery, M.D., New York; Chas. Cheesebrough, New Orleans; John P. Dunworth, New Orleans; Alcée A. Atocha, New Orleans; Wm. J. Denis, New Orleans; John F. Reilly, Washington; Geo. J. Haben, Cortland, N. Y.; Wm. P. Denegre, Chicago; Jas. M. Cosgrove, Providence, R. I.; Francis M. Adams, Denver, Col.; John J. Kennelly, New York; Thos. O'Hara, Binghamton, N.Y., and Thos. McCarthy, M.D., St. Johns, New Brunswick.



WINTER WITHOUT SNOW.

What spirit is there in the air
That tempereth the Winter's might ?
What maketh earth of face so fair
And days as soft as April night?

Tho' blooms seem bursting on the spray,
And earth to fare a-summering,
There is not joyance of sweet May;
But only time for sorrowing.

I love thee not, thou Winter wile,
Though thou dost seem a gladsome thing ;
Deceit oft lieth in a smile,
And in warm breath a hidden sting.

Then haste away, thou soft deceit,
The world lies bare without its shroud ;
Thy place is where green branches meet,
And 'mid blue skies without a cloud.

S. Chastice

PARAGRAPHS.

WE do not know whether the above title will serve as a bait to the eye of the reader. We are firm believers in the efficacy of a name, and it was only after much casting about that we hit upon the title "Paragraphs." To us, at least, it is a good index of the nature of the conglomerate whole offered below. There are so many ideas and notions existing loosely in one's mind, ideas that are incapable of being evolved into separate articles owing to their small extension, that to co-ordinate them into one whole recourse must be had to some binding power. "Paragraphs" is this power to us, and hence we have thrown its ample folds about our detached thoughts and formed them into something that has the semblance of unity.

* * *

Poor Dr. Döllinger is gone, and without being reconciled to the Church. As he lived, alas! so did he die. One of the greatest minds, perhaps, of the century, one of the Church's sturdiest and best defenders until in a moment of pride he cast off that yoke, so sweet and light to her true children, has gone to render an account of the stewardship of his Maker's great gifts to him. From the moment he left the Church not a work has issued from his pen that was worthy of the author of "*Judaism and Heathenism*" (*Judeuthum und Heidenthum*). His great energy seemed to die out, his great powers to have been paralyzed once he was cut off from the fruitful tree of the true Church. His great works in defence and apology for her remain, and will remain for generations to come, monuments of deep erudite scholarship, indefatigable labor and boundless research, but the great author himself of the "Church and the Churches" will go down to posterity as the founder merely of another sect destined like its fellows to endless division, inevitable decay and final disappearance. We say it in all sincerity, would to God that for his own sake he had come back. With all the prayers that were being offered for him it is almost surprising he did not. But God had other designs on him. May his life and its end be a warning to others whose intellectual pride may tempt them to refuse to bow the head to their divinely appointed teacher.

* * *

Apropos of our article on the Bollandists of a month or so ago, some one tells an incident of the poet, Southey. In 1829 he writes to a friend, "I have just got the Bollandists housed, and am now awaiting a good opportunity to look over them." We are not so much surprised at his having them for without them as a work of reference, his magnificent library would have been sadly deficient; but we are somewhat taken back at his announcement that he would

soon look over them. It is a fact, however, that he did go over every one of them shortly after in search of mediæval or other legends that might furnish subjects for his verse. His method, as he tells the same friend, was to take a card and run it down the page, glancing at each line as it appeared. Wherever a word, an incident or a reference met his eye that promised to be of service he either noted it or determined at once by carefully reading or looking it up whether it would be available or not. The result of his labor was a little volume of poems that appeared soon after.

* * *

Every man has his hobby. For the American people this hobby seems to be revolution, not in any wide sense, but in the limited political one of dethroning world old monarchies. It is for this reason that the latest revolution whereby Dom Pedro was ousted from the Empire of Brazil and a modern republic set upon his throne was hailed with delight by every American. Americans look upon this continent as no fallow field for effete monarchies to grow up in. In their stead they desire vigorous, energetic republics, fashioned more or less after our own which is no longer a political venture in government, and as each empire and kingdom totters and falls it is looked upon as one step nearer a millennium in politics. There is one, an American of Americans, who we venture to say, were he now in life, would look upon the signs of the times, revolutions and mutterings of revolution, with much pleasure. That one is Jefferson, the sturdy though eccentric old Democrat of our country's infant days. He held views most ultra with regard to revolutions, and had he his wish, our own land would taste the chastening horrors, as he would say, of rebellion. "A little rebellion now and then," writes he "is a good thing; an observation of this truth should render honest Republican governors so mild in their punishment of rebellious as not to discourage them too much. It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of the government. Thus I calculate an insurrection in one of the thirteen states in the course of eleven years that they have subsisted, amounts to one in any particular State in one hundred and forty-three years, say a century and a half." And his prayer is, "God forbid that we should be twenty years without such a rebellion! What signifies a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." Happily for us the one rebellion that we have had is the strongest tonic against such political vagaries. Closely related to this wild theory is the following written from Paris in 1785: "Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous and they are tied to their

country and wedded to its liberty and interests by the most lasting bonds. I consider the class of artificers as the panders of vice and the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned." Our great cities would never exist, had his opinions sway, as the class that he condemns naturally congregate in cities. Indeed he viewed great cities as threatening the destruction of American liberty. A theorist wild in the extreme in this respect was Jefferson.

* * *

The destruction of the last willow-tree was carefully noted by THE MONTHLY. Time day and date were given as a kind of funeral epitaph. The only ones now left on the property are those skirting the lane between the two ponds. They are very beautiful and picturesque in their way. Old and gnarled, completely covered with knotty excrescences, withered and wrinkled as trees go, and as sparsely covered with leaves in summer time as is an old man's head with hair, they are perfect pictures of old age. There is nothing of the majestic or dignified remaining in them. Yet with all their deformity they have a positive charm about them, and one cannot pass their way without taking more than one look at them. It will be the vandal's hour for rejoicing when the axe has to be laid to their roots. Our intention, however, is not to give a disquisition on trees of any kind, but merely to put into print a story connected with a willow that has long since been laid to rest by the woodman. Two of the parties concerned in it are still living; one of them the catcher, the other the caught. It happened away back in the forties. In those days the lane was a standing temptation for the students, the particular attraction being sundry cherry trees, laden in the poetical part of the year with red luscious cherries. Many a midnight raid was made upon them, but this one deserves mention more for its ending. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and two youths with cherries at their hearts stole softly out of the low dormitory of those days and made their way in safety to the lane and the wished-for trees in it. The institution of the night dog, we suppose, did not exist then. Meanwhile the Prefect, who had been asleep, through some unaccountable influence felt that everything was not just right. He woke up with a sense of loneliness, and through instinctive impulse went out

to count his birds. Of course he missed the two that had flown. The season of the year told him just where they had gone. Out he went into the yard in quest, in company with one of the professors who happened to have one of his sleepless fits upon him. A luck that is very often a feature of such episodes would have it that just as the two delinquents, with pockets well filled, were within a few rods of their dormitory out should step the two in their search. With mutual unrecognition, so fancied each pair, the delinquents climbed the tree; the other two sat beneath as if come out to enjoy the beauty of the night. The two beneath chatted as if unconscious that living person was within hearing, while the treed birds above, all too conscious of such proximity, kept silent the night, not daring a motion through fear of detection. Matters went thus till it was well into the wee hours of the morning, when a voice was heard, "Come down, so and so, it's time to go to bed." And down they came, giving a new turn to the old saw "two birds in the bush are worth two in the hand."

M., '90.

* * *

On the heels of Browning's death comes the news that George H. Boker has passed away. Browning's friends and admirers would, we are sure, almost resent the mention of the two names in one breath and not without some justification. Yet the other is to many of us, and has been for long enough, something more than an admired litterateur. An American of Americans, some of his verses breathe a spirit that could not help but set vibrating the chords in American breasts. Some of his War Songs are martial lyrics of a high order. Of his sonnets Leigh Hunt in the "Book of the Sonnets" declared that they were the best of the time. To students, of course, he is best known as the versifier of thrilling legends and incidents that furnish excellent opportunities for the display of varied and dramatic elocution. Who that has ever heard it well given will forget the thrilling accents of brave Olia's war cry, "Olia for Castile." "Candepina's Standard" is but one of a number of such pieces whose popularity soon taught the author his dramatic powers. As a result he wrote several plays the best known of which are "Eleonor de Guzman," "Francesca da Rimini." This last is the play that Barrett's magnificent acting has made so well known in this country and England.

When Time his course had scarce began,
And lands were nearer to the sun,
This world begun to pass away,
And still it passeth every day.

The world is passing on its way,
Nor is there aught men do and say
Will sure abide with them for aye
Save the words of Him who from above
Came down to earth to teach men love.

G., '91. *Adfrey (?)*

ROGUISH WILL.

(To W. F. C.)

O FUGACES, sings the poet,
 How the seasons flow !
 Yea *fugaces*, and they show it,
 Those twelve years ago.
 You were then the merest midget—
 Blossom of a boy—
 Full of fuss and fun and fidget,
 Pap's embodied joy.

Four sweet years I watched you growing,
 Then a-fareing went,
 Little thinking, little knowing,
 What the parting meant.
 Now we're miles and miles asunder,
 As we are in years ;
 Yet I often pause and ponder
 On the past with tears.

And in thought I romp and rollick
 As we did of yore,
 Lusty, lawless, full of frolic,
 All the house a roar.
 Glorious reign of rare disorder,
 Everything upset ;
 With the household's faithful warder
 Hannah in a fret !

Noblest, blithest, now as ever,
 Keeper of my heart,
 Though for years or e'en forever,
 We walk far apart ;
 Yet as true as your dead mother's,
 Floats my prayer up still,
Sweetest, blithest, best of brothers,
God bless roguish Will. RAY.

A COMPARISON.

J. P. WALSH, '90.

THE hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cooper has recalled his name and works to public attention and can scarcely fail to do as much for his compeer of the South, William Gilmore Simms. There were, it is true, many writers contemporary with him, but none gained such notoriety as William Gilmore Simms. Their works published almost simultaneously, are in lines too similar for the student of American literature, to recall the one without a thought, at least, for the other. Such has been our own case, and we thought that a comparison of the two authors might not prove unwelcome to our readers. A word first about their lives.

Simms was born at Charleston, S. C., April 17th, 1806. He had that gift peculiar of course to all American youngsters—precocity—manifesting it at the early age of six in the manufacture of English verse. He aimed a trifle high for one of his years, doing up as he did, in song, the deeds of our

army and navy of 1812. At the age of eighteen he began the study of law, and was admitted to the bar four years later. A more congenial field for his abilities, however, was offered him shortly after in the editorship of *The City Gazette*. For some cause or other the *Gazette* failed. This misfortune, coupled with the loss of three of his most beloved relatives, drove him to seek refuge in new England. From the year 1833 he poured out rather than wrote poems, novels, histories, and biographies in rapid succession, among which the principal novels are "Richard Hurdis," "Kate Walton," "The Foragers," "Eutaw," "Mellichampe" and "The Yemassee." Residing in South Carolina during the War of Secession, he sustained the Southern cause in a weekly newspaper, and had as a reward for his loyalty his house and library wrecked over his head by Federal soldiers. He died in 1870.

The life of Fenimore Cooper is so familiar to all that it is almost unnecessary to relate it. He was born at Burlington, N. J., September 15th, 1789, and after passing three years at Yale College he entered the Navy as Midshipman. He remained at sea six years, gathering the experience of which he was afterwards to make such good use in his novels. In 1821 appeared his first work "Precaution," a novel that afforded no indication whatever of the talent he subsequently exhibited. In the following year, however, he published "The Spy," and in quick succession followed "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Red Rover," and "The Prairie." He died at Cooperstown in 1857.

Their years of production, we see, are almost the same. A glance at their writings brings them still closer together. Both wrote history and tales of the revolution, border stories and society novels. Cooper wrote about the battles of the North; Simms about Marion's men. Cooper described the Indians as he knew them; Simms as he heard of and saw them. With so many general traits in common, there are also many similarities in detail. Let us take, for instance, their border stories. In these both writers are highly praised for their descriptions. Cooper, however, describes Northern and Western scenes, with their mighty forests and long tracts of prairie, while Simms describes the more luxuriant scenes of the South. Cooper's pictures are beautiful in their harmonious completeness. There is no waste of words, and yet every thing that the author wishes is placed vividly before the imagination. Unfortunately, he seems to have known his power and at times indulged it a little too much.

It is for this reason that some of his works prove uninteresting to many readers. Simms, on the contrary, goes more into detail in his description of scenes and events, with the happy faculty, due perhaps to his better judgment, of never making us tire of them.

A difference between them, however, is that Cooper puts more life and action into his events than his Southern contemporary. A happy instance of what I mean may be seen from a comparison of two characteristic sketches, one from the pen of each author. Every one has at some time or other read the sketch so common in the old school readers entitled, "An Escape from a Panther." It is taken from one of Cooper's *Leather-Stocking Tales*. And no one who has read "The Yemassee" can forget the famous escape from the rattlesnake. In both cases it was a girl and the heroine whose life was in danger. In Cooper the danger comes from a panther, at that time the terror of the North, and the scene is a wild forest.

The heroine and her friend had been walking through the woods, accompanied by no one but their dog Brave, when the panther appeared on the scene. The dog, true to his name, bravely attacked the animal and fought until he was killed by the overpowering strength of his adversary. The panther now having no other enemy to contend against, is about to spring on the maidens, when *Leather-Stocking* appeared and dispatched him.

In the "Yemassee," by the Southerner, there is a grove described, in which can be seen all the luxuriance common to the tropical clime, while the danger comes from a

reptile, the dread of the South, the terrible rattlesnake. The heroine has wandered a short distance from her home, to a place where her lover is to meet her. Her lover, recreant for the moment, fails to put in his appearance. With love's thoughts in her heart, she sits herself down at the foot of a tree, waiting longingly for him. As she sits there lost in a day-dream, her gaze is suddenly attracted, and "fastened by a star-like shining glance, a subtle ray, that shot from a circle of green leaves."

Gradually under the charmed spell of this terrible power her very soul seems to leave her. Fear chains her to the spot. She cannot even take her eyes off the hideous reptile. The reptile, seeing its advantage, moves slowly forward and is on the point of striking its fangs into its now unconscious victim, when the bushes part and an arrow from the bow of Oconestoga, a friendly Indian, pierces its neck, killing it almost instantly. The two stories seem to us to bring out well the difference of treatment between the two writers. In the one there is a struggle, and so vividly painted is it that we can imagine ourselves on the scene. In the other very little action it is true, but the tale is so terrible and so well worked up that the interest is most painful and the impression left most vivid.

In the comparison of author and author who have wrought in the same field of novel writing one looks for the greatest resemblance or divergence between them in their treatment and evolution of characters. These are the features in this kind of literature that affect us most and stay with us longest. When the incidents of the story, and even the plot itself are remembered but dimly, or entirely gone, what we still cling to and recall with affection is some character or other. In this Cooper, in our opinion, excels his rival. The borderer, a personage that figured for evident reasons, more often than now in our literature, is painted for us by both novelists, but not in equally lovable colors. In Simms he is represented outwardly in his true appearance, rough, more or less uncouth, as men of that kind usually are, but the qualities of heart that could make us love such a character, he does not give him. In other words, his borderers are not people we would like to meet or have anything to do with. With Cooper it is different. His borderers, rough in the exterior as they have to be, have gifts of heart that make us forget in large part their roughness. They are brave, unselfish, with tender chords in their hearts that make themselves and their calling lovable. What reader does not recall the Pathfinder, the Pilot or Hawk eye with pleasure, and find him sometimes stealing unconsciously across his memory. And we almost think there is the same difference between heroines of the two novelists. Those of Cooper are more pleasing; and, though we doubt if it be so in fact, seem to be of a nobler and less selfish strain than their Southern rivals.

In their Indian characters there is, perhaps, the strongest contrast. Cooper wrote about this ill-used race with a purpose. To his mind they were a people much calumniated and misrepresented. For years he had lived, one might say, almost among them, at Cooperstown, and he knew them to be as a race much better and possessed of higher traits than

men thought. With this conviction uppermost in his mind he wrote as their self-appointed vindicator, and their best qualities he epitomized in Uncas in "The Last of the Mohicans." Of course, to be at all true to his race, Uncas must have his Indian ways and superstitions; but apart from these and his associations, pen could scarcely picture a more desirable hero. In Simms's Indians on the other hand, we have the typical red man that so delighted our younger days. He is the same bloodthirsty, treacherous enemy of the whites of our yellow-covered literature. This handling of them is a fault in itself, since it is a yielding to conventionality, and besides it detracts from the interest of the story, as one set of characters is entirely unrelieved. Such a uniformity of treatment may not have meant so much to an earlier generation, but to ours that has read and appreciated such books as "Pamona" it is, to say the least, unpleasant.

Another difference, an extrinsic one, but still emphasizing their respective values, is the recurrence with which readers go back to their works. Simms's stories are for the moment the more interesting of the two, yet the reader seldom returns to them, or if he does, it is hardly for any better reason than to satisfy his curiosity of finding out what it was in them that interested him so much before. With the other author we think the case different. Cooper's characters are happy remembrances with us, and we love to revert to them over and over again. With all his faults in the construction of his plots, with hobbies that often render him uninteresting, with a wealth of description that is, as we have said, sometimes tiresome, Cooper knew how to select and portray some of the most taking people in all fiction. It may have been happy accident rather than design, for he often signally failed. The characters may have quite as much of the ideal as the real in them, yet their qualities are such that we cannot help being interested in their fate, and we often recall them long after we have read them.

Of what we now call Society Novels, both wrote a number, but they are seldom or never read at present. Here our comparison of the two novelists must cease, for while we have still to speak of Cooper's Sea Tales, the works on which his reputation largely rests, there is nothing else of Simms's worth mentioning. It is true he wrote some poetry and devoted some years to writing history (curiously enough

Cooper did the same thing in almost the same lines), but it was only of their novels we wished to speak.

The first of the Sea Tales, "The Pilot," is said to have been written to show that Scott's "Pirate," so highly praised at the time, had not the true nautical air. That it was successful who that has read it can doubt? It showed Cooper where his greatest talent lay, and it was soon followed by others. The five Sea Tales, properly so called, and the Leather Stocking Series are really the works on which Cooper is judged at present.

The stirring sea scenes, storms, battles and escapes, and the sterling characters of his officers and seamen are happy oft-recurring remembrances to his readers, and account for much of his popularity at the present day. Who ever forgets the vivid scenes of Paul Jones' escape in the storm off the coast of Scotland near the end of "The Pilot," or the parting of the admirals of the red and the blue before the battle in "The Two Admirals," or Long Tom Coffin and the sea fight once more in "The Pilot." One wonders from the pleasure of such recollections, why Cooper is not read more, and can only conclude that it is because his merits are not known.

Despite the fact that there was so much of similarity in the literary characters of Cooper and Simms, the treatment of them by their contemporaries was very different. Simms was welcomed at once and heartily, into literary life by generous Southern admirers and friends. Every effort met with encouragement and praise. As he grew older he became a sort of patriarch of Southern literature, looked up to by every one, and his words were canons of criticism. Cooper, on the contrary, though the better writer of the two, never seems to have been appreciated. His books were popular in England and had been translated into several foreign languages before they were generally read in this country. He was very severely criticised here, his faults made much of, his beauties passed over and his writing generally condemned. Something of this was due, it is true, to a certain unsociability of disposition and apparent selfishness of character, but most of it came from the petty jealousies and rivalries of less successful writers who had the ear of the public at the time. Let us hope now that we have begun to celebrate his centenaries, that time will do him the justice his contemporaries failed to give him.



LABUNTUR ANNI.

L. to W. J. E.

I 'M twenty-five years old to day,
 I sit beside my table
 And read what things my brothers say:
 Respond, I am not able.

I find a note from some divine
 In language blithe and cheery,
 A song that flows like Spanish wine,
 From *Modest Izguirre*.

I read it o'er to catch the sense,
 But understand it never ;
 Though it be full of eloquence
 And really very clever.

I lay it down in blank despair,
 Chagrined and humbled truly,
 Take up your own lines debonnaire,
 And criticize them coolly.

But ah ! I cannot criticize
 When love grows so poetic.
 Love's things are fair in love's own eyes,
 Love's ever sympathetic.

And e'en were I a critic cool,
 Still would I sing thy praises,
 O poet of my chosen school,
 With many splendid phrases !

For thou hast touched this heart of mine,
 And filled its void with singing.
 Lo ! all my soul goes out to thine,
 Love's message with it bringing.

Thou sayest I am sad to-day,
 That darkling clouds hang o'er me.
 Nay ! Thou hast chased them far away,
 And life looks bright before me.

Thy love is like the breath of Spring,
 When wintry days are over ;
 Pure thoughts leap from my heart and sing
 Like larks from fields of clover.

I'm twenty-five years old to-day !
 Ah me ! *Labuntur anni !*
 God keep us in our present way
 For many years and many ! RAY.

A DIARIST.

A PROPENSITY that has been evolved to quite a length these days is that of autobiography—the life of a person as written by himself or herself. The word as distinguished from its relative “diary” seems to imply that it must be written with a view to publication. Nor need it be necessarily a posthumous thing, but may with perfect propriety appear during the subject's life. People are not shocked at such a presumption of self-exhibition unless it be in the case of one

who has little worth the revealing. Now we do not intend for a moment to say a harsh word against an accepted literary vogue. It is a good thing for the world to be allowed to take a peep at the mind and motives of a great man, to catch some of the traits that can only appear out of books and away from the gaze of the public. It is satisfying and instructive to readers to come upon a man unawares, when he thinks no person is looking, and when natural motives and traits assert themselves. The merit and the charm, however,

of an autobiography consist in two things, as it seems to us. One that it contain besides other things jottings of the minor and private portions of one's life told frankly and sincerely by the author to the author, and the other that it be intended for nobody's eyes but the writer's own. Only in this way do we think such a work to arrive at its highest value. We are all curious and in our curiosity we like to get not at a man's public doings—we know these well enough—but at his private ones, the little deeds of kindness, the trivial love of preference, the little vanities and weaknesses that he would be ashamed to have publicly known. A book of this kind among other effects, gives the ordinary reader a grateful sense of learning that one who may be publicly great has a lesser side to his humanity, and that he is not cast in a mould essentially different.

The generality of autobiographies do not contain such open confessions. From the moment one makes the public his confidant he begins to curtail, to grow less fondly communicative, for to tell everything would require the utmost simplicity, a quality hardly to be expected. It is only in the diary written in the privacy of one's closet that such a trait may be found. It is only when the writer feels assured that profane eye will never get a peep at its contents that he will confess to himself the confession of his days.

A man of the kind we have been describing came across our path as we were rummaging of late in the library, and he beamed out upon us with a staid and dignified stare. And he beareth the quaint name of Samuel Pepys, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty unto my Lords the Kings of England, Charles II. and James II. The reading of his diary found him a charmingly frank and sincere personage, one who had made his own pages his confidant and into whose listening ears he had poured his daily doings, noble and indifferent, and his foibles, petty vanities and petty motives.

The perusal of an autobiography puts the reader in the state of companion to the author, and we know of no society more pleasant, or of one in which we spent a happier hour than we did with our friend Pepys. His pages he intended should be scanned by no other eye save his own, and he thus secured them, as he thought, by employing a peculiar kind of shorthand of which he alone possessed the key. For this reason he has none of the concealments of a professed autobiographer. He becomes unsuspectingly frank and familiar, and though we may laugh at his delight at having his head patted by a great man, a lord of the kingdom, and at his revelling in lace and velvet and liveried coach, we feel that he is thoroughly honest with himself, much more so, perhaps, than many of us would like to be, even on paper, and we can't help having a goodly amount of regard for him.

The discovery of the cipher by Lord Braybrooke in 1825 is not the first introduction the public have had to Pepys. He was known before and a dignified personage he was. There was in the minds of those acquainted with him the picture of a rather staid Admiralty patriot who amused his literary taste with gathering all that was curious or rare in books, English ballads, etc., and who was maker of a somewhat whimsical bequest. Dying in his seventy-second year he

bequeathed his library and virtuoso collection to Magdalene College, Cambridge, on conditions which secured its preservation to future ages, unchanged from the plight in which he had left it. The presses were to remain undefaced, and were to be kept in a department of the College library exclusively devoted to that purpose. Their contents were to be neither increased nor diminished by the addition of a single volume, but were to stay just as he left them. Amongst the books of the presses were six large volumes filled with his own cipher writing, and their contents, which, without doubt, many a visitor to the library had felt a strong curiosity to discover, remained a hidden meaning for a century and a quarter. On being deciphered and translated into a readable language they were found to contain nothing less than the daily doings of their author for a space of ten years, from the first of January, 1660, up to the end of May, 1669. Its fullest jottings we ourselves may not be allowed to know, as the edition before us is merely a selection from his diary, but it is full enough withal to have given us a pretty fair picture of the man, and furnish us with a very pleasant hour's reading.

Pepys' position at the time of writing was that of Admiralty Secretary to the royal fleet of Charles II. He came of a family which had some pretensions to gentility, though as he himself confesses in his frank manner they had never been "very considerable." Bred a tailor's son, he made a regular university course at Cambridge. His prospects in life were not very large at the outset, but they were bettered by the patronage of his relative, the Earl of Sandwich, who got him a clerkship in the Exchequer. From ups and downs he arose finally to the Secretaryship of the Admiralty. From his own confession he was fond of dining, fine clothes, coaches, play-going, good old ballads; had a weakness for singing songs of his own composition, and played on the flageolet; could listen to a good sermon and sleep at a bad one; went one fine morning with the fleet to fetch His Majesty home from Holland, and in firing his salute nearly knocked his right eye out, "holding my head," as he says, "too much over the gun;" was sent to Tangier upon business of the King to advise with the Commander thereof; was committed to the Tower on the charge of taking part in the Popish plot, but liberated therefrom by the command of My Lord, the King. When the Prince of Orange wrested the throne of England from the unfortunate monarch James II., Pepys felt too great a loyalty to his former master to serve under the new regime, and retired from his Secretaryship into private life, and died in 1703.

It is rather annoying to find learned critics dissecting Mr. Pepys' character as an historian. The poor man, had he himself any say in the matter, would surely disclaim all attempts at posing as an historian, dignified or otherwise, and indignantly snatch his diary away from such eyes. These men do find in him, however, some value as an historian, and credit him with the minor merit of giving us "a real and lively notion of the days in which he lived," and of teaching us "the relative civilization of the age in which he lived, as compared with that which preceded and those which have followed it." But for us its chief value lies in

its literary quaintness, its humor, and its originality. We cannot transcribe here on paper the peculiar impressions the diary made on us, nor the peculiar flavor it left. That each one must taste for himself. One of its chief charms, however, is the characteristically novel-like names of his acquaintances; they have such a smack of the old English names one so likes to meet with in the early novelists, and which produce by their mere selves so undefinable a pleasure. Thus we find in his pages such names as "Mudd-in," the arch rogue, "Pin," the tailor, and "Truelock" the gunsmith, and "Drumbleby" the pipe-maker who makes flageolets "to go low and soft," and Cousin "Gumbleton," the "good humored fat young gentleman." Even his own name falls in with the humor of the others. Thus his contemporaries familiarly called him "Peeps." "On Tuesday last *Mr. Peeps* went to Windsor, having the confidence that he might kiss the King's hand." The modern pronunciation varies between "Peeps" and "Peppis."

We fear that we shall scarcely meet with much success in our attempt at illustrating the character of the book or rather of the man by extracts from his diary. The little quotations that the small space at our command permits us to select are so bound up with his whole character that they lose their entity almost when separated. Nine men out of ten might write the same things of themselves had they only the wonderful naïvete and candor that Pepys possessed. Thus we are all afflicted with the little vice of vanity of dress but who so frank in his admission of it as our friend? This love of dress he perhaps derived in large part as an inheritance from his father who followed the avocation of tailor. The affectionate and self complacent notices he makes of doublets, cloaks, camletts, periwigs so far outnumber the entries on all other subjects as to lead us to believe that the thought of the fine figure he was cutting and the admiration he was exciting must have engrossed a large amount of his daily thoughts. It breaks out on almost every page. "10th. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that I ever wore in my life. 13th. Up early, the first day that I put on my black camlett coat with silver buttons. 29th, Lord's day. This morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlet ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with black velvett, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago. 30th. Up, and put on a new summer black bombazine suit, and being come now to an agreement with my barber to keep my periwig in good order at 20s. a year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. May 4th. After dinner, my arm tied up with a black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting on us with his sword, which this day he begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Batten's do begin to wear new liverys; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all."

He is continually prattling about his fine clothes, and indeed about the magnificent dress of the great people of the Court. "The show was so glorious with gold and silver that we are not able to look at it any longer, our eyes being so much overcome." It is a harmless vanity, and taken in connection with his character, one that amuses rather than offends.

In his entry for June 13, 1662, he makes an acknowledgment that fits in well with the experience of many students. "Up by four o'clock in the morning, and read Cicero's Second Oration against Cataline, which pleased me exceedingly; and more I discern therein than ever I thought was to be found in him; but I perceive it was my ignorance, and that he is as good a writer as ever I read in my life." Quite a flattery for Cicero!

When youngsters now-a-days are such adepts at figuring and are taught to do long sums in their heads, it becomes quite amusing to see a man thirty odd years of age plodding resolutely along in the study of arithmetic. "4th. Comes Mr. Cooper, mate of the Royall Charles, of whom I intend to learn mathematiques, and do begin with him to-day, he being a very able man, and no great matter, I suppose, will content him. After an hour's being with him at arithmetique, my first attempt being to learn the multiplicacion table, then we parted till to morrow." A few days after this we find him sore distressed over its difficulties. "8th. Up at 4 o'clock, and at my multiplicacion table hard, which is all the trouble I meet with at my arithmetique." By dint of exertion he mastered "arithmetique", and may have had the satisfaction of knowing he was the best at figuring in the admiral's office, as in those frivolous times he was, from all accounts, about the only one there who attended faithfully to duty, and who knew best the wants and outlay of the navy.

Our paper is running on to such lengths that we will close our account of our friend with the way in which his journal came to an end. Towards the middle of 1669 his eyesight failed him to such a degree that he no longer retained the power of writing in cipher. He pathetically concludes with the following: "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my journall, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost at every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear, and, therefore, resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in longhand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open to add here and there a note in shorthand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave, for which, and all the discomfit that shall accompany my being blind, may the good God prepare me."

S. '90.





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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JANUARY, 1890.



Our little "city of the dead," happily so sparsely inhabited, is once more within our own grounds. When the City Fathers purchased from the college, last April, the land lying between the Boulevard and the Bronx River, for the purposes of a park, the old hillside burial place of our professors and students was included in the purchase. For the time being our dead were without the pale of the college. The authorities, however, have done a gracious act, and we now have the privilege and honor of once again having our departed saints among us. The work of removing their remains began about two weeks ago, and to day all are once more housed within our grounds, in the upper end of the garden where was formerly the vineyard.

* * *

The sainted Father James Perron, S. J., died at the college on Friday evening, January 24. We may not have the privilege of giving a memorial notice of him in this number, as his death occurred as we were going to press. An account of the venerable man and priest will appear in our next issue.

We recommend to the notice of those of our subscribers whom it may concern, the remembrance of unpaid subscriptions. Quite a number there are on our list who have not paid for the last year. We belong to that portion of humanity that is not self sufficient as regards existence, and so remembrances from our patrons and subscribers would be very acceptable just at this juncture.

* * *

The college has two generous patrons in the persons of Mr. Bernard J. McGrann, of Lancaster, Pa., and Mr. John McKeown, of Washington, Pa. The former has given \$2,000 and the latter \$1,000 towards the erection of the new building. Contributions of a like sum from some of our wealthy Alumni would perceptibly lighten the burden of payment the college has to bear in the construction of its new building.

* * *

We had proposed in this issue to give our patrons and readers a glimpse of the building, more appealing to the eye than the pen picture of it in the December number. Circumstances have frustrated our intention, and we accordingly bequeath the task of procuring a "cut" of the structure, as it will be when finished, to the February number.

* * *

The prevailing epidemic, that has been raging the world through, passed with light wing over St. John's. Very few of our students have been down with it, and with them it assumed the mildest form. At no time has the college been threatened with the necessity of discontinuing studies, as has happened to other colleges less fortunate. A charmed circle seemed to encompass our grounds around, with but one little break in it like the magic circle in Bulwer's Strange Story. We are all deeply thankful that the visitation of this dread malady was so light.

* * *

The *Harvard Advocate* came out in a late issue with an interesting comparison of the growth of Harvard and Yale for the last eleven years, wherein the evidence gathered from the catalogues of the two universities goes to show that Yale as a national university is in the lead. The comparison proves that whereas Harvard has had a greater numerical increase, yet when the growth of the institutions is computed from the percentage of increase, Yale has gained over her sister college. And the gain is made not only in point of numbers but in territory represented. Harvard's increase has come mainly from New England, where she seems to be the more popular of the two, Yale's rather from the West and South. And the conclusion is drawn to the effect that if the West continues to grow as it has been growing in the past, and Harvard to rely for its support mainly on New England, Yale will grow with the West, while Harvard will have to moderate her pace to that of New England; in other words, Yale promises to become a notional university, while Harvard is threatened with falling into a merely provincial one.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

"THE CHRISTMAS PLAY."

IT is no more than stating a truism to assert that Christmas holidays are hailed with a fresh delight every year. School life is at best a restraint, and to be freed from the necessity of thumbing dictionaries, diving into authors and all such kindred work is something we all relish. Hence it was with eagerness that the duties of the last day were gone through. At eleven A. M. the students, freed from all burden of work, assembled in the college hall to listen to the reading of the monthly marks and receive the well wishes of our Rev. President. At four o'clock began the bustle of making ready for the morrow, and by five every moustache had been trimmed and every "grip" had been snugly packed and placed in some favorable spot where it could be had at a moment's notice. The intervening hours till supper were passed with never a change in the routine way of killing the time. Promenading about the grounds, making merry around the piano in the play-room and discussing the probable merits of the play in preparation for the evening made the time pass unnoticed. The programme of the Christmas play was varied and interesting, the different exercises being interspersed with excellent music, furnished by the college orchestra. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a two-act drama, entitled "The Innkeeper of Abbeville."

The prologue of Mr. I. Bell Brennan gave an excellent recapitulation of the play and farce and served to place the audience on intimate terms with the characters about to be represented.

Though the drama was in itself scarcely such as could be made an overwhelming success, its action being too sharp and clean cut and its scenes too severely brief, still what could be done to make it interesting was done, and well done, by the artists selected to enact the various parts. On the acting of Mr. T. Gaffney Taaffe as the Innkeeper it is hardly necessary to dwell. From face to foot his make up was perfectly befitting the aged and much-trying Innkeeper. To closer criticism, there was not in his more impassioned moments, as for instance at the suspicious discovery of his own weapon covered with gout of blood, and at the time of his intended execution, that display of facial energy and feeling so allied with deep passion, and, consequently, so essential to the artistic tragedian. We could have relished in him a dramatic bearing more vigorous and more fervid. Mr. Taaffe is an actor to whom our critical remarks are offered with all the more sincerity because they are tempered by the warmest of good feeling and prompted by the most cordial admiration. Our veteran and illustrious comedian, he has measured every plank upon the old stage, and strutted the dusty boards in player's habiliments when many of us were riding the hobby, or rolling lazily in dapper knickerbockers, around our ancestral door steps. We always like to see Mr. Taaffe upon the stage; he is never pedantic, though he has something of a pedal mannerism; he plays well;

he individualizes beautifully, and without losing aught of his own finished personality, he seems to be at all times *en rapport* with the play of the transient tritagonist and to impart even to the best of those around him his own self-confidence and self-sustainment.

Mr. Dunn's impersonation of Baron Idenberg was certainly whole-souled, and though marked throughout by a pervading vein of heroic simplicity, was not lacking, when occasion demanded, in manful strength. His utterance was, perhaps, the most distinct that came out to the audience. He seems to have learnt better than many of the actors just how to gauge his voice so as to make it carry. That slippery murder scene was cleverly done; and when the Baron fell without support we grieved and almost wept sore to think that one who was living and acting so well should be done to death so bloodily and so prematurely.

No need of words to tell how sudden and how hearty was the thrill of gratification which we felt when Mr. John C. McNeilly made his appearance as the deep-dyed villain. He was every inch and every instant a thorough-going tragedian. It was evident from the start that there were to be no half measures in anything he meant to undertake. The careless shirt, the rough breeches, the unbuttoned doublet, these as a set-off to his vengeful purpose manifested in every stride, gesture, look and utterance, gave to Mr. McNeilly the "cut" of a veritable assassin. It was not with any kind and studied words of art that this Dyrkile would quell the restless qualms of the poor youth whom he was decoying from better paths. His was the bold thrust, the harsh remonstrance, the peremptory outburst of passionate rebuke. And in the ending scene, that central entrance, and the graceful turn, and the fall just at the instant of the gun shot—here was the crowning of finished dramatism. Our only regret in the case of Mr. McNeilly was that he did not stay longer upon the scene of action; he came and went all too swiftly. But alas, we cannot spend all our time star-gazing.

Mr. McNally as Ozzrand fortified the good impression he has made on us and on all former occasions. Indeed there were times in the play when he seemed to be following his indeavour leader, in perfection of acting no less than in perfection of vice.

The other artists were mostly novices in the histrionic art. The word novice, we know, carries an invidious sense with it. This is not the meaning we wish taken out of it. Their renditions, in themselves, were praiseworthy, not less for what they give promise of doing than for what they actually did. The character of the thoughtless servant of the Baron was the only one wherein any large attempt at the funny was permitted. It was a bright spot in a sombre background, and therefore thoroughly enjoyable particularly by the denizens of the Hall. Mr. Godfrey sustained the character, a brand-new role for him, and the qualities revealed in him promise to put him among the more famous of the "merry-

makers" of the Association. We welcome Mr. McKiernan, with his high diapason; and we hope that his voice will not always be devoted to croaking fatal entrances.

By way of interlude, and to give the "tooters" and fiddlers of the orchestra a rest, Messrs. Corbett and D. Arellano came forward, the one in a song, the latter in a happy Christmas rhyme. Mr. Arellano's poem was struck off in a vein more than usually happy for such performances. It was entitled "Christmas" and caught our fancy by its graceful lines, and brought its author a complete round of applause.

The eye of the small boy, already made heavy by the lateness of the hour and the seriousness of the drama was set a-laughing again by the enlivening scenes of the farce. It was the good old time comedy of "Slasher and Crasher," a farcical play which, if acted well, will assuredly pass as a standard remedy against "blues" of all sorts—in and out—; and if any of the audience were afflicted with this convict malady, the unwholesome evil must have been chased away by the really unique acting of the closing cast. "Slasher and Crasher" was characterized more than the "Innkeeper of Abbeville" by an evenness of acting and a better dovetailing of dialogue, if we may so speak. There was a more organic semblance about it than about the melodrama. Messrs. Taaffe, McNeilly, Burrow, Walsh, Ramsay, Fogarty and Weir made up the rôle, and they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they were guilty of no "bad breaks," and that they gave the whole house an unusually delightful hour. When Mr. Ramsay composed his graceful figure at the organ we all knew that we were going to discover in him a singer in no sense inferior to a "Wheeler and Wilson." What was our surprise to find our expectations realized.

It is not often that we are treated to such scintillations of wit as Messrs. McNeilly and Fogarty seemed to have so neatly plotted together. That single eye-glass so deftly cornered under the bushy brow of Lieutenant Brown could not help but be the window of a very funny soul. Nor could that glittering marine uniform whose elegance was in polar conflict with nothing less than the raggedness of "a knight of the road," be other than the raiment of a *hitter* and a mark maker. But of particulars enough; all did gloriously and they have our praise. Barring an occasional tameness and lack of pliant movement amongst a few actors in general, and the seemingly inevitable brevity of scene already noticed, we have nothing but words of commendation for the whole performance. The members of the Dramatic Society cannot be sufficiently thanked for their zeal and willingness to entertain, and this, too, with no obvious advantage to themselves; nor do we think that they can be sufficiently conscious of the success with which their endeavors were crowned in the Xmas entertainment of 1889.

Ka. '90.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Historical Society, like the Senate, has not met during the past month. The loss that it suffered in the early part of

the year by the departure of its moderator, Mr. G. O'Connell, S. J., has been repaired in the person of Mr. Lamb, S. J.

Some brilliant essays, already commented upon in these columns, were read during the term and more clever ones are promised for the coming one. An important and needed work was accomplished by a committee, appointed for the purpose, in the revision of the constitution, many of its laws being superannuated and hardly applicable to our time.

The Moderator has already decided upon a number of prominent lecturers whom he intends to invite to speak before the Society. Although scarcely within its province, there were some very animated debates at a few of the meetings, particularly over the critiques. They came from some of the members who did not agree with the critic's view of the essay; they were sometimes rather spirited and generally served the purpose of bringing out some new point in connection with the subject. We must here take occasion to thank Mr. Wingerter for the pleasure he afforded the Society, by his interesting work in its behalf, and we hope that some more of the members will emulate his example during the ensuing session.

'91.

THE SENATE.

The meetings of the Senate were suspended during the past month, giving way to the more important if not more agreeable work of the examinations. But the coming month will see it again in full blast to flourish with renewed energy after its season of "desuetude." The oratorical talent is sleeping, we feel sure, pending the fray and gathering new strength to burst upon the Senatorial horizon with a power that will eclipse some of the best efforts of the last session. For we certainly had some very creditable speeches last term and if some of the members would only overcome their retiring dispositions and not leave the whole work of debate to a willing few, the proceedings would be more interesting to all and more beneficial to themselves. Most of the States, although not senatorially represented, have their champions in the persons of warm-hearted natives, and these loyal members frequently make the proceedings very interesting in their self-imposed duty of preserving untarnished the fame of their respective States. Even Canada has her champion as was manifest when the bill for annexing that country to the United States was proposed. Those opposed to the measure, of course, brought many arguments not to be relished by a native of that land of defaulting cashiers, but her representative defended her and assured the house that, whatever the feeling existing on this side of the line, her citizens were not at all anxious for the proposed change. Most of the bills discussed last session possessed much interest. The bill for the Annexation of Canada was still under discussion when the house adjourned and Mr. Plunkett's bill for the Abolition of Capital Punishment by Electricity had been referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. The resumption of these bills will be the business of the Senate when it re-assembles in February.

'91.

RUDIMENTS SPECIMEN.

It was with pleasure that Second English accepted an invitation to be present at a specimen given by Rudiments Class, on Dec. 18, before Fathers Rector, Halpin, and Daily.

The specimen commenced with an address by Scott McKeown, in which he expressed his desire that those present would not attribute the mistakes that might occur, to the heart, but to the head. Following Scott's address came the recitation of the class in memory, which in its turn was followed by a very pretty piano solo by Master Harold Callan. Sacred history was next in order, and when over, Master R. Dennin arose and read an essay, entitled "A School Boy." It was his own composition, and very creditable it was. H. Genico enlivened things a good bit by a solo. He sang it with such a sweet voice that he won the applause of all present. Next came a kind of a "spelling bee." Father Halpin told the boys to stand up, and as they missed to sit down again. Masters R. Dennin and H. Callan remained standing the longest, but both were finally "stuck" on the word "frieze." S. McKeown followed with a recitation of "Somebody's Mother," and Master W. Fogarty sang "A Storm at Sea," which called forth much applause. G. Kruger read the poem, "A Wish." Then came catechism, in which branch of study the class did remarkably well, only two boys failing in it. After a finale on the piano by H. Callan, Fr. Rector gave a short speech, and was obliged to say that he had spent a more pleasant hour there than at Second English Class specimen.

R. FORTESCUE, '94.

PHILOSOPHES DISPUTATION.

Just prior to breaking up for the Christmas holidays, Philosophy invited the house or rather the university course to a feast of metaphysics and Latin. It was a feast, indeed, of reason and logic, from beginning to end, and it must have highly tickled the palates of our confreres of '90 who themselves revel in the same kind of food but served with English dressing. The two defenders were Messrs. T. Doherty and J. Whelan. They both had the *ore profundo*, but were quite dissimilar in their expression of it. One rolled out his sentences with a voluble rotundity that was music to the ear, whereas the other had his flow of expression dammed up, to use a figure, and let it out only in quantities large enough to make a full, steady irresistible stream.

add college world

Both "distinguished" well and made a good defence against the specious attacks of their four stout objectors, Messrs. Burrow, Whelan, T. Carmody and Slevin. By way of giving variety to the occasion two essays were read, one in English by Kenyon Fortescue on the "Causes of Error," the other in Latin, "de Criteris Veritatis," was read by Mr. Taaffe, its author, Mr. Keane, having been called away to a sick bed. The disputation ended by a Latin address from the Rev. President.

"F.," '91

THE CHRISTMAS ELECTION.

As stated in the last issue of the MONTHLY, the upper classmen had come to the conclusion that to foster, even to keep alive, the interest in athletics, it would be necessary to change the time of the semi-annual election for officers of the various athletic associations. Due notice of this was given, and, after the subject had been thoroughly talked over, it was unanimously determined that hereafter the voting for all the Division officers should take place on the Thursday of the week preceding both the Christmas holidays and Commencement week. It was also decided that the officers of the Baseball Association should be chosen at the Christmas election and those of the Football Association at the Commencement election. This was to insure greater promptness in getting both the nine and the eleven in proper trim for the season. The officers of each of these associations were to consist of a manager and an Advisory Board of four, of which the manager would be the presiding officer. Other changes, as will be seen below, were made in the titles of some of the other officers.

A number of tickets were at once put in the field, but it was evident that the consent of many of the candidates had not been previously obtained, for scratched names soon became numerous. At last one ticket in "real print" was posted up, and at its advent the others came down. A test vote on some preliminary was taken one week before election, and the supporters of this ticket showed themselves in the majority. Accordingly it reigned in solitary majesty until the afternoon of election day, when two abortive attempts were made by "the opposition." The ticket, declared elected, is as follows:

Pro Bono Divisionis.

<i>Baseball :</i>		<i>Athletics :</i>	
<i>Manager</i> —J. SLEVIN.		<i>President</i> —C. LIVINGSTON.	
<i>Advisory Committee</i>	{ J. DUNN,	<i>Advisory Committee</i>	{ C. STRAUB.
	{ J. WALSH,		{ R. JOHNSON.
	{ C. REILLY,		
	{ D. ARELLANO		
	(Sec.)		
<i>Scorer</i> —T. CUSHING.		<i>Billiard Room :</i>	
<i>Curator</i> —M. LENNON.		<i>President</i> —G. WARREN.	
		<i>Assistants</i> { J. McMANUS.	
		{ W. SEXTON.	
<i>Reading Room :</i>			
<i>President</i> —P. CONNIFF.			
<i>Assistant</i> —J. PERILLIAT.			

THE SKATING HOLIDAY.

For weeks before Xmas we looked and longed for skating, and looked and longed in vain. No amount of talk about the weather, even of the sort that is said to make the ears of the absent tingle, could cause the capricious dame to give us the cold shoulder. No amount of consulting of thermometers, anemometers, barometers, or any of the other weathermeters would bring us a whit nearer to the holiday that is always given on the first day of good skating. Well, we persuaded ourselves at length that that oft-propheesied cold wave would come during the Xmas holidays. That was something to look forward to anyhow, and so, many a pair of skates found

their way into the satchels that went home. Alas, they were not to be used. Instead of waking up one fine morning to find the water in the icy grasp of winter, etc., etc., (consult the poets *passim*), we woke up, to find ourselves in the chilling clutches of the grip. We returned and settled down to work, and to the fear that skating there would be none. Time went on (it is a way time has, even during review after Christmas vacations), and finally just as the black clouds of despair were about to completely envelope us, lo! the silver lining of hope showed itself just above our horizon—a storm was announced on its way from Manitoba. For once the signal corps was

right. The storm came. Our only fear was that the cold would not last long enough; it did, however. We sent the philosophers for a holiday on Friday the twenty-fourth. It was decided, however, that the ice was not yet safe for a crowd. On Saturday morning, this was no longer true, and we started out for a day of magnificent skating. The ice was beautiful; smooth, fresh and not too hard. The day, tho' it grew somewhat warmer towards noon, was refreshingly clear and invigorating. Everyone was in prime condition to enjoy it after the three weeks of hard work of review, and everyone did enjoy it.

COLLEGE WORLD.

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '90.

COLLEGE journalism has taken a hold in this country that would be a surprise to any but those who know from experience its advantages and the practical training it gives its supporters.

It is not so many years ago since the college journals were few and far between. Even those few were anything but the bright, enterprising, ambitious sheets that so many American colleges issue now. Only the exchange editors, we think, really know the promising matter that finds its way every month or so into print from the pens of American students.

Of course, college journalism has its evils, not the least of which is the tendency to write merely for the writing's sake—to disregard the thought, provided it reads well—and reading well, we fear, too often means reading in the easy, slipshod style of the daily newspaper. That the evils it may bring with it are easily counterbalanced by the benefits it is sure to bring, we think there is no better proof than the fact that there, with the approval, nay, in most cases co-operation or, at least, direction of so many faculties, are so many college journals established throughout the country. Almost every college has its paper, and these last few years even the academies have been dropping into line with some of the brightest, tastiest little journals we have.

One of them lies before us. It is *Res Academicæ*, published at the Harry Hillman Academy, Wilkes Barre, Pa. The article on Stanley is very neatly done. The life of the great explorer is worth the telling, and it is well told. The salient points of his career, and the American enterprise, pluck and will-power that carried him through his toilsome, dangerous journeys, are well brought out. The short articles on "How to Study," and "Poetry" caught our eye, and we were glad they did so. Let us suggest, however, that Mary and her little lamb are nearly worn out as subjects for versifiers on joking bent.

—The *Swarthmore Phoenix* is an old friend. We wonder if the taking appearance and the general attractiveness of this little magazine, for we cannot find another word that so

well expresses what it is, are due to the ladies on the editorial board. As we glance around our somewhat (sic) disordered sanctum we almost envy our brother editors at Swarthmore, but then it must seem almost unnatural, quite unprofessional, to have the sanctum in perfect order.

—The *Educational Review* from St. Johns, N. B., is a complete handbook of information on the colleges, schools, and educational interests in general of the Atlantic provinces of Canada. The outlook for the rising generation as regards education at least is certainly promising. That is right. You will some day all be fellow citizens of ours, and the best and surest safeguard of our grand republic is the education of the *American* citizen.

—The *Concordiensis* for January wishes us all a happy New Year, and brings us its usual quota of good things. The recollections of Union College years ago are interesting even to those who do not know her present, and we can imagine what delectable reading it must be for students past and present. The article on Edward Bellamy is thoughtfully done. The title led us to expect something less serious, but we were agreeably disappointed, for *entre nous* the discussion of Mr. Bellamy's theories in jesting mood is becoming just a little common. It is true we do not always agree with the writer, though we cannot but commend the treatment of his subject seriously on its merits rather than in the flippant way that is the fashion. Modern socialism (we would prefer to call it sociology, to avoid the bad odor that socialism has for most people now) cannot hope to solve any problems for us that have not been solved by Christianity and its true principles long ago. Christian charity taken in its widest sense is the only possible cure for the evils that afflict our present social system. "The great benefactor of the human race that will alleviate them" can only be some one who will lead us all back once more to treat our fellow man as He taught us 2,000 years ago. "Who did and taught."

—The *Ave Maria* is becoming more and more a representative magazine of Catholic literature. The first issue for February is better even than usual. Poems by Aubrey de Vere and

Katharine Tynan, the former one of Mr. de Vere's characteristically beautiful Catholic sonnets, the other an exquisite devotional rendition of the thought of a human love stronger than death, show the editor's taste and care. Articles by Gilmory Shea, Maurice Egan and Reuben Parsons, D. D., take up the remainder of the magazine, and make it a most readable number.

—A welcome and appreciated guest to our table is *Rail Road Topics*, New York City. This journal claims to be printed in the interest of transportation and mechanical progress, but the general reader will find in it very profitable reading. The "Cairenes and Their Ways" is the subject of a series of very interesting papers. There is evidently a master hand at the helm, and we assure our readers that they will find it an entertaining and instructive journal.

—The dignified *St. Viators' College Journal* is again on our table. We surround it with all the interest that a carefully edited paper deserves. It is ever true to its old-time standard of excellence, both as to its arrangement and its intellectual menu. Don a new dress, old friend, like the rest of your contemporaries, and you will rank with the best of them.

The *Oracle* presents an attractive appearance and is nicely gotten up in all ways, but it proved somewhat uninteresting to us from the fact that it contains but little that is not of a purely local interest. Such a paper may, however, serve the interests of its institution well.

—The Clark University at Worcester, Mass., was organized not long since. It is a school of high standing, and requires even a higher grade for admission than Johns Hopkins, and, as such, will be a formidable rival to the latter institution. Only seventy of the two hundred and fifty applicants passed the entrance examination.

—The Catholic students at Yale have formed a society called the Yale Catholic Union. The aim of the club is, in the main, literary, and all Catholics in the university are eligible to membership.

—Wellesley is to have a college yell. It is not to be a masculine cheer, but a "mild, exquisite, lyrical cry—strong, but distinctively feminine."

—The peculiar custom of the Yale Seniors of bowing to the President as he leaves chapel was handed down by their Puritan ancestors. In 1876 President Porter attempted to abolish it but the Seniors objected, and this time honored custom has been continued to the present.

—London University has been endowed with a chair for the study of leprosy. A corps of doctors have been appointed to go to the Leper Island to make investigations in the disease of leprosy.

—In the United States one man in every two hundred takes a college course; in England, one in every five hundred; in Scotland, one in every six hundred; in Germany, one in every two hundred and thirteen.—*Ec.*

—The newly established Catholic University at Fribourg, Switzerland, is to be opened in November. Professors from all countries have been engaged to facilitate the studies of foreign students by giving instructions in their respective languages.

—The wearing of the cap and gown at Johns Hopkins will become general among the students. There was a great deal of trepidation at first, but the innovation is rapidly taking hold. The freshmen have endorsed it, and it has the favor of the faculty and nearly all the professors. The gown is black, reaching nearly to the feet, and the cap is of the same color and is in the form of a square board set on a stovepipe, with a tassel of black and blue—the university colors. The outfit is great sport for the multitudinous small boy of the city.

—The French government, so it is said, is going to send a representative to this country to study the workings of the various college athletic associations.

—For a college not professedly military, Cornell has one of the finest school battalions in the land. Lieutenant Tutherly, the present officer in charge, is a strict disciplinarian. First among the changes he has made has been the dividing of the students into ten companies of infantry, so that he has a well uniformed and equipped regiment of 400 men, with a lieutenant-colonel, major, quartermaster and staff. Beside these there are two platoons of artillery, a signal corps, and a good military band of sixteen pieces. The battalion drills three times a week for an hour.

—Lehigh University is one of the very few colleges which has never conferred any honorary degree whatever. The only higher degree it ever conferred is M. A., and this is only conferred in cases where the recipient deserves it and passes a rigid examination.—*Ec.*

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

ALAN Y. BURROW, '90.

THE exit from College on the Sunday before Christmas was indeed a very quiet one, all seeming to be of a more or less Sabbatic turn of mind.

—In lowly accents we retract all that was said about the untimely death of the smoking shed. It rose again during the holidays and now with open arms it welcomes all those who have fought; those that have not done so may take the sky for a roof.

—Quite a few took "la grippe" during the vacation, so as not to be out of the fashion.

—The stage is usually the place for dramatic eloquence, and not the dormitory. But some entertain a far different opinion, as was seen lately, when one gentleman rose up in bed about two A. M.,

and in accents wakeable called for a horse, for which, as the gentleman himself said, he would swop his kingdom.

—Fr. Smith, S. J., who gave our retreat at the opening of schools, and with whom all were so favorably impressed, wishes to be especially remembered to those who are striving hard for the first two letters in the alphabet.

—It requires more than a ball and bat to keep that faithful bell from ringing at eleven o'clock on Sunday mornings.

—The thought of the examinations seemed to keep everybody recollected, and an ominous quiet permeated the atmosphere of the Division, during the last weeks of repetition.

—Opinions differ as to whether the handsomest man, spoken of in last issue, hails from Connecticut or from some place in New England nearer the north pole.

—The Brotherhood Club, of New York, was one of the first teams to challenge the Rose Hills. They are desirous of playing a series of games with us in the beginning of the season.

—Late studies were very well patronized by First Division just before the examinations. May we hope that their spurt was not in vain.

—Through the kindness of Mr. O'Connell, S. J., our choristers were invited to partake of a very choice spread. It was as pleasant as it was unexpected.

—Already quite a number of college games have been arranged for the early spring. The pleasing feature of the schedule is that a great many of them are to be played on our own grounds. The club looks to the Division for support and the Division, in turn, looks to the club for a little enjoyment as a reward for that generous spirit which has always characterized the boys whenever the manager makes his rounds.

—The advisory board is busy selecting the possible candidates for the Rose Hills. The results of their quest are still *in petto*, and will be revealed when practice work begins. The latter is announced for the opening week of February.

—We meditate no innovation. The motto appearing on the Dramatic programme is merely a temporary substitute until the Greek characters can be procured.

—How many of the late Fordhams will represent America in the coming International Foot Ball Contest?

—The philosophers are so taken up with sounding the depths of metaphysics, and with unravelling the vagaries of the so-called systems, that with them it was from class to examination, and examination back to class again, without a break.

—"Old Prob" has been very niggardly in his treatment of us this season. With a slide and toboggans galore, and with two ponds ready to freeze at a mere breath from him, his stinginess is all the harder to bear.

—The God Hymen tied Mr. W. R. Beattie in his lasting knot a few days after New Year's. The best wishes of the Division go with him, and if we only had an old shoe, we would throw it after him.

—If we may be allowed to express a wish, it is that some generous patron come forward and bid an armory arise. At present the battalion is a guest; by courtesy it occupies its present quarters.

—Our first skating holiday was a welcome break in the preparation for examinations. It was thoroughly enjoyed, notwithstanding the fact that the examination's grim ghost followed each skater on his merry rounds.

—The Rose Hills are to do battle the coming season, toggled out in a new uniform. We are promised a symphony in color.

—Our manager has found it just a bit hard to arrange some of the games, as we do not coincide in our "off days" with the brethren of some of our colleges. Another difficulty in the way is a more practical one. Formerly it was all *causa honoris*, now a-days *causa pecuniae* is a factor in the arrangement of college contests.

Division Officers Appointed as Follows:

Tobacco Shop	{ W. CROWLEY. D. SHAY.	Billiard Room	{ J. CALLANAN. C. STRAUB.
Buns	—W. DONNELLY.	Assistants	{ R. CARMODY. E. BERTIER.
Gymnasium Curator	—W. GONZALEZ.		{ E. McKIERNAN.
Bell	—M. CORBETT.		

SECOND DIVISION.

J. J. REILLY, '92.

—The weather about the Division has been playing at see-saw for a long time past. It has been warm and cold by turns, but always in a half-hearted way. One is tempted to conclude the weather is losing its old quality of fickleness and settling down into a mere creature of habit.

—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The spring-like days, though a death-blow to winter sports, have helped the new building along considerably. It is now well up above ground, and at the present rate all stone work upon it will be finished by May.

—Our ubiquitous small boy has been improving the opportunity offered him for mischief. Handling of chisels, clipping of fingers and cut stones and maltreating of the engine, are not the only evils he has wrought.

—The cement-shed, with its high rows of barrels, has suddenly grown to be a favorite place of resort for some on the Division. As there is nothing charming about a cement barrel, we conclude they must bring the charm with them.

—Prof. Loissette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus, free, as advertised in another column.

—The Glee Club is booked for another entertainment to be given next term. The club is in a vigorous way musically and numerically.

—The billiard room must have been, to those that remained here during the holidays, the scene of much good feasting and fellowship, to judge from its appearance on our return. A good broom and duster set things to rights again. With the tables newly covered everything is in trim order.

—We were surprised to hear some of the more venerable of the Division confess to a fit of the "blues" on their return. Home still has its regrets for them.

—Though we do not like to speak of the much hackneyed weather, we must confess that all our prayers for a good dose of snow or ice have been unavailing.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

EDWARD M. LAMB.

—We were surprised, agreeably of course, at the several improvements which greeted us on our return from the Christmas vacation. There seemed to be something new in every quarter, from the shoe room to the dormitory.

—There were a number of changes in the reading room, so many in fact, as to change its entire appearance. The large, handsome rug, which adorns the centre of the room, has awakened no small amount of rapture among the reading patrons. They anticipate many cozy hours during the dreary days to come. The billiard room has also come in for a share in the New Year gifts. Many little tasty improvements have been made in it. It has thus become so attractive that not one of the tables remains long idle.

—We attended, with the rest of the college, the funeral of the venerable Fr. Perron. Marching for most of the battalion was difficult, owing to the slowness with which the pall-bearers had to walk. It was just our stride, however, and we stepped out in a sprightly way, fair to see.

—There is considerable talk about the competition drill soon to take place. We decline to say which we think will be the successful company, but we have our opinion.

—We had actually fine weather on several of our holidays of late. Possibly the New Year among its many resolutions has made the praiseworthy one of treating the Hall with clemency.

—The stamp-collection-rage is by no means on the decline. In fact a special room is taken up by this industry, which, we claim, has more than one advantage. For, not only is it a pleasing occupation, but a good lesson in the geography of many countries, to say nothing of habits of neatness, as each collector takes special pains to have his book faultless in this respect.

—There was a great deal of trepidation over the results of the examination. Late studies, however, helped in large part to allay the fears of the doubtful ones.

—A few are anxious that the manufacturer and sole patentee of machines, derricks, bureaux, etc., should publish a list of his inventions and let us know when they are for sale. It is needless to remark that the inventor is a member of St. John's Hall, and that his inventions are always on exhibition.

BATTALION NOTES.

F. J. D. '91.

—S. Q. No. 17 announces the promotion of Sergeants Godfrey and Arellano to be First Sergeants of Companies D and C respectively. The next examination for promotion will take place on March 27, when the remaining vacancies will be filled.

—S. Q. No. 18 assigns the squad of non-cadets to the companies of the battalion.

—The cadets took a prominent part in the funeral obsequies of the late Fr. Perron, who departed this life at our college on January 23. They looked well and their presence lent an air of solemnity befitting the occasion. The procession wound slowly from the door of the students' chapel, down the roadway leading to the garden and thence to "the grave where our hero was buried." The solemn chant of the surpliced priests mingling with the dull step of the moving ranks sounded the mournful requiem of the departed soul.

—So "Fallstaff's Brigade" is a thing of the past. Well, we are glad to have them join us, but still we must admire the firmness with which they maintained their exclusiveness. They often

showed us that they could drill when they had an object in view, so no doubt they will now don the blue-and-gray and display themselves in a more remunerative field.

—A heavy rumor floats through our martial atmosphere laden with glorious prospects for the cadets, in the shape of something unlooked for near at hand. Well, if it is unlooked for it is certainly not unmerited, for we do not think that any department of the college has done more with so little return, as have the cadets. So hasten now, ye recruits, and share in the spoils.

—The drill promises to be very fine this spring, surpassing anything we have yet had in this line. We hear from many sources that already it fully equals any seen in the surrounding military academies, which is remarkable, considering the little training we receive.

—The recruits already show themselves very clever in the manual of arms and soon all will have been returned to their companies. The new cadence for the manual is considerably slower than formerly, thus rendering perfection more nearly and easily obtained, but as yet the change has not been generally adopted.

—Is Co. B going to keep the colors this year? It looks so, if we may venture an opinion. Wake up Co. A or Co. D will not even give you second place. What's the matter with Co. C. She's — oh! no, she isn't. But her war cry is never say die, with the admonition to certain people not to be too confident.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

—Rev. Father Provincial made a stay of a week at the College during January. We had a pleasant visit from Rev. Frank Mc-Tammany, S. J., our old vice-president, and from Fr. Jones, S. J., our former prefect of St. John's Hall.

—We learn that Frank and George Giddings, '84, are practising law at Gainesville, Texas, under the name of Giddings & Giddings, counsellors-at-law. News have reached us of the death of the father of Dr. James Butler, '84. He died at his home in Halifax.

—An old graduate, John Doherty, '85, who visited us during the Christmas holidays, has since succumbed to the dread influenza. He died on February 4, R. I. P.

—The other callers of the month are: James Russell, '88, Charles Murphy, '88, John Aylward, '89, of Troy Seminary, Messrs. John Heffern, '89, Dan Hanrahan, '89, and Mr. Aeyinbo.



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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

'Mid lives heroic, 'mid glories won,
'Mid noble deeds divine
That sparkle clear while ages run,
Among these brighter there are none
O Washington, than thine.

Thrice hail, thou champion of right!
Thee born our land to save,
To bring from out the thickest fight
Our Freedom's banner fair and bright;
To strew with stars our darkest night
Protecting heaven gave.

What time the storm broke o'er our head
From England's blackest cloud,
With murky gloom the land o'erspread
And bright faced joy had swiftly fled;
For Tyranny, with mantle red,
The nation did enshroud.

Then through this pending gloom there broke
That ever glorious sun,
The blood-steeped land to joy awoke,
Away flung tyranny's empurpled cloak
And all the gladdened clime outspoke
Its praise to Washington.

Bring garlands: freshest flowers heap
Upon that mossy bed,
Beneath which he doth honored sleep
O'er which lamenting Nations weep
For him who lies there dead.

A wreath of blossoms on it lay
Which each and all proclaim
Some glorious strife, some victory
Of arms that made Columbia free
And brought o'er many a land and sea
The tidings of his fame.

Who on a wintry morn of yore
On Delaware's chill wave,
With gallant heart and pliant oar
Did cross from frozen shore to shore
Leading comrades brave;

Or who at Valley Forge oppressed
While famine glared around,
Still struggled on, though sore distressed;
Still plucked from slavery all the West
And now doth honored, peaceful rest
Beneath that mossy mound.

Beside that wreath of blossoms laid
We'll place his mighty sword;
Sheathless gleams the shining blade,
For which our nation long had prayed,
Which long all freedom's foes dismayed,
Which surest path for victory made,
When slaughter's cannon roared.

Waving high before the foe,
In the thickest of the fight,
Struck and laid the enemy low,
Taught many a patriot's blood to flow,
Brought hostile chiefs to direst woe;
Yet nations knew, and still do know,
'Twas held by hand of right.

No sword e'er decked a field so bright
As that which it was on;
No field was scene of nobler fight,
Nor valiant fell for cause more right,
Nor cause sustained with greater might,
Than that of Washington.

Bring garlands, freshest flowers heap
Upon that mossy bed;
Tread lightly, let him sweetly sleep,
For whom the nations long may weep;
The memory ever green we'll keep,
Of him who lies there dead.

And gathering 'round this bed of clay,
While circling years flow on,
While every heart is light and gay,
And as we chant this simple lay,
Remembering this his natal day,
Let one and all sincerely pray
For one more Washington.

THE ARCH FIEND—RECALCITRANCY.

FERDINAND WINGERTER, '90.

WHILE the Exchange Ed. was tearing his hair to relieve the agony of trying to grind out an item of interest, the *Sunbeam* was brought into his sanctum, and as the tired Ed. glanced over its pages, his look of despondency passed away, and his face wore a happy smile—he had opened the little Northern sheet at the Editorial page and caught these few sentences: “The great company of grumblers is well represented in this college. You meet them everywhere—a vast number at 6.30 in the morning, more at breakfast, an increased number at dinner and sometimes the place seems to be filled with them before 9 P.M.” The *Sunbeam* is but a tiny ray of light, but these few sentences shot into the capacious brain of the Ex. Man, a world of enlightenment and suggestion. They recalled to his mind a species of demon that infests his own little college world, and he resolves, fully conscious of the danger to which he thereby exposes himself, to make a complete disclosure of the monster, to the readers of the MONTHLY. Peradventure, gentle reader, in the fiend Recalcitrancy, you will find yourself in print. If you do, we hope you will take the lesson home to yourself; if not, we hope you will give this article to your room mate who perhaps will.

But first, what is Recalcitrancy, what is its nature?

Like true disciples of Archbishop French, let us derive the word. Derived from two Latin words, “re” (back) and “calcere” (to strike with the heels) it means literally, “to kick back.” In its literal acceptance it is used to signify all lawful opposition to what is false or unjust; but in a perverted sense, it is the same as obstinacy, and is therefore something irrational.

Recalcitrancy is as universal as nature's laws and holds in its dominion as many subjects. It holds sway in inanimate nature nor does animate nature fail to pay it tribute: it rears its head in the temples of religion and fears not to invade the courts of kings; it enters into the regions of philosophy and treads fearlessly along all the roads of science; it shows its face on the pages of history and its shadow penetrates even the privacy of the home circle. It breathes in the actions of the multitude and gives most certain signs of life in every individual member of society. It pervades all the ranks of the political world from the foremost of its leaders to the “stuffer” of the ward caucus; and is acknowledged as a friend both by the monopolist, who grinds down his employees and by the laborer, who is oppressed. Though it often obtains peace for its followers, yet it is ever restless in peace; though it often befriends the lovers of liberty, yet it as frequently assists in rivetting the chains of the oppressed. Great therefore and mighty is Recalcitrancy!

Deprived of it the world would be an inert, a lifeless mass whose cohesion could not exist for a single moment. For is it not this force that enables matter to resist compenetration of its atoms by other atoms? Does not rock by its aid resist the action of water falling on it from the cataract, perhaps for ages? What is it but the angry growl of com-

batants we hear, when the warring elements above us clash like knights of old, in their headlong career? Powder and flint, water and fire, flame and fire damp, carbon-gas and oxygen, does not their meeting proclaim its presence by their rebound from each other and their angry voices?

The same characteristic is discovered in animate nature. From the electric fish with its sparks, to the festive mule with its lively, active heels, Nature has given them means of defence against their enemies or in other words has bestowed on them the power to “kick.”

But though Nature gives timely [warning against the aggressiveness of many of its progeny, yet against that of others it affords no protection. Against the blind and furious rush of the bull we are forewarned by his mad bellowing; but against the stealthy, stern chase (to use a sea phrase) of the ram, or the swift and unerring heels of the mule, Nature gives no warning cry. Yet if Nature had any regard for the proprieties of polite life, surely, she would have provided some means of defense to the unwary.

Consider what must be the sensation of the lover, hastening to the trysting place, his thoughts all aglow at anticipated pleasures, to have his blissful reveries broken in upon, and to feel himself suddenly moving towards the moon, or encounter that sudden concussion from behind, which destroys the equipoise of his mind, the equilibrium of his person, and the immaculate stainlessness and integrity of his apparel. Certainly, Nature should have foreseen and provided for such contingencies, especially in our days, when so little thought is given to what is interior and so much depends on the exterior appearance.

Volumes might be written upon the recalcitrant qualities of the mule, apparently so demure and peaceful. Goldsmith, in his “Animal Kingdom,” soberly affirms that he (the mule) has but four legs; but he is contradicted by universal experience, unless perhaps the species coming under his observation differs from that of this and other lands. If he has but four, how is it that he can hit a man all over at one and the same time, as those affirm who have ever come in contact with his heels? How is it, unless his legs are legion, that the inner circle of bystanders is hurled back upon the others when he has “let fly” with his heels? As difficult also is it to explain how at one and the same kick he can break the legs of the driver in the carriage and knock the hat off the occupant of the rear seat; or how, when placed in the barn, he can simultaneously knock boards off opposite sides of the barn. These are mysteries which, though coming under our daily observation, yet will perhaps never be solved. Yet the attempt has been made again and again, but always with the same empty result—the foolhardy inquirer has either been rendered forever speechless or paid for his temerity with his life.

The Mule on account of his excellence in the art of recalcitrancy justly wears the crown in the brute creation, but in the rational kingdom he not only has his compeer, but even

his superior from whom he could gain many useful hints in this art.

Considering man's proficiency in this science (for to such he has reduced it since it has method, rules and conclusions; why? *per ultimas causas*, etc.) one is greatly inclined to give consent to Darwin's theory, that man is but a more perfect evolution of a lower species. How else can this propensity to recalcitrate be explained? We know it is not the growth of a few years; but that like other qualities and inclinations it has been transmitted from generation to generation. But however this may be, man is *The Recalcitrant*.

The history of every individual and the records of all nations and tribes of all time prove it! If one nation rubs up too closely or impolitely against the shoulders of another, they fall to fighting, to see which can first knock off the other's cap; if one has fairer pastures than the other, there is a struggle for its possession; if one has discovered more pleasant dwellings it is not long before other claimants appear upon the scene; if one nation is more prosperous or powerful than his fellows, these unite and endeavor to drive him from the field. If one is weak or internally divided, if it interferes by its position with the projects and ambition of another, if it is of the same race or an opposite one, if it is independent in spirit and will not enter into the views of its neighbors,—for any of these reasons or for all of them combined, it is the legitimate prey, according to the world's ethics, of that nation whose power, greed, cunning or ambition is the greater. Such is the world's history.

Medes and Persians, Persians and Greeks, Greeks and Romans fill up the records of ancient Recalcitrancy. Then Rome and the barbarians, then these among themselves, then Spain against France, France against England, England against America, England and the German nationalities against France, all marshal their forces under Recalcitrancy's banner in modern ages. Such is the history of nations; like the wicked spirit in the Gospel they are never at rest.

But what is true of nations is also true of individuals. The first cry of the infant on his entrance into the world is not one of joy and satisfaction, but a wail of grief and disappointment. While the mother tries to soothe him and swings him in her arms to some old nursery tune whose author was never known, he *kicks* and cries his disapprobation of all that he sees and hears. He stirs with delight at every new toy, but soon grows weary of these, he screams with rage because he has not others. If told, when he begins to be able to toddle across the floor, to beware of the scalding hot water or the fire, through very obstinacy, he will turn the water on himself or put his mischievous finger on the burning stove lid. Then, ye gods! what a yell! No wonder the father turns gray before his time, or the mother's form droops while yet young.

Again, if forbidden to soil his newly ironed clothes, or disarrange his hair, curled with so much labor and motherly pride, he deems it incumbent upon him to show his independence by tumbling into the first convenient hole; and having carefully wiped his fingers on his face and taken off the remaining particles of dirt by running his digits through his hair, he hurries home to his fond mother

bawling to the full power of his unlimited lungs; or perhaps runs to her with extended arms and smiling face, as if deserving of praise and dainties instead of blame and the slipper. And as the child, so is the youth. Scarcely has he exchanged his short clothes for the costume of more pretentious years and become in some degree familiarized with the doings of the world around him, that his imagination is filled with projects and schemes which are to render his name famous. He is merely formulating schemes as yet; they will some day mature; when the first diminutive down casts a doubtful shadow over his upper lip, the spirit of recalcitrancy breaks out with renewed vigor (as if to compensate for past inertia), and now he longs to put his schemes into execution. Perhaps his imagination has been fired by "Munchausen" stories of the two-cent novel which are cast about so lavishly over the land.

He pictures himself, perhaps, far out on the Western plains, separated from his companions, surrounded by Indians, whose discordant and blood-curdling yells would take the kinks out of an ordinary man's hair. But he is not an ordinary man, at least, so he imagines. Although alone and one against a thousand, yet what reckes he of their superior numbers! the greater the number, the greater, he argues, is the victory. Therefore, "armed to the teeth," as the novel generally says, he stands undismayed. One after another the savages fall before his deadly aim until at last he remains alone upon the field. Of course it was an imaginary victory against imaginary foes, but it is the spark that fires his will to put into execution a long dormant project.

He determines to seek fame and the Indians. He knows the "governor" would only smile if he were to broach the subject, and would relegate him to the coal-cellar to cool his ardor on disappointed hopes and pump water, so he determines, wise youth, not to take him into his councils. Accordingly, when the family has retired for the night, all unconscious of the ambitious designs of the young hero, he steps noiselessly down the back stairway, his heart throbbing pitifully, and emerges upon the cold deserted street. Soon he is beyond the suburbs of the city, and the lonely country road lies before him. But as he walks along hearing only the patter of his feet and the rustling of the leaves as the winds disturb their rest, the silence and loneliness become oppressive, and he begins to think that after all perhaps Indian fighting was not exactly his *forte*.

Still onward however he travels, but gradually his footsteps grow weary and slacken as hunger begins to assert its sway over a frame even so powerful as his; and the thought of his cosy bed and daily companions comes before his mind. A few steps further he advances during his indecision and then—he turns his face towards home and the cheering prospect of rawhide for breakfast. This last thought gives speed to his wearied limbs. At last home is in sight, and so is his father. Here the curtain must drop for a few moments, as what happened then is private and behind the scenes.

Light diet and other influences cool the ardor of our would-be hero; for a term he forgets or forgoes his dreams of ambition, is once more admitted to family circle, condescends to come down from his lofty thoughts and take part

in the sports of childhood. But lessons of experience are often soon forgotten. The spirit of recalcitrancy again asserts her sway and leads him into dark and devious ways. A council of war follows: Uncles, aunts and cousins are summoned and that question, which so often comes before the family board with so much anxiety and heart-aches—that question “What shall we do with our boy?” is brought forward and discussed. After long and sorrowful deliberations a vote is taken and it is determined to send him to college.

To college accordingly he goes; but here his evil genius follows him, and, after creating the utmost disorder by his irregularities and insubordination and *scheme-formulating*, after being again and again counselled, admonished and threatened, he graduates suddenly as so many have done. The world now lies before him, and he is told to choose the occupation which he wishes to follow. He makes choice of the avocation which is to be the object of his life, but his familiar demon is ever at his side, making him dissatisfied with whatever he undertakes. At last manhood's estate is reached, and now he launches his bark on the stormy sea of politics, “recalcitrancy” as his motto nailed to the mast-head, battles for a time, with his accustomed obstinacy, against its power, but at last dashes broadside upon its rocks, and plunges headlong beneath its waves never to rise again.

Is this all that can be said on this subject? No; volumes might be written on it, so varied are its species and so universally is it diffused. It makes itself felt in all the conditions of life, enters into all our pleasures and sorrows and takes its seat at *our very table*. If fortune frowns upon us we recalcitrate; if it smiles we recalcitrate because it did not shower down its golden rain in the quantity and at the time we wished. If we are in good health

or bad; if friends surround us, or if loneliness weighs upon us; or if the sun shines, or if clouds obscure its light; if the rain pours or the fountains of the skies are dried up, if harvests are plentiful or if they are scanty; if the roads are dusty or if they are muddy; if we succeed in our undertakings, or if obstacles impede our progress, in any case and in every case there is always room for a “kick.”

Moralists kick against the corruption of the age and the wicked against just restraints of the law; the wise kick against the presumption of fools, the practical man against the wild schemes of the visionary, the lover of truth against the advocate of error.

Luther kicks against the authority of the Pope and the Pope banishes him from the church; the aristocracy of England kicks Charles X. from the throne and then “kick themselves for having installed the tyrant Cromwell in his place!

The people of France snatch the diadem from the head of *Louis XVI.* and install the *Reign of Terror*; *Brian Borrohoime* “kicks” the Danes into the sea; the colonies of America “kick” against the stamp act of the mother country, England, kick up a row, “kick” the tea into the sea “kick” the English out of the country, and scarcely a century later fall to “kicking” among themselves. But why continue the enumeration? More than sufficient has been said to make good the proposition which we made in the beginning of this article, namely, great is Recalcitrancy, and man is the Recalcitrant “par excellence.” For he “kicks” in his infancy and childhood, develops this propensity in youth and perfects it in mature age. He begins with a kick, makes his way through life by kicking, and gives a last jubilee kick when “he kicks the bucket” and steps into the grave.

IS THE MERCHANT OF VENICE A TRAGEDY?

J. C. MCNEILLY, '90.

MANY of Skakespeare's plays, “King Lear” and “Othello,” for example, are thoroughly and distinctly tragedies; others, as “Twelfth Night” and “As You Like It,” are as decidedly comedies, but some others have the tragic and comic strains so interwoven that they might be classed under either division. Of this class, I think that there is no better example than “The Merchant of Venice.” This beautiful drama has always been the delight of students and theatre-goers. That it deserves the praise which is in every mouth is shown by the fact that from the reign of Charles II. to the present day it has kept the stage, that the most illustrious actors have devoted years to its study, and that it is one of the first of Shakespeare's works that is read and the last that is forgotten. It is generally classed as a comedy. We shall endeavor to prove that it is a tragedy, and to do this we shall take Aristotle's defi-

nition of this species of drama as the basis of our argument. If, as we hope, we succeed in proving that this drama contains all the elements exacted by this definition, we feel assured that our object will have been accomplished. This is Aristotle's definition: “Tragedy is an imitation of a worthy or illustrious and perfect action possessing magnitude in pleasing language, using separately the several species of imitation in its parts, by mere acting and not through narration, through pity and fear effecting a purification from such like passions.” (Buckley's translation of Aristotle's Poetic.)

Beyond doubt the drama in question answers all the ends of the first part of this definition, as it is “an imitation of a worthy or illustrious and perfect action possessing magnitude.”

The language of this play is more than pleasing; it is

beautiful, as it could not fail to be, since it was written when Shakespeare was almost at the height of his power. The drama employs "separately the several species of imitation in its parts by men acting."

It is the final clause of this definition that distinguishes between comedy and tragedy, and on this we base the strongest argument for our position. To excite terror and pity is the chief aim of tragedy, and in none of his dramas does Shakespeare play more effectively on these two chords of the human heart than he does in "The Merchant of Venice."

When *Shylock* is asked to lend his "monies" to Antonio he gloats over the thought that he will have an opportunity of revenging himself, and he immediately enumerates all his woes when he begins:

"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances."

But when he says:

"let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh."

the awful nature of the bond does not affect us as we think with Antonio that there will be no occasion of fulfilling it, as the Jew will receive his money at the appointed time. In the third act when *Shylock*, maddened by the loss of his daughter and his ducats, is told by Salarino that he will surely not take Antonio's flesh, and replies that "if it feed nothing else it will feed my revenge," we are still blind to the wickedness of the Jew. And again when he says to his friend, Tubal, speaking of Antonio:

"I will have the heart of him if he forfeit,"

it is almost impossible to believe that he will persist, and our fear is scarcely excited by his murderous threats. In another scene we see poor Antonio introduced, pleading with "the impenetrable cur," whose answer is

"I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak,
I'll have my bond;"

and still we are not awakened to a realization of *Shylock's* nature or the web of danger that is rapidly being woven around Antonio.

Everything has been paving the way for a full realization of the trial scene, and when it comes our pity and fear are both thoroughly aroused, and we are keenly alive to the fate that awaits the hapless merchant. We fear for his life and pity him for the fearful end we think he is about to meet. This scene with its varied play of the passions, its moments of tremendous expectation, now ringing with the harsh, malicious voice of *Shylock*, now calmed and softened by the sweet eloquence of Portia is unequalled in tragic effect. As the scene progresses and the anger and hatred of the Jew increase we see no means of escape for Antonio. *Shylock* shows more of his spirit of revenge, and increases our fear when, in preparation for his savage deed, he whets his knife on the sole of his shoe.

When Portia begins her interpretation of the law we feel

that Antonio is doomed. *Shylock* will not listen to entreaties or supplications, not even to insults, but says calmly to Gratiano:

"Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud."

Not even the eloquence of Portia in her beautiful plea for mercy could move him. She only draws from him the harsh reply,

"I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond."

He is inexorable and our suspense is almost unbearable when Portia gives the judgment of the court to Antonio's asking.

"You must prepare your bosom for his knife."

What suspense lingers over the court when Portia tells *Shylock*

"And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it and the court awards it."

The Jew is about to take the pound of flesh nearest Antonio's heart, and at the thought of such a calm, deliberate, cold-blooded murder, our very heart stands still, our head swims until the deathlike silence is broken by the ever-sweet voice of Portia, to "Tarry a little." The fear that pervades our mind in this scene is unequalled by anything to be found in the greatest tragedies. The thought that Antonio is to stand with breast bared while *Shylock*, with his keenly-whetted knife, cuts off his pound of flesh is one that fills us with fear and horror. The crime is too horrible, too repugnant to the human mind. We cannot imagine anyone, not even an avaricious, revengeful, bloodthirsty *Shylock* guilty of such a deed. But our fear is soon dispelled. The Jew who has mercilessly invoked the law has brought upon himself far more than he desires. When he cannot obtain the pound of flesh he asks that the bond be paid thrice, and failing to obtain this he craves his principal. Even this is refused him, and to increase his misfortunes his wealth is confiscated. In his despair he cries out:

"Nay, take my life and all."

The terrible *Shylock* is now the miserable, heartbroken Jew. Although we hated him a moment ago we cannot withhold our pity now when we see him so completely outwitted. When the miserable wretch in his unfortunate position says:

"I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well,"

the pity that we had bestowed upon Antonio is, I had almost said, transferred to his enemy, so great is the poet's art and so admirably does he manage this magnificent scene. The play contains so many of the elements that excite the passions of fear and pity at will, that it cannot but be classed among the tragedies.

EXAMINATION AND HIS TWIN BROTHER JUG.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most natural, readiest and coziest way of launching out on a subject is to define its meaning. After this it is all clear sailing. But I suspect that in the present instance this beaten path of composition had better be left alone. For I am going to write on examination for those who have gone or fallen through the dread ordeal; and to begin by saying what the word means would not be a whit less ridiculous than to open a lecture on war with explaining the word to those who have already written the definition of it with their hearts' best blood on the battle field.

But, congenial reader, if the marks read some few weeks ago were as eloquent as Napoleon's bulletins from his disastrous campaign in Russia, and if you have felt the meaning of examination through and through, may we not venture some cursory remarks on *what has been felt, but not so well expressed?*

So let us put our heads together, and dip down to the bottom—meaning of the ominous word, examination. It evidently comes from the Latin. So you suggest *examen* meaning *balance*. Ah! I see—weighed in the balance and found wanting: many are called, but few are chosen! Well, that is good; but remember, *balance* is but a secondary, if not a figurative, meaning of *examen*; and we are now, somewhat Germanically, trying to get to the root of the word.

What do you think of taking the earlier meaning, an *issuing forth* or a *multitude*, forsooth, "like which the populous north poured never from her frozen loins to pass Rhene or the Donaw." Why, you cry, it would take a German commentator to fish out a connection here! And so it would. Listen to this clipped from a lecture on the subject published in a back number of the MONTHLY.

"Sphectacles, the learned German antiquarian, holds that the custom was first known to the early Romans, who discovered in it the practice of *bees*; for, says Sphectacles, the word examination is derived from *exagmen*, a mustering of

bees. Now, it is well-known to naturalists that the queen bee on certain days gathers the hive, on which occasion the drones are all killed off. This, says Sphectacles, is a true and beautiful origin of our modern school examination." This is all quite Germanic; and with the aid of such mental spectacles we could decipher the hieroglyphics on the tomb of any one of the Rameses.

So much for the bottom meaning of the word *examination*, congenial reader. As for how many drones were killed off in our late examination, or, if you choose to take my derivation of the word—which I have no idea of comparing to Herr Sphectacles—how many were found wanting it only remains for me to say that the number was more or less proportional to the unprecedented severity of the trial.

Having, then, settled the question of examination, I may naturally enough pass on to consider, however briefly, what I have styled examination's twin brother, but which may be more properly called examination's offspring—*Jug*. For "Jug" is but the necessary consequence of examination; and this remark suggests to my mind the derivation of the word. In olden times when a people were conquered, their victors made them pass under a yoke—Latin *Jugum*—in token of submission; and so in our day the unfortunate who fall in examination are subjected to the "Jug." Here they study what they have failed in, under the care of the Prefect of studies. If you have a mind to pay First Division Study Hall a visit from 2:30 to 4:30 o'clock on the afternoons of Tuesdays and Thursdays, you shall contemplate a scene which would not fail to elicit some profound, moral observations from such a nature as Shakespeare's melancholy Jaques. If you want to ascertain the justice of what I say, just take a leisurely trip, if you are not bound to take an obligatory one, to the place in question, and oblige a congratulator of those that passed and a sympathizer of those who did otherwise.

HOW WE GET OUT OUR PAPER.

P. R. CONNIFF, 92.

My First Attempt.

PEOPLE often wonder how the editors of the great daily papers in our large cities manage to put the paper in press at nearly the same hour day after day throughout the entire year. In order to catch the eye of the public, the reading matter must always be to a certain degree attractive; this makes it seem all the more mysterious that the paper should come out with such unvarying regularity. The way the editors manage is this: At a cer-

tain hour every day the editor-in chief calls a meeting of all the editors and assigns to each an article to write up.

The editors rush to their rooms, throw off their coats, sit down at their desks, and endeavor to concentrate their energies on the literary work mapped out for them. Later in the day they rush back to the office and hand in their articles, which are immediately looked over and corrected, if necessary. The printing department now assumes a state

of bustle as the busy printers ply their nimble fingers and soon have the paper set in type; the huge patent machines now seize the papers in their hungry jaws, masticate, and toss them out by the hundreds all neatly folded.

The street now presents a confused appearance. Carts and trucks rush to the doors, bundle in the papers and rush off again, making room for other carts impatiently waiting to be loaded. In a comparatively short space of time the "great daily" is circulated throughout the city. Now, to come to our paper. The manner in which we get it out is in many ways superior to that of the dailies. In the first place, the director calls a meeting of the Board of Editors about the middle of each month. We assemble in his room and direct our mental energies to the task of selecting subjects to write upon. After consulting the Muses at some length, and after many valuable suggestions are made by the director, we finally decide upon our subject. At this stage of our work we do not proceed, as many other editors do, viz., rush to our rooms, etc.

No! It is better, after a subject has been selected, to sleep on it a night or two. In this way we are much more likely to produce literary gems, and this chance must not be allowed to escape. One week from our meeting the articles are all handed in, and THE MONTHLY is soon in type. Here again does our system excel that of other papers.

We have machines which not only fold and wrap the papers, but actually address, and, still greater marvel, put stamps on them. What matters it if our genial Business Manager *does* have to use a little physical persuasive force before the editors can be collected into his room in order to work these machines.

Nihil fit sine labore is a very true saying, and, besides, the Manager is rewarded for his editorial zeal by the neatness and dispatch with which the paper is handled by the "machines," and soon sees, to his great satisfaction, that THE MONTHLY is out on time.

A MILE NORTH OF ATHENS

THE village of Colonus was situated on an eminence about a mile from the city of Athens. Standing on the brow of this hill and gazing around upon the glorious panorama presented to the sight, nothing could be seen to mar the beauty of the picture.

On one side the towers of the capital shone brightly in the sun; and in every other direction, stretching as far as the eye could reach were fields covered with nodding corn, cool and shady groves and green clad hills. Near by flowed the never-failing stream Cephisos. Farther off stood the sacred grove of the Eumenides, "The Gentle Goddesses," where, as the story runs, "Dionysius wandered with the nymphs; where common foot might never tread. Here, too, according to the Coloneans, was the path that led to the abodes of the shadowy shades—the dark and gloomy realm of "The Evening God."

Here, amidst these inspiring scenes, Sophocles was born and spent his boyhood years.

At that time Greece was in the height of her glory. Athens, the capital of this great empire, was the chief seat of learning, of wealth and power, in the world. Her schools were patronized by the most learned men of the age; her streets were thronged with men from every clime, and within her walls dwelt such geniuses as Herodotus, Phidias and Anaxagoras. On everything was stamped the mark of polish and refinement. What a glorious field for a poet! just as a vineyard holding out its fruit, ripened and ready to pluck, to the tired traveler, Athens held forth the fruit of learning, which had taken hundreds of years to mature, to the mind of

the bard hungering for themes with which to inspire his muse.

However, although Colonus was so near Attica, the bustle and hurry of the great metropolis did not extend its influence to its pleasant suburb. In his country home near this village, like Horace on his famed Sabinian farm, Sophocles wrote his poems.

The sight of the Acropolis, with the southern sun shining upon its glistening summit, brought to mind the valiant deeds of Greece's noble sons; the wonderful achievements of Achilles, Ajax and all the heroes of whom immortal Homer sung. Is it any wonder, then, that his poems are elegant and interesting? Sophocles himself, in the description he gives of it in his famous choral ode, shows his appreciation of the scene of his birth. No ideal description can equal the beautiful pictures which he draws of his early home. And then, what pleasure it was to be so near the great and learned Athens! How the young poet must have enjoyed talking with the garrulous, good-natured Herodotus and strolling along the country roads with Anaxagoras!

When such men as these lived, then was Athens glorious, then did she shine above all other cities of the world; but where are now her famous men? where are her wealth and power? All passed and gone;

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

E. J. L., '92.



PUBLISHED

*By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.**SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.*

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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FEBRUARY, 1890.



The subject with which we open our column is a staple one with the mercenary scribe of a journal managed on business principles; it will probably fall with a familiar ring on the ears of our old readers, and will, we trust, reach and smite the guilty conscience of the recreant subscribers. We have reference to that ever-present bug-bear of absent-minded patrons, the subscription list. Those of our readers who are familiar with sacred history will recall a parable which relates how the five foolish virgins expected their lamps to burn without oil. Look upon us as the five virgins, or, if you prefer, as any individual one of the virgins. They found by experience that the lamp without the oil was no earthly good; we, by a similar experience, have reached the same conclusion. We are not confirmed worshippers of the mammon of iniquity and the root of all evil, and our editorial mind fain would soar above such paltry consideration, but we must succumb to conventional usage, and look upon the almighty dollar as a necessary evil. Therefore, kind friends, come forward with the "necessary evil," and fear not to wound our sensitive nature by your eagerness.

The late Shrove tide Carnival, of which a detailed account will be found elsewhere has brought to our knowledge one notable fact. It has shown us that the students need never complain of a lack of entertainment because it is not provided for them by the faculty, and that, when left to themselves, as they were in this last affair, they are fully capable of putting through as thoroughly successful an entertainment as could be wished for. That the carnival was a complete success it is needless to say. We can only extend our congratulations to the committees under whose direction it was carried on, and thank them for the night's pleasure they afforded us. Too much can not be said in praise of Messrs. Brennan and Boylan, the former of whom, although he had risen from a sick bed to perform his part, engineered the whole affair with the genius of a McAllister.

* * *

Our pen could not be better employed than in expressing our admiration for the excellent manner in which our indefatigable Professor of Military Sciences is developing the raw material placed in his hands at the beginning of the year. Lieut. Squiers is a thorough soldier, and throws himself enthusiastically into whatever he undertakes. For the last four years he has been working with untiring energy, and, as a consequence, the cadets have been progressing steadily, step by step, until now they have attained a degree of excellence that we may well be proud of. We venture to say that, were the original twelve to return they would hardly recognize in our handsome battalion, the same corps of which they were the nucleus.

* * *

Rumor has it that the time-honored name of the Rose-Hills, the name which graces the annals of Fordham baseball as victors in so many well-fought battles, is to be dropped. How true this is we are not prepared to state, but we should say that a step like this is altogether too serious to be taken without due consideration. It requires deliberation, and, to our mind, in so important a matter the wishes of the faculty should be consulted before any decided steps are taken. For our part, we most heartily approve of the change. In the olden times when the team played only an occasional college game, and that never outside their own grounds, they needed to be distinguished only from their younger brethren of Second Division. But now when they have a regular series of games arranged with other colleges throughout the country, some more distinctive title is required. They need a name that will identify them more with the place they come from, and the college they represent. For this reason and following the example of Yale, Harvard, Amherst and others of the large colleges, they should be known by the name of "Fordham." It seems hard to drop a name under which the team has won so many brilliant victories, but "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," so let us be abreast of the times and as we are in Rome, let us do as Rome does.

T.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

OUR LADY.

THE Feast of the Purification falling on Sunday, the Parthenian Sodality held its festival Monday, the 2d inst. Early in the morning all the students assembled in the Parish Church where mass was celebrated by our former rector, Rev. Father Campbell, and at which our reverend Rector with several others took the last vows.

All the sodalists received communion in a body. After breakfast all the students met in the First Division Gymnasium, from which they marched proudly behind their handsome banners to the Parish Church, where a solemn high mass was sung by Rev. Father Halpin, assisted by Rev. Father Kevill and Mr. Moore. The singing of the choir was excellent. According to custom an Academy was held in the afternoon in honor of Our Lady, which displayed not only the piety, but also the literary talents of the Sodalists. A marked feature of the entertainment were the essays, in different tongues, which was novel, if not intelligible to all.

The choir also rendered "Ave Maris Stella" in a way which pleased all.

Master Henwood's solo—"Ave Maria"—was applauded to the echo.

After the entertainment Rev. Father Rector, in a beautiful little speech, expressed the joy that this glorious occasion afforded him, not only on account of its being the day of his profession, but on account of the great happiness and piety which were reflected from the face of every sodalist present.

Those who took part in the exercises were Messrs. Walsh, '90; Arellano, '91; Straub, '90, whose essay was well read by Master Kruger; Keane, '90; Gutierrez, '92; Corbitt, '92, and McNeilly, '90, who delivered the final and beautiful poem entitled "Queen of Heaven."

Diplomas were conferred on all Sodalists who have been in the Sodality one year. In the evening we were treated to a very eloquent and touching address on the life of the late Father Perron, by the Rev. Provincial. The day will be a long remembered one.

T. C., '91.

MARDI GRAS.

For three weeks the boys of the college and especially of the first division were looking forward to the carnival that was to be a novelty, not a precedent, in the college and would be looked up to as not the least event in the year of '90. It was an innovation and the all-important question was, "Will it be a success?" Like all new things it had those who were its warm supporters and those who were its opponents. Not any decided opposition, but a certain listlessness proceeding from the expectation, or rather the fear of failure. But those who had undertaken the affair were bound to push it to an issue, so the classes of Philosophy and Special Science were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the

celebration. On February 7, the following committees were appointed by the two classes:

Committee of Arrangements:

I. B. BRENNAN, Chairman.

G. E. PLUNKETT, K. J. FORTESCUE, F. MANNING.

Committee on Reception:

WILLARD S. WRIGHT, Chairman.

J. P. WHELAN, GILBERT EGAN, C. J. STRAUB.

Committee on Finance:

J. SLEVIN, Chairman.

J. BOYLAN, R. WIER, J. CALLANAN,

Floor Committee:

CHAS. RIELLY, Chairman.

C. LIVINGSTON, F. WINGERTER, NARCISSE ARELLANO.

Now success was assured. Under the leadership of Mr. Brennan, to whom the success of the carnival is in great part due, the two classes set to work zealously to make it epochal in the college year. So on went the preparations with such spirit and energy that all were effected with the desire to make it a success.

On the evening of the 18th, the carnival commenced. The programme was excellent and the committee did more than well in carrying it out so ably. At seven o'clock was skirmish drill. The campus was lighted by two huge bonfires, and red, green and blue fire; skyrockets and Roman candles were buzzing away right merrily, when the skirmishers under command of Captain Wright, assisted by Captains Boylan and Straub came out. The drill was good, all the more so when we consider that there were but few days for practice in it, and that many were new in that branch of the *res militaris*. Volley after volley was fired, and such a rattle from the promiscuous firing that, with good reason, a third division boy exclaimed to his companion, "Wasn't there a racket though!" Indeed the echoes were disturbed as they never had been since the old Revolutionary days, when the firing in this locality was part of another and a more serious carnival. Well pleased with this part of the evening's entertainment, which showed how much the cadets can do on short notice, and which is indicative of the abilities of the captains who had the drill in charge, the company repaired to the Refectory, which was to serve as dancing hall for the masque, by all odds the great feature of the carnival.

The pillars were hung with red, white and blue bunting, and festoons of the same material were suspended from the ceiling, while over all tyrannized the redoubtable Chinese lantern. Behind a screen of ferns and potted plants was the orchestra, whose dulcet strains were to render mobile the time-being disciples of Terpsichore. At last the maskers came and so well disguised were they that it took some time and some skillful observations to discover many of them. Such figures! Indians and court jesters, Spanish

bull fighters and Uncle Sam, Bob Acres and a rural citizen, Gypsies and Gondoliers, a monkey and a Highlander, Mexicans, Dominoes, dudés, sailors and school-boys, representatives of all nations and walks of life. The costumes were well selected, and many were gaudy indeed. As far as disguises were concerned the most perfect on the floor were Mr. Keating, as Jacob Bumblebek, Mr. Kiernan, as the Countryman, and Mr. Crowley in the character of his great namesake of Central Park fame.

Tableaux followed the grand march and then the following programme was filled.

I. 1. Lanciers; 2. Waltz; 3. Polka (Berlin); 4. Schottische (Militaire); 5. Lanciers; 6. Waltz; 7. Polka.

II. 1. Lanciers; 2. Gavotte; 3. Schottische (Yorke) 4. Waltz; 5. Polka; 6. Lanciers (continued); 7. Sir Roger de Coverly.

After the dancing the maskers partook of a well furnished spread in the refectory; speeches were made and toasts responded to.

Such was the first Carnival at St. John's, and we hope the custom so auspiciously inaugurated will last long in the College. Honor to the classes of '90.

OTTO HEGNER.

Although there is always a deal of bustle on Third Division this was more than usually the case on Thursday, February 13th, when our neat little Study Hall became for fully two hours the centre of the life of the whole college. Every boy on the Division, from the biggest to the smallest, tried to put on his best behavior and to look his neatest, in order to give a nice reception to the famous young Swiss musician, Otto Hegner. Towards two o'clock our battalion formed in columns of four, and marched to the college gates under the leadership of Captain Wright, there to meet the wonderful boy whom we were all so anxious to see. He came in due time, and his surprise at seeing us boy soldiers seemed to be greater than our amazement to think that such a little boy as he was could do such great things at the piano, which we had heard he could. We escorted him up to the entrance of the old building and there left him for a while to the kind care of Fr. Walsh, to be shown over the college. After a short visit to the science rooms and the library, where he showed an acquaintance with more than matters of music, he was brought to St. John's Hall. Having partaken of a little lunch served by two of our officers, he visited the various rooms of the Hall, and at length came to the Study Hall. The audience in the Study Hall consisted of the Rev. Faculty, several ladies, all the boys of Third Division and many boys from Second and First Divisions. As soon as the little musician touched the piano we all became silent and listened with rapture to his charming music. And our eyes were gratified no less than our ears, for it was very pleasing to watch the movements of Master Otto as his magnetic fingers sped gracefully along the key-board. His whole body seemed to be at work in lending strength to his hands to do their best. And his whole soul was in the music no less than his body, as was

clear from the brilliance of his face, lit up by two sparkling eyes and adorned at every shake of his head by the stray black curls that hung over his forehead.

When Otto Hegner had played several excellent pieces, and amongst them one of his own composition, Oscar Kruger came forth to amuse all by his dumb bell exercise. He wielded the bells for five minutes in company with Professor Petersen's music. This treat was followed by another of the same kind by Gustave Bertrand with Indian clubs, who, although he swung them with great agility, seemed rather tired, but otherwise succeeded very well. Afterwards Frank Henwood sang a very pretty song entitled, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat." This interval seemed quite a treat to the little Swiss musician, and he expressed his thanks by giving us more of his music. Each piece that he played seemed to be better than the preceding one, but the best of all, I think, was the one he played next to the last. It was full of thunder and lightning. When the entertainment was over, Ed. Higgins proposed three cheers for our friend Hegner, and the call was answered with three hearty shouts from all the boys.

A. E. WILLES, '95.

STUDENTS ATTENTION!

Our Baseball Nine and Football Team have for years felt the want of a college song, a representative college song—either when they were entertained by other colleges or received members from other institutions here. To supply the demand a prize of \$10.00 is offered to the composer of the best college song. There must be a solo and chorus and the song must be set to some familiar tune—an old air preferable. Old students may compete.

TO STUDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS!

The following proposal will, we trust, meet the attention it deserves. We would ask each person whose eyes fall upon this paragraph to suppose that he is sentenced to imprisonment for life, with solitary confinement—we beg pardon for the insinuation—and is allowed the privilege of choosing six books, and to kindly send us the names of the half dozen books he would select. We will publish the answers.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

This society resumed work for the present term with the selection of new officers to replace the outgoing incumbents. The election resulted in the choosing of Mr. Wingerter as President, Mr. Reilly as Vice-President, Mr. Brennan as Treasurer, Mr. Fogarty as Recording Secretary, and Mr. Whelan as Corresponding Secretary. At the following meeting of the Society Mr. Taaffe read an essay on "Mary, Queen of Scots." The paper was well written and showed that the gentleman possessed a comprehensive knowledge of his subject; but the length of the essay only allowed him to deal with the principal points in the life of the unfortunate Queen. When a subject is so broad and upon which many

are so well informed, we think that a critical rather than narrative essay would be more to the point. The constitution of the society has been entirely revised and modernized by a committee appointed for the purpose, and is now under consideration. The Rev. Fr. Halpin will, for some time to come, lecture to the society at its regular weekly meeting. The first of these lectures was on Wednesday, February 12th, and if those to come will prove as interesting as this initial one a most pleasant course is guaranteed to the society. Fr. Halpin began by stating the object of the lectures, viz., the study of the Philosophy of History, and thence proceeded to the divisions and sub-divisions of his subject, with an occasional digression from the point, which he plainly told us we must expect; but as these digressions were as interesting and profitable as the subject itself they were gladly received. A lecture by one of our prominent speakers is promised at an early date.

A SCHOOLBOY.

At the recent specimen given by the class of Rudiments there were many pretty things, which we would like to present to the readers of the MONTHLY if space allowed.

The following, however, may give one an idea of the excellence of some of the others. It was written by Raymond Dennin, and is given just as it came from his pen:

A SCHOOLBOY.

A schoolboy should be good in every respect; he should study when it is the time for study and play when it is the time for it. He should not be kept in after school lets out or have to go on post or anything of that sort.

He should not behave badly in the classroom or answer the teacher back when he tells him what to do.

He should not throw spitballs around the classroom or papers either. He should try to be the best boy in his class and try to get first in his lessons.

He should not be rough while on the playgrounds and should try and not get into any fight with boys, and he should never hit any boy that is under his size.

He should never be late for prayers and he should say them carefully and respectfully.

He should behave while he is in the church and he should be very polite while he is at table.

He should try and not tell lies or say things about another, for fear of hurting the boy's feelings.

He should try and keep his desk in order and see that his books are all right.

He should not ask to leave the class-room unless it is very necessary.

He should have his shoes nicely blackened before coming into the class-room.

He should not talk while going to bed and he should not talk on the lines, and he should never talk in the study-hall without permission.

He should do whatever his teacher tells him to do, whether he likes it or not.

RAY DENNIN, '97.

THE SENATE.

The Senate is again under way for the term, under the guidance of Mr. Walsh, S. J., with brilliant promises for the future. Mr. Arellano was chosen Secretary for the ensuing session at the first meeting in the course of which Mr. Walsh made a few remarks suggesting some changes which he thought could profitably be made by the Senate relative to its manner of procedure. He suggested that the moderator be allowed a few remarks upon each bill after it had been disposed of that he might speak of its merits and demerits, and perhaps bring to light some new phase of the measure passed over in the discussion; and moreover, in order to insure a full and thorough consideration of every bill proposed that both the gentleman introducing it and the one seconding, together with the committee to which it was referred for investigation should come prepared to speak for the bill, as there is always a sufficient number found on the opposition. Mr. Plunkett's bill for the Annexation of Canada was consigned to oblivion, as even its firmest adherents finally failed to come to its support. Mr. McNeilly's bill for the Abolition of Capital Punishment by Electricity is now under discussion and has brought forth much animated debate on both sides.

'91.

COLLEGE WORLD.

FERDINAND WINGERTER, '90.

SPACE forbids more than a general mention for all but a few of the January numbers of our exchanges.

Many of them in typographical and artistic make-up, in the quality and quantity of matter, and in the bright and cheerful college life which they suggest almost reach the ideal in college journalism. On the other hand, we regret to say, some few of our exchanges by lack of tact and taste in arrangement of copy by soul-distressing printers, by page

after page of non-nutritious "slush," make the editor's eyes grow moist as he turns away exclaiming, "Deliver me from the body of this death." But it is cheering and encouraging to note that where one college paper is growing worse twenty are growing better. Oh that this might be said of every line of journalism! Can it be said of the daily papers and magazines? Excepting where the influence of college-bred men affects them, we think not. Experience is a good

thing, but enterprise and energy are better. Some of our best exchanges are those published in the back woods, at colleges and academies scarcely known, outside of their own State. Enterprise and "push" are the secrets of their success, and are the only remedies for third-class papers. *Try it, friends* — — —.

—We are pleased to welcome to our sanctum the *Hamilton College Monthly*, published by the young ladies of the Lexington Female College. The *Monthly* is a model paper. Its corps of editors is by no means large, comprising but three quill-drivers. Most of the articles, which are neither short nor devoid of merit, are written by the trio, whose names, printed in bold type, adorn the editorial page. These maidens of the Blue Grass State are evidently workers, else they could not write as much nor as well as they do. We beg leave to extend to you all the greetings of the season, ladies. We invite you to call again.

—None of our exchanges do we greet with more genuine pleasure than the *Haverfordian*. Its columns of editorials, personals, locals and reviews, each bearing in itself its own peculiar characteristic, are features of neatness and good management. In its literary department, besides two short poems by Howell Stroud England, which were a pleasure to read, coming as they did in the same batch of mail with a number of shallow love-sick jingles, falsely called poetry by some of our exchanges, was a very readable literary comparison of "Heart of Mid Lothian" and "Measure for Measure." After very cleverly tracing the characteristic differences in their treatment by their authors the writer concludes, admitting, of course, that the "Heart of Mid Lothian" is among the best of Scott's novels, while "Measure for Measure" holds but a subordinate rank in Shakespeare's plays; that if "Measure for Measure" were all that were left of Shakespeare's plays and "Heart of Mid Lothian" of Scott's novels, we would recognize in Scott the greater genius and the greater artist.

—In looking over *The Polytechnic* for January 25, we wished that an exchange column had taken the place of one of the fifteen columns of notes and local squibs. *The Polytechnic*, we think, should take a greater interest in the events of the College World outside of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, than she does. Though without room for an exchange column or a single column of college news, our esteemed contemporary has room for such clippings as the following: "The December issue of *The Polytechnic* contains two short stories which are superior in some respects to any we have ever seen in college literature.—*Illinois College Rambler*." Was *The Polytechnic* blowing its own horn when it published these complimentary notices it has received from other papers, or did it think to insult its readers by telling them of merits which they *may* have failed to discover? Self praise is no recommendation. We have praised *The Polytechnic* in warm terms, and we cannot help praising it now for its many excellencies, but the action we have just mentioned will not tend to raise the opinion of the paper in the minds of good judges.

—One of our best exchanges is the *Western Maryland College Monthly*. Its columns are filled, not with essays on

worn out subjects, skimmy stories and worse poetry, but good, solid reading matter, interesting and instructing. Articles on "Moral Power Gained by Good Habits," "Wisdom Misapplied" and "Progress of the Caucasian" are among its interesting features.

—There is this peculiarity about *L'Etudiant*; when you lay hold of it with a view of reading it, it invariably falls apart. This is not, of course, a literary defect, but it is a defect nevertheless. We love to look at plain, large type and compact binding and cheery looking articles. Ruskin puts these among the notes of an interesting book. Several of our exchanges have extremely dim type and extremely poor binding.

We feel like crying to the "Mont" from the little mountain State—

"We loved her, but she left us,
Like some sweet vision nigh,
That early came and blessed us
Then passed forever by."

We have not received a visit from the "Mont" for three months. Isn't this truly sad, exchange brethren? Of course, we know, that—

"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

but the knowing of, that isn't much consolation. We hope our fears, expressed in the word "forever" will not be realized.

—*The Crescent* ascends higher toward perfection, both in the material order and the literary. . . . We find it in this issue using its influence to excite in the students a laudable interest for Athletics. We find strewn over its pages tasty composition and spicy bits of everything.

—We see from notices in our regular exchanges that the *Index of Niagara* is still alive and abroad; but we are sorry to say, it has not been our portion to meet our old friends from the Falls this term yet. As our paper is regularly sent to the *Index* we hope its Eds. will see that their sheet reaches us in the future. We are not ready to believe that the *Index* is uncourteous.

—The "student cards" given to students entering German Universities, admit them to theatres at half price, shield them from arrest by the civil authorities and give them free admission to many of the galleries and museums of Europe.

—The Rev. Jos. Reali, S. J., has just completed a monumental work, a Turkish-French dictionary, printed in Turkish and Latin characters, which has received the highest praise from Orientalists; in appreciation of the author's labors, the Sultan has conferred upon him the insignia of a Commander of the Sovereign order of Megedie.

—One third of the University students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at college; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies and the other third govern Europe.

—At a recent performance in the New Haven Opera House, as a number of students rose from their seats at the end of the second act, a good lady was heard to remark: "Ain't it too bad those young fellows have to go home and go to studying?"

—An examination in gymnasitics is now required of Johns Hopkins' undergraduates before a degree will be given. Vaulting,

jumping and simple exercises on the parallel bars and ladder, are among the requirements.

—College journalism originated at Dartmouth in 1800, with Daniel Webster as one of the editors.

—Dr. Weil, the late distinguished Orientalist, historian and professor at the University of Heidelberg, was a Hebrew and the first Jew to override the rigid rules of that conservative college, and take an office in its halls.

—Forty thousand doctors have been graduated during the last ten years and the United States have now one doctor to every 600 inhabitants, while England has only one to every 1,300.

—A Sanskrit translation of the lost books of Euclid has been found at Jeypore, East India. A paper is to be read on the subject

before the Eighth International Congress of Orientalists, at Stockholm, by a distinguished Indian scholar.

—We do not at all envy coming generations the pleasure they will have in plodding through an additional fifty pages of solid geometry.

—One man in 5,000 in England takes a college course; one in 615 in Scotland; one in 213 in Germany; one in 2,000 in the United States.

—Our two great lexicographers, Webster and Worcester, are graduates of Yale.

—The first LL.D. at Harvard was bestowed upon G. Washington, in 1776.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

ALAN G. BURROW, '90.

ON account of a late innovation in military circles, our captains have recommended themselves to the prayers of all those who are religiously and charitably inclined.

—The "Midnight Artist" who prowleth around the class-rooms of the Science Building, leaving specimens of artistic design, had better preserve a greater interval between the aforesaid building and himself, otherwise he might meet with a reception that will not be lacking in warmth.

—Some gentleman, evidently not of musical fame, in his vain attempts to produce sound from the pedals, exercised so much force on the poor, harmless and indispensable beings, that now they are separate and distinct from the piano which used to claim them as its own.

—On the morning of Tuesday, the 11th, we were treated to some very beautiful and touching solos while attending Mass.

—We understand that the Rose Hills of this year intend to be independent of all outside subscriptions. We sincerely hope they will not encounter any storms, although we cannot help foreseeing a rather rough passage with their present pilot chart.

—All the societies held their semi-annual election immediately after the examination.

—There is quite an army of "Juggists" this year. Poor fellows! they fought bravely but were mortally wounded and taken captive.

—"Wire pullers" are becoming more and more numerous every day. The "pulling," however, is, in its nature, individual, each "puller" having a different motive for which to accomplish his end in view.

—Hereafter the philosophers will not investigate things "*per ultimas causas*." Will not some one suggest another way? Ans. Common sense.

—The attendance of the "would-be" Rose Hills has been exceedingly good so far, and the candidates seem to realize the necessity for steady practicing.

—The fact seems to be at last understood that the Rose Hills are not a division team but the representative club of the College, for the support of which every College man should contribute as much as possible.

—In order to present a more warlike scene, the gun racks in the gymnasium have been given a coat of red paint.

—Mr. Wright was the first gentleman to receive a valentine: surely he should feel honored. All information regarding it, will be cheerfully given by the gentleman himself.

—It is a consolation at least to know that skates and toboggans will keep till next year, if properly preserved.

—Those who had the great pleasure of attending the musical entertainment given by the wonderful boy pianist, Otto Hegner, feel very grateful to Fr. Walsh for his kind courtesy in inviting them.

—If the present weather continues, all indoor practice will be abandoned, and the players will hie to the campus.

—Hereafter the Laboratory of Analytical Chemistry will open its doors on Wednesdays and Saturdays only. We venture to say that the number of visitors on the other days will not exceed a few.

—Jack Lynch is the same old man that he used to be; the same can be said of his excellent mode of training: and the players should remember that a better trainer than Lynch would be hard to find. Do what he says and you may be sure you are doing the right thing.

—"Where have the athletes gone?

When will they ever return?

The president limping on limbs forlorn
Their whereabouts can never learn."

—"If I catch the man that sent that valentine I'll have his head." Such were the remarks that parted one gentleman's lips on the feast of St. Valentine. If the head is as large as the one on the valentine, the gentleman will have a hard time managing it.

—The Division, like another place, is paved with good intentions.

—Those that have charge of the Tobacco shop, report business as being anything but dull. In a few years the grave diggers will make the self same report.

—Even now a good critic and close observer might tell us who will compose the Rose Hills this year; but the majority say they would by no means like to have the placing of the men.

—The National League is acting very foolishly and meanly by prying into college baseball affairs. It has already declared us outlawed and will try to keep other colleges from crossing bats with us this spring. We accepted offers from Brotherhood teams because they suited us and it is no affair of the National League. We were wont to bestow the name of "wise" on the leaders of the League, but lately we have come to the conclusion that another epithet would be far more appropriate.

—Dancing was the order of the day for at least two weeks before the Carnival, and in that short period numerous and various "steppers" have emerged from darkness into light.

—We are proud of our gymnasium but not of its floor, which is guaranteed to wear out a pair of boots in one hour's dancing.

—Two of the Committee of Arrangements overworked themselves to such a degree in forwarding the interests of the Mardi-Gras festival that they were forced to betake themselves to the Infirmary in order to recuperate.

—Rev. Fr. Fagan dropped in on us quite unexpectedly the other day. His visit was an agreeable surprise to the Philosophers, who hold in lasting affection the remembrance of their former Professor of Rhetoric.

—Manager Slevin read the riot act to his men a few days ago, and, may we hope, with good results?

—So far two games have been arranged with the New York Brotherhood, two with Lafayette and Lehigh, and one with the Star Athletics. Many other games are under negotiation.

—The various squads composing Company C made quite a showing at their competitive drill held in our Gymnasium on Sunday, the 16th. Many of the faculty and all the students were present and loudly applauded the excellent manner in which the "Imberbi juvenes" executed the manual of arms. The prize was something far more substantial than a set of colors, and will be partaken of by squad A which carried off the palm.

—Messrs. Carmody and Walsh will open a dancing academy as soon as the proper and necessary arrangements can be made. The number of pupils will be limited; so all those who are contemplating learning the Terpsichorean art had better send in their applications at once, and not let such a favorable opportunity pass by unheeded.

—The success of the Carnival far surpassed the highest expectations that could have possibly been entertained by any one, and it only shows what the boys can do when once they put their shoulders to the wheel.

—Every feature from the Skirmish Drill to the Virginia Reel achieved the most brilliant success, which will surely augur favorably for the continuance of many more like festivities.

—The lecture on "Memory" given by Professor Yule was a most interesting one, and the great facility the lecturer displayed was simply marvellous.

—In all probability, a large class will be organized in the near future, and then perhaps we will not hear so often the old threadbare phrase, "I forgot."

—Among the callers this month at the college were Rev. F. F. Slattery, C. O'Reilly, M. McEvoy, Wm. Murphy, John McKenna and P. J. Mullaly, Wm. A. McCormick—all graduates of St. John's.

—We have just space to call the attention of our readers to the generous donation of \$1,000 contributed to the Hughes' Statue Fund by Eugene Kelly, Esq.

SECOND DIVISION.

J. J. REILLY, '92.

—Second Division, we are sorry to say, sent quite a few representatives to jug.

—The gymnasium has hitherto had but few admirers, but now most of the boys have taken quite a fancy to it. A crowd of them are always practicing running, boxing and exercising on the bars.

—We would like very much to have such a cage as First Division have for practicing baseball. We have no place to practice at all, except outside. The weather of late has been very favorable for baseball, and many enthusiasts are out every day practicing pitching, catching and batting.

—The following officers have been elected for the Base Ball As-

sociation; President, J. J. Reilly; Secretary, Jos. McAleenan; Treasurer, Jos. Brown; and Director, T. Smythe.

—The following gentlemen have been chosen to represent the Invincibles for the coming season: Catcher, Jos. Brown; Pitcher, Mich. Doran; First Base, Morris Doran; Second Base, W. Ferguson; Third Base, Jos. McAleenan; Short Stop, C. Horu; Left Field, T. McMahon; Centre Field, E. Kenney; Right Field, J. J. Reilly.

—There was a reception of members into the Second Division Sodality on Sunday February 9. Four members were received. Others were admitted who had been received elsewhere.

—There was great gloom on the Division, when it was reported that Second Division would not be permitted to go to the ball, but later it was changed to joy when permission was granted to be present.

—The "Fordhams" made a call upon Second Division for some funds for the expenses of the coming season, which was very generously responded to.

—The programmes of class matter for the June examinations have already been given out to the different classes. A look at them shows that there will be little time for idling.

—The new building progresses rapidly every day. The joists for the first floor are now being laid.

—The Second Division ball-field is now being used for stones for the building. Some boys say that they will not be there long if they can find any way to get them from there. The stones prevent our playing ball.

—Father Halpin visited the study hall lately during the study hour and demanded all the novels. Pretty soon a large pile of reading matter was placed before him. The visit was not pleasant for some boys.

—A game of ball was played on Sunday, February 16th, between two nines, one of which was captained by Joe McAleenan and the other by Tom Smythe. The game was very interesting as it was the first of the season. Joe McAleenan's team won the victory.

—At a meeting of the Sodality the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the second term: prefect, John J. Reilly; 1st assistant, J. Keane; 2d assistant, G. Walsh. The other officers are to be appointed.

—Several of our members had the pleasure of seeing the performance on the piano given by Otto Hegner, the famous boy pianist, down in the Third Division Study Hall. They all are great admirers of his playing since then. Their opinion is that he is a great genius.

—The prospect for the Invincibles for this season is very good. The suits are now being fixed up, and necessary things, such as balls, bats, masks and gloves, are being provided.

—Our Study Hall and Billiard Room have been furnished with two very attractive clocks. They are a great improvement indeed.

—On Tuesday, February 18th, the officers of the Division were taken on a 'bus ride by Mr. O'Connell, S. J. Their ride was a very pleasant one. They all returned, praising the kindness and generosity of Mr. O'Connell.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

EDWARD M. LAMB, '95.

—Otto Hegner, the "boy wonder," paid us a visit on Thursday and enlivened the hearts of the members of Third Division by his fine playing.

—Will some generous person please be kind enough to finish our baseball field, as it is in nearly as bad a condition as it was last season?

—This division is well represented in the Infirmary. Since the

Xmas holidays there have been no less than two boys there all the time.

—A number of new Indian clubs and dumb-bells have been put in the gymnasium.

—The boys who did not have skates when we had the skating holiday are wishing they had gotten their skates sooner.

—The cigarette picture rage is at a higher pitch than stamp collecting.

—A new Mason & Hamlin piano has been placed in the study-hall. This, besides being useful, is very ornamental.

—On Sunday, the 16th, a competition drill occurred in the First division gymnasium.

—It was between the four squads into which Co. E is divided, which are A, B, C, D, commanded respectively by Captains Wright and Boylan, Sergeants Ramsay and Orpheus. It was won by Squad A, commanded by Capt. Wright. Squad B came next and then Squad C, which was followed by D. Hereafter Squad A will be commanded by Capt. Burrow.

BATTALION NOTES.

F. J. D., '91.

—By Special Order, No. 21, Sergeant Perilliat has been raised to the rank of First Sergeant.

—As is usual in every entertainment of importance in the college, the cadets took a prominent part in the Mardi-Gras celebration. The skirmish drill was new to most of the students and seemed to be thoroughly appreciated. The volley firing might have been improved in one or two instances, but on the whole it was excellent. The end of the year will see the whole battalion thoroughly proficient in this branch of tactics.

—Co. B, it seems, is doomed to waste all the perfection of its manual drill on the unappreciative atmosphere of the class-room corridor, while Company A reigns supreme in the gymnasium. We do not think that superior merit ought to be subordinated to seniority of rank.

—The examination of privates for the rank of corporal will occur on February 27th, and that of first sergeants for lieutenantcies one month later. We wish those concerned every success.

—The author of these notes must offer Company E an apology for his utter disregard of their existence during the past year, especially since it is so little deserved. Their drill is so far removed from that of the battalion that but little news of them ever reaches us. Their exhibition drill of Sunday, February 16th, was as unexpected as it was delightful. They marched right into our midst without a word of warning and went through the movements of the manual with such precision as to put to shame the older companies of the battalion. The senior squad bore off the honors, and in consequence enjoyed a glorious spread to which the generosity of Lieutenant Squires bountifully contributed. Their next competition drill will take place some time in May.

—What do Companies A, B, C and D think of themselves after that exhibition drill of our *enfants*?

—Captain Wright and his corps of assistant instructors deserve great credit for the perfection to which they have brought the drill of these young aspirants.

—If the rigor which is now practiced with Company E was used with the other companies of the battalion there would probably be much more recalcitration in the ranks than at present exists. At each drill every part of their apparel must be in perfect order and a neat appearance is required of each. Failure in this incurs punishment, but they submit to it with remarkably manly courage.

—The rumor spoken of in our last notes has assumed palpable form, and we hear that one week in May is to be set apart for a camp to be situated on the extensive ball-field. All of the regular

ceremonies and manoeuvres will be observed, as daily exhibition drill and dress parade, sentinel duty, etc., etc. This will give our boys some of the more practical part of a soldier's life and tend to fit them for duty should they ever be called upon in the interests of their country.

NOTES.

—The editorial paragraphs are entirely under the control of Thos. G. Taaffe, Esq.

—This number, with the exception of three articles, is altogether from the pens of Our Staff.

—The poem "Washington's Tomb" is an old contribution.

—The account of Hegner's wonderful playing is by a student who is just the age of the artist.

—Few words have been listened to with more rapt attention than the remarks made by Rev. Fr. Rector on the occasion of the reading of the examination marks, January 31st. His short speech taught eloquently and well, the forcible lesson of the examinations—the very important lesson of always doing one's duty—of doing it perseveringly—of relying for success not on one effort, but making it the inevitable outcome of continued endeavor. May all take this lesson to heart and may next June prove that the seed of Rev. Fr. Rector's counsel has fallen on good ground.

—We invite cordially every student to contribute to these columns.

—Don't forget to answer our query about the *six books*.

OLD PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

REV. JAMES PERRON, S. J.

Died Jan. 24, 1890.

We translate the following from *Le Courier du Canada*, Monday, Jan. 27, 1890 :

One of the most prominent figures of the Society of Jesus in America has just disappeared, in the person of Father James Perron, who died Friday afternoon at Fordham College, near New York, in the 71st year of his age. Before embracing the religious life Fr. Perron had followed the career of arms. He served in Algiers as *vide-de-camp* of Lamoricière. Entering the Society of Jesus in 1846, he made his novitiate at Rome, along with Fr. Anatole de Bengy, who was shot by the Communists the 26th of May, 1871. Fr. Perron filled in his order many important offices, among others that of Superior of the Jesuits of Canada and New York. Two sisters survive him—one the Duchess of Montesquion, the other the Countess of Rochefoucault. George de Cadoudal related in the following terms, twenty years ago, in "La semaine des familles," the history of the vocation of Fr. Perron: "Near Roche-Bernard, in the very Castle of Bretesche, whence the brother of Coligny hurled Calvinism like an incendiary torch on the soil of Catholic Brittany, I knew some years ago a young man upon whom God had showered all His gifts and Fortune all her favors. The son of a father who had amassed in India the wealth of Nabob, he was free to work out his destiny, and he might have, as so many others, used or abused his riches, led an idle life, or travelled from one to another of the great capital cities of the world. But he felt that he was born for something else than to vegetate in a club or to cut a dash in a Derby. He did not believe that the comfortable nature of his position dispensed him from following a laborious vocation. He became a staff officer, campaigned in Algiers and sojourned in the grand military places of France. He soon perceived that garrison life suited him no better than a life of luxury and pleasure. He broke his sword, bought the demesne of Bretesche, and came to seek in the solitude of a beautiful rural residence the happiness and the repose which as yet he had been unable to find. But one meets in the country only the peace which one brings with himself, and the retired officer became the prey of a mysterious suffering, which Nature herself, that grand consoler, is powerless to relieve. A restless dreamer, filled with unsatisfied yearnings, tormented by the indefinable sickness of Werther and Rene, he seemed to pine for an unknown country. He became for his neighbors an undecipherable enigma, a veritable cause of stupefaction. Some could not understand how one with such well-stored cellars could be sad; others assured him that wild-duck hunting was a panacea for all heart and soul maladies. One day a generous notary touched by his troubles counselled him to take to cards and offered himself as a partner. As for me I avow that his melancholy appeared to me altogether incompatible with the shaded arches of the forest and the beautiful and numerous volumes which filled the shelves of his library. But we had all of us to do with the victim of a vast disgust, with a singular mind, it is true, which was sated with all things without having tasted any. A very little while passed before we perceived that the Master of Bretesche made frequent excursions in his neighborhood, from which he returned with a look of satisfaction and almost radiant. Across the melancholy shadow of his brow there seemed to gleam a flash of satisfaction and of happiness. Curious and talkative people simply imagined that there was some betrothal afoot and began to conjecture, after their fashion, about the future mistress of the Castle. One of them was bold enough to set spies on the former Staff Officer. They saw him enter a

misericable tumble down hut. No longer any doubt, said he, we have found him out; evidently the son of the Nabob has a taste for romantic adventure and has made a thatched cottage his trysting place. But the future Chatelaine was a frightful little old woman, full of wretchedness and wrinkles, who was living on the alms of her benefactor and who had made him acquainted with the celestial and ineffable joys of charity. This was the first stage of my friend on the journey towards the country of his dreams. Once on the road he traveled to the end so fast that he seemed to wear the seven league boots. He made many trips to Paris and to Rome. At Paris he was found oftener in the Chapel of Our Lady of Victories than in the boxes of the Opera. At Rome, he sojourned in the neighborhood of the Gesù, of which place he became so fond that he ended by remaining there altogether. Just as I was expecting to receive the news of his marriage he wrote informing me of his entrance into religion. He is a Jesuit now, and the day that he pronounced his vows he found what he had sought so long, but in vain in the world, in his travels, in the military profession, in the pleasures of his castle life, heart calm, peace of soul and of mind, the full possession of true wisdom and genuine happiness."

JOHN S. DOUGHERTY, A. B., '83.

We copy the following account of the funeral of John S. Dougherty, A. B., '83, from a Newberg paper:

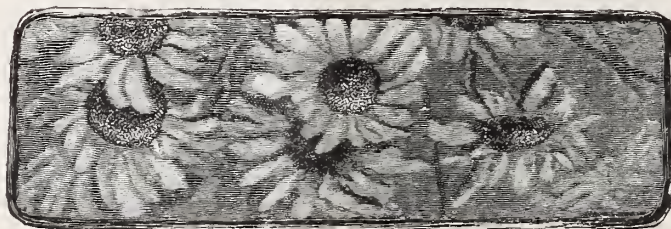
The funeral service over the remains of the late John S. Dougherty, son of the late John and Susan Dougherty, and brother of Almshouse Commissioner James J. Dougherty of this city, took place from the family residence, 382 Liberty street, on Monday morning last, at 10 o'clock, and half an hour later at St. Mary's Church, South street, of which the deceased young man was a devoted member while being a resident of this city. The religious services began at the appointed hour, and consisted of a solemn

High Mass, in which three clergymen took part, and at its conclusion a timely sermon was delivered by the rector, Rev. John C. Henry.

The service throughout was of a very solemn and impressive character, and was largely attended by the many relatives and friends of the deceased. Rev. Father Mead, of New York city, who was a schoolmate of the deceased while in St. John's College, Fordham, and also while attending St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, Troy, and who but a few weeks ago was ordained a priest at the latter place, was celebrant of the Mass. Rev. Father Butler, of St. Patrick's church, this city, officiated as deacon, he being also, while in college, a warm friend of the deceased. Rev. Father Pellieux, of St. Mary's, was sub-deacon.

At the conclusion of the service the Rev. John C. Henry, the rector of St. Mary's, spoke in a very beautiful and also able and fitting manner of the life and death of the deceased young man. During the course of his remarks he alluded to the early demise of so worthy a young man, who was honest and upright; always gentle and kind, being gifted with a peaceful disposition; in conversation, interesting and polite; always attentive to his religious duties; an obedient son and loving brother, and in his sad departure to-day, separating him from his beloved family and the once happy home that he always loved and cherished from the time of his infancy until the hour of death, will cause much regret for a long time to come around the fireside of the family circle, and also among his numerous friends and acquaintances.

At the conclusion of the Rev. gentleman's remarks the choir, under Prof. Rafferty, sang a religious hymn appropriate to the occasion as the funeral procession passed out of the church. The remains were then taken to St. Patrick's cemetery for interment, and were followed by a large number of friends, which included many from New York city and elsewhere. The pall bearers were Chas. H. Ryan, John Fogarty, Peter Adams, John H. Maher, Wm. Meaney of New York, Thos. Hamill of New York, Benj. J. McDonald and John Toohey. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, especial among them being a beautiful wreath, composed of white roses, the gift of Mrs. C. McCahe, and an elegant representation of the "Gates Ajar," upon which the word "Brother" was inscribed, and which was carried in advance of the pallbearers by Fred J. Stapleton and John Hart from the deceased's late home to his final resting place in the cemetery.



TO MARCH.

HARD on the wake
Of thy cold, cruel master,
O'er brier and brake,
O'er woodland and lake,
Now faster, now faster,
Thou comest; and keen blows thy storm-laden
breath;
Now howling, now moaning—
Now shrieking, now groaning—
Drearly keening thy cruel lord's death,
Grim henchman of winter.

Hail to thee, hail!
For the glad news thou bearest,
Bright let thy stay be,
Soon on thy way be,
(Little we care where thou farest),
Yielding thy sway to the gay, smiling Spring;
A truce to thy moaning,
We've enough of thy groaning.
The far-reaching sweeps of thy merciless wing;
Fierce herald of Spring.

THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '90.

WELFARE AND WARFARE.

BANKS MOORE, SECOND LATIN GRAMMAR.

IT was during the recent war between France and the northern countries of Africa that the following incidents took place. Under no more expressive title than the above could I class them, for they seem to me now, as I recall them, the veriest mingling of rest and unrest, of sunshine and storm. A fancy for adventure, inherited, I know not whence, led me at an early age to join the army of France, and to fling my young fortunes into the chances of war. Leaving my native land, not without a pang for her luxuriant cotton fields and for the blossoms of her sweet magnolias and the fragrant bloom of her orange groves, I crossed the ocean on board a French steamer, and reached France just one month before the expedition into Africa took its start.

I made my way to Paris partly on foot and partly on the wagons of such kind farmers as would allow me to ride with them as far as they were going. On arriving at the Metropolis I immediately repaired to the recruiting office and offered my services as a volunteer. Luckily I was accepted, and on the day after my application I found myself ordered to a regiment almost wholly comprised of unquiet and venturesome fellows like myself.

We left on the next day for Havre, where we embarked together with several other regiments on a steamer bound for Algiers. Our trip was wearisome and dreary in the extreme; and as nothing occurred worthy of note, I shall give my reader a description of the officers of our regiment. The colonel was a short fat man with a red face, bushy eyebrows, and black whiskers. Although the plump red face of our commanding officer, beaked as it was with a red ripe nose, and dimly lit up by the glare of a pair of sleepy eyes, betokened many a night of jolly revelry, and many a morn of late sleep, yet his ability as an officer was in no wise doubted, as it had been boldly manifested on several very terrible occasions. One of these exhibitions of valor was given on the high seas during the officer's first year of command. For some reason or other there arose a mutiny among the crew and soldiers of a transport vessel, then under his command, and the rebels went so far, as to refuse to obey the commands of the captain. The colonel on being apprised of this fact, seized a musket, and marched up the line of the rebellious soldiers, saying that if any one was dissatisfied he should step forward and settle the affair with him; as he thus spoke, he gave the musket a significant look. Not a man moved, and when the captain again gave his orders, they were executed with great exactness and precision.

Our captain was a tall, handsome subaltern just from the military academy, and though rather youngish at first sight, yet when once in command there was not a sterner officer.

The first lieutenant was a very quiet man and very learned both in military matters and in the classics; his cabin abounded in books of the ancient classical authors: Homer and Virgil were there coupled with the great orators of

Ancient Greece and Rome, Cicero and Demosthenes. But the remarkable thing that struck me was, that this man so learned, brave and skillful in military matters, had not reached a higher office than first lieutenant. The thing seemed unexplainable, until I was told that he had been offered the rank of a colonel, but refused, saying he would rather not accept, as he did not deem himself worthy of so important a position. The Government was very much pleased by this unaffected modesty, and raised his salary to that of the office which had lately been offered him.

Of the second lieutenant I have little to say. He had been in the military academy two years, and at the cry of war the Government had hastened him out together with several others of his class and associates to take different positions in the army.

I shall now end with a description of our first sergeant. He was a man of about forty-five, and his appearance gave signs of hardship, to which he must have been subjected for the last twenty-five years. But underneath all this rough exterior lay the heart of a lion, brave and daring mingled with the kindness and softness of an antelope. He was a universal favorite with all the men, and his appearance was always welcomed by even the meanest in the regiment. On arriving at Algiers after a tedious but very calm passage, we found our regiment ordered to the interior to harass the native army.

This was just the work I wanted, for there was in it a great deal of excitement and action, retreating one day, and then attacking the pickets of the Algerians the next. After one day's march we came to a range of mountains that stretched their jagged outline away to the right and left farther than our eyes could follow. The region near these mountains was to be the scene of battle, for the few scouts whom we had sent ahead, and who hastily came back to report, brought word that the figures of men in Algerian uniform were plainly visible here and there along the sides of the more remote mountains. We encamped that night at the foot of a lofty mountain, whose towering and imposing summit rose majestically upwards and seemed to terminate amid its brethren in the moon. That night of our encampment was a calm and peaceful one, too tranquil a prelude, perhaps, to the tragic dawn it was destined to usher in. Thoughtless of the dire forebodings that a keener mind might have led me to discern in this matchless evening, I went forth from my tent long after sunset to gaze upon the splendor of the sky. Star after star came out in all their glory and poured streams of soft light down the rugged sides of the mountain. But the momentary solitude I had sought was not to be as unbroken as I had expected. I was not the only one who had gone forth to behold the beauty of the midnight sky.

As I stood gazing in rapture, with my mind crowded with countless fancies, a slight touch upon the shoulder called

me from my reverie. I started and turned round, to behold the first-lieutenant standing at my elbow.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "how beautiful. It reminds me of the time when Ulysses first landed on the Phœnician coast after having been tossed about for many days on the stormy bosom of the Mediterranean."

"It is indeed beautiful," said I, "and I doubt if Ulysses ever beheld a grander sight in all his travels, unless it be the gulf of Charybdis, and that to him was rather more awful than grand."

"You have read Homer?" asked the lieutenant with some surprise.

"Yes," I replied, "when young I was given an ample education by my father, but poor old man he has long since gone to his last resting place, and the cold earth has closed over a heart that never knew its equal."

"Well," he answered, "we all have our sorrows, but as you seem to be an educated man come to my tent and we will have a chat."

I followed my superior officer to his canvas abode, and on entering I was struck with the neatness of the place as compared with that of the other officers. On one side was a folding cot, while the other was graced with a statue of the Blessed Virgin. At the end of the tent stood a table, on which glimmered a lamp, and around in various places were piled books of the classical authors. Ah! how I longed to read Juvenal, and then, for the sake of variety in both language and thought, to bury myself amid the profound writings of Plato, or to glance joyfully over the dramas of Sophocles. Lieutenant Lemon, for that was his name, saw me gazing with longing eyes over the books, and at last said, "Algate, I have a plan; you and I will meet here every night and read partly from a Latin and partly from a Greek author."

"Magnificent! fine!" I exclaimed; "how can I thank you, Lieutenant Lemon?"

"Only by coming here and accepting my hand," and so saying the worthy officer held out his hand, which I immediately grasped, and gave a hearty shake. But as it was now nearing the small hours of morning he advised me to go to my bed, which was nothing more than a blanket stretched upon the ground, with my knapsack to serve as a pillow. I did so and slept soundly until morning when I was awakened by the reveille, whose clear notes rang through the still morning air, and were echoed again and again by the neighboring hills. The Colonel now thought it absolutely necessary to march in silence, and accordingly we left all the heavy luggage with a Corporal and ten men. He first found a sequestered spot upon the mountain in which he deposited all that could not be carried or was cumbersome to our enterprise.

Then the order "Forward March," was given, and we stepped off with a merry tread, whose liveliness soon sank into weariness as the ascent of the mountain became more and more difficult. But by night we found ourselves once more on a large plain stretching away toward the arid and desert south; and not more than three miles off the Algerian army lay encamped. We arose the next morning at four o'clock, without either reveille or bugle, and at once

made our way unseen to a wood, which the natives should be obliged to pass. Concealing ourselves as best we could, we awaited the approach of the enemy and we had not to wait long, for already some regiments were moving about, and in less than an hour the pickets had reached the outskirts of the woods. They came nearer and nearer till at last they were just opposite us. "Fire!" shouted the Colonel, and crack, crack, went every rifle, and the woods resounded with awful emphasis, and told that many a man had fallen from his saddle never to mount again. "Retreat," shouted the Colonel, but alas, his order came too late. The cavalry were upon us, and before I could run five paces, I found myself in the grasp of a native. I struggled to get free, but all to no avail; and the thrust he gave me with his sabre, was sufficient warning that if I did not surrender myself immediately I should find that weapon through my body. There was no alternative, so I resigned myself to fate and God's mercy.

The captor took me to the rendezvous or rather a meeting place in the woods, which had been decided upon by the sallying party, I was very clad for my own personal comfort, that I found the First Lieutenant among the prisoners. Before I could see, who were our captors and what were their equipments, I heard a violent scuffle followed by a series of arabic oaths; and soon there burst upon our anxious party two natives carrying or rather pulling along between them First Sergeant Chattau, who fought and struggled so well that he was more than a match for the brawny Algerians; and had it not been for the timely assistance of several of their comrades, he would most certainly have escaped.

We gave each other looks, which now meant a great deal, but as our captors thought it time to depart further intercourse was suspended. I was put between two men in the front of the regiment, in the middle and under strong guard was Lieutenant Lemon, and last came Sergeant Chateau. We joined the main army, and the march was continued till noon. The African sun shone down in all its fiery glory, and must certainly have proved a hot burden to the infantry; but against us who were conveyed in closed wagons, it could do no harm whatever, nor offer more than a slight inconvenience.

We only marched to the foot of the mountain, which our regiment had crossed the previous day, as there was a dispute between the officers as to whether they should cross the mountain at once and proceed on their march, or remain at its base until news came concerning the manœuvres of the French army. The latter course was decided upon; and the Algerians pitched their tents upon a grassy plain, through which ran a sparkling stream of clear, cold water, nectar to the test of us weary ones, and teeming with fish that had never known the deceit of a hook and line. We were placed in tent guarded by four sentinels under the watch of whom escape seemed impossible. We had no sooner been shown to our temporary abode, when the Algerians, thinking they would make us useful, set us three to the tiresome task of unloading the wagons. In one of my loads there was packed a two-gallon jug of Morosco liquor, expensive and very much prized by all the natives of Northern Africa. When the officer in command of the unloading was not looking, I, with as much dexterity as could be mustered that

moment, dropped the jug silently in a plot of high grass, near our tent, and which we were at the moment passing. When all the work had been finished, and we were all again together, I told my companions of the liquor, and where it was.

"Why what good will it do us?" said Lemon, "I am sure we don't want to drink it."

"No," I said, "that is not my intention; but I hope it shall prove the means of our deliverance. First we shall have to get the jug and bring it into the tent, which is no easy work: then throw it in such a position that it shall meet the eye of one of the guard, who will no doubt seize upon the treasure, and call his companions to the feast." "Admirable!" exclaimed Lemon and Chateau in one breath, "Algate you are our deliverer."

"Not yet," I replied, "we have to get the jug first, and then set the bait."

We had been waiting for at least two hours for a chance to get the liquor, and hope had almost given way to despair, when an officer appeared at the entrance of the tent and beckoned us to come out. They intended filling up our already too small abode with the harness, etc., which had been used the previous day on the wagons. We did not mind this very much, as we thought that here lay our only hope of escape. In one of my rounds I managed, by feigning to stumble and fall upon the ground, to gather up in my bundle the jug of liquor. It was very heavy and cumbersome, and if it had not been for my alertness, could easily have been detected by the officer. I laid it down with my bundle in the corner; and when all were gone, and nothing could be heard but the tramp of the sentinel, I whispered, "I have it."

I went to the corner, drew it out, and then explained in a low voice how I had carried it to the tent. Chateau then offered his services as baiter, and they were readily accepted by Lemon and myself. He cautiously opened the bottom of the tent and peeped out; all was still; the sentinel had his head turned in the opposite direction, and Chateau taking advantage of this, threw the jug upon the trodden grass in such a position that it would most certainly meet the gaze of the unsuspecting soldier.

In about ten minutes we heard a guttural sound, proceeding from the spot where the jug had been thrown. Opening the tent slightly, I looked out; there was one of the guards, his gun and sabre lying by his side, and the jug, from which he drew long extended draughts, raised to his lips. After he had somewhat satisfied himself he called his companions; and soon all four were enjoying the liquor.

"Now's the time," I exclaimed, "come Lemon, Chateau, we must be off!"

We lost no time in leaving the tent, and then our greatest danger lay in passing the sentinels on the skirts of the camp. I immediately fell upon my knees, and crept on all fours, through the tall grass, the others following my example, and in this manner we stole stealthily through the busy camp. It was slow work, but was the only way to avoid detection, and in about three-quarters of an hour we were at the very edge of the camp.

The sentinel was making his rounds, with a heavy but well marked tread, that resounded through the still night and

made our hearts flutter with impatience. We lay silent in the tall grass that concealed us, and when the soldier's back was turned, I, with Chateau gave a bound forward, and before the Algerian could shout or defend himself we had him by the throat. Lemon came running forward, and having torn a piece from the soldier's shirt, bound it so tight around his mouth that speech was impossible. We then took the guard's gun, all his cartridges, his sabre, and whatever might be useful to us on our way to rejoin our own regiment.

Our enemy was left to his fate, while we proceeded as rapidly as possible across the sparkling grass that covered the breast of the mellow moorland. Taking our bearings by the light of the setting sun we were evidently making for the South, and far away through the unknown wild, towards the deepening shadows of the southern sky we saw our path before us. Though my heart was filled with a secret dread of the enemy left behind, I fain would have lingered on my perilous journey to rest by the wayside and to drink in the dew-drops that fell so plentifully on the blades of grass and on the flowers of the African meadow. But we had to hasten on with scarcely a word to one another about the crimson grandeur of the western sky, or the pearly tints of blue and purple and pure rich amber flung lavishly around. Far off to the East the wavering upland lengthened out into higher hills and braver mountains, till the uttermost rays of the dying sun were caught in the darkest drapery of the forest. Yet before the sunset could perfect its promised loveliness, a great thick cloud without any silver in its lining came floating rapidly northward over the scene, and casting a solemn gloom upon our hope of safety. Our hearts became indeed less buoyant, and our courage grew somewhat weaker, when we saw this black monitor sailing along and hiding the light of the little stars that were just beginning to peep.

The beauty of the evening faded apace; while the sublimity of the gathering clouds which would soon discharge their torrents spread terror near and abroad. Already we felt the breath of the cloud, gentle at first, but growing more and more violent until it became a hurricane. Strong, heavy gales of wind came howling and blustering in quick succession from the southeast. At first the rain did us no harm, even though it fell in big drops, and I, with my companions, did not fear it so much; but when the winds began to tune their frantic whistle, I knew it was high time to make for shelter. It thundered soon with frightful peals and the lightning flashed with many forks and leaped from cloud to cloud, till our very lives seemed as helpless as the rain drops. Being urged by our very love of life we made up our minds to take advantage of the nearest and poorest place of refuge. This was a bar of rock with a hollow beneath, a narrow hollow it seemed as we approached, but large enough for three to cramp into, as we found out when we reached it.

"Rush on there at the head!" shouted Lemon at the top of his voice, for if he had spoken in an ordinary tone he could not have been heard for the wind; "the storm shall soon give vent to its utmost fury, and I should not like to be caught unsheltered."

"Do not fear," I replied, "we are safe from the stronger

winds at the foot of this hillock and in a second we shall lie under cover."

This was what I answered as loud as I could, though my breath was scanty, and I was plying my mud-laden boots as fast as my legs could lift them.

Just as we reached the sheltering rock a flash of lightning darted across the sky followed by a terrific peal of thunder, and immediately the rain fell in roaring torrents. Forked lightning shot its zig-zag track in all directions, and the hollow which formed our lucky asylum seemed particularly favored with peals and flashes. We were very much terrified lest it should strike some tree on the little hill near by or rend the rocks overhead; but, thanks to God, neither ill befel and we remained unscathed. The storm, which had begun at dusk, continued to rage far into the night, and it was only at the dawn of the morrow that the wind began to veer, and the clouds to rise and shift and disappear. The dull, gray light that tinged the horizon at early morn was a sign to our hopeful hearts that the rain clouds had well nigh spent their strength.

By the rising of the sun the storm had entirely abated, and the earth and heavens were just as serene and calm as when his flaming disk had gone down the night before.

Though drenched through and through we slept for full four hours that night, huddled together in the driest corner of our narrow cave, and resting our bodies on the damp ground and our heads on a few wet leaves gathered from a heap that had been blown against the foot of the crag. The soundness of our sleep in that dismal region, even for so short a space, was sufficient proof of the weariness and fatigue brought on by our day's adventures.

I was awakened by a groan, and on trying to lift myself up I felt such pains all through my body that they made me groan also. With much effort I got up and found Lemon stretched upon the ground suffering from a violent attack of rheumatism. I awakened Chateau, only to bring him, too, to a like sense of sharp pains. The fact was clear, we had lain upon the wet ground and were now to pay up for our inevitable folly.

What was to be done? Lemon could not raise himself from the ground, and the limbs of Chateau and myself ached so that we could hardly hope to help him up.

"We must exert ourselves," I said, "and carry him out of this chilly cave upon the plain, where the ground is doubtless much dryer."

We stooped and picked up the helpless man and, with much labor and pain on our part, carried him to the level above. Having arranged as comfortable a pallet as possible out of the long grass, we at once proceeded to make a fire. Thoughtless, oh! how thoughtless we were! It was now between eight and nine o'clock, and the scorching heat of the African sun had considerably dried the wet grass and weeds and the low stalks of the date palm. In a few moments the flames, swept by the wind, were beginning to envelope the plain in a mass of fire, darting and dancing along, and grasping whatever it could in its death-dealing grip. The wind was northward, and as we were stationed with our backs to the south the flames did not touch us nor force us back upon our journey. With the assistance of

Chateau and myself Lemon was able to limp back to the top of the rocky eminence, beneath which we had a few hours before indulged in imprudent slumber. Heedless of the terrible evil we were perhaps sending upon the natives of the valleys beyond, we stood like foolish boys and watched our mischievous conflagration roaring and crackling and hissing over acres and acres of land. It was a grand sight to see the flames soaring aloft and jumping over one another while every now and then some small fellow would rise up suddenly and try to kiss his taller neighbor. But under all this beauty and grandeur there appeared the evil; an evil that was death to the ferocious denizens of the plain, and perhaps even to us, for the scorching heat of the conflagration had doubtless consumed or startled many animals, serpents and insects amid its devouring folds. Lemon seemed to gain new life; he arose half way from the ground and gazed wildly at the flames, then regaining his feet, he said calmly: "I am better."

We remained there all day, gazing upon our huge bonfire, till "Old Sol," wroth at the damage we had done to the fields he was warming so faithfully, sent a great sun-shower down, which checked the progress of the flames and gave to our newly dried clothes another good drenching. There was no coloring in that evening's sunset, and the night that came on was one of the murkiest and smokiest I ever endured. But "Sol" was over his fit in the morning, and he came up in the East amid such a scattering of rainbow sun-beams, that he cheered our hearts with his brilliance, and with his warmth imparted new life to our bones. So well did we feel in the morning twilight that we determined to proceed at once on our way. There was yet one fiend that remained, and gnawed at the very inmost parts of us; and this fiend was hunger. Our powder was damp and would not go off; we had only one knife and a sabre, and the less fierce game were so shy that they could not be approached. Lemon had recourse to one expedient, which he was sure would work, if he saw any such game as the antelope.

Luck favored us once more, and just as we came in sight of a beautiful little lake surrounded by trees, many of which drooped so low that their branches kissed the surface of the clear water, Lemon took the knife and sabre, and having told us to conceal ourselves in the underwood, started out to hunt.

He had not gone far from us when he discovered four lovely elands with antlers branching as gracefully almost as those of the American stag. Having taken from his pocket a red handkerchief, he tore it in two, and tied the halves around each of his feet. He next placed his palms flat upon the ground with his head midway between them, and giving himself a jerk he threw his body in a perpendicular position. The two pieces of red handkerchief floated gaily in the breeze like so many English flags, and Lemon began performing all sorts of capers with his legs. He soon attracted the attention of the curious animals, and three large antelopes, cheated by the ruse came running towards the phenomenon. When they were within a few feet of the Lieutenant he made a bound with an alacrity remarkable in one who had suffered so lately from rheumatism, and having his sabre in his hand he cut down one of the antelopes before it

had time to see the decoy. We ran towards him with such loud cheers that the feathered tribes concealed among the leaves overhead were so frightened that they left their shady perches, fluttered an instant, and then soared upwards in swarms. Our game being killed we were not long in making a fire; and having cut off the choicest bits of our foreign venison we proceeded to roast them on spits over the flames. The first round was soon finished and having carved a second we devoured it with like relish.

We remained in this haven of rest till the next morning, and as our powder was then dry, we shot some game, which we slung over our shoulders for future use. We then made up our minds to set out upon our long march; and on we marched with faces as brown as the swarthy cheeks of the scorched Algerian, and hearts as glad as the bounding antelope that roamed undeceived on the African plains.

Nothing of interest occurred on the way, and so I shall not tire my reader with idle details. For eight long hours, every one of which seemed longer than a week, we kept plodding along, in the cruellest heat of the sun.

At length we came in sight of a camp, and what was our delight to see the French flag floating at the top of what seemed to be the Colonel's tent. We knew almost to a certainty that the regiment before us was our own, and we hurried towards it with an unanimous shout of glee. As we neared the camp the first person we saw was a private on guard. He recognized us at a glance, and, forgetting his

duty, ran to meet us, and shook our hands with a friendly welcome. He then conducted us to the Colonel whom we found seated with the Captain and the Second Lieutenant, who was now acting as First. They all rose and came forward to greet us, and they so shook our hands that we thought they would wring them off.

"Come," said the Colonel, in his old familiar voice, "come and have some refreshment, I know you are tired."

We did not have to go far, for the rude table in the Captain's tent was covered with all the dainties of a soldier's banquet. It was the Captain's birthday, and they had been feasting. Strangely enough I was not the only one who had rescued a flask of Morocco liquor. The genial Captain had also gone to the rescue. We took several large draughts of the sparkling wine, for our lips were dry and our throats were very dusty, and we needed this nectar to slake our thirst, and to cheer our weary spirits.

When our repast was over we told our tale, Lemon acting as spokesman, and Chateau and I giving several assenting nods as he advanced. The Colonel was fascinated with us all, and imparted to us the news that the present Second Lieutenant had been ordered to another regiment there to be first. He said that Chateau should take his place, and that I should be first sergeant. This was an experience of welfare, indeed. I am now a first-lieutenant, and before my warfare ends I hope to be a major.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

J. A. RYAN, '90.

PERHAPS the most widely agitated question at present, and the one arousing the greatest interest in both political and social circles is the question of the World's Fair. From a conception of the simplest kind it has steadily grown upon the minds of the people, until we now find it regarded as a kind of indispensable reality, a *sine qua non*; a something that must be held, even if in Chicago. For this rapid spread of the idea of a World's Fair there must be some good cause, there must be some good reason for its so completely winning the affections of the American people. Let us then for a moment, dear reader, consider what it is that has given the World's Fair such an impetus, and made it so favorable with all Americans. It is a time-honored custom for nations to honor illustrious heroes and illustrious deeds. As far back as we can look along the corridors of time we find the same custom observed; the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, all had their statues, monuments and temples in honor of their heroes; even the most savage and degraded tribes in distant and secluded regions, had some means of extolling before the eyes of the whole tribe the valorous deeds of the individual members. This same custom, with successive years, has been handed down untarnished and unblemished to modern times, and to-day

first among the nations of the world we find America particularly given to this beneficent practice. Behold what honors she has conferred upon her heroes of the Revolution and Civil War! what honors she has bestowed upon her statesmen and deserving citizens; behold with what celebrations she has kept alive the deeds of these heroes and with what constancy she has held them up before the minds of the people! This high regard for individual services is a distinguishing characteristic of Americans; America and Americans are full of this spirit of gratitude for deeds done; and to my mind it is through this same spirit that the World's Fair has become so popular with Americans.

If we consider what the World's Fair has for its principal object, we will immediately perceive the connection between this object and the American spirit of recognition. The World's Fair in '92 is to be a celebration in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus; a celebration in honor of the discovery of this great continent of ours; this continent vast in its dimensions, rich in its resources, prolific in its products; this continent destined to be the mother of peace and liberty, the leader of nations in the practice of justice and right, and the fond recipient of the oppressed and exiled of all nations.

It is, I may say, to be a celebration in honor of the discovery of one of the greatest continents of the world by one of the greatest heroes of ancient times; for the discoverer of America was a man who, for his courage, for his strength of character, and for his resoluteness of purpose deserves to be ranked with the most illustrious characters of either ancient or modern times. I will not recount the life of Columbus, or detail the preparations for and the accomplishment of his great journey. These are too well known. All are aware of how, by his untiring and persistent efforts, and after years of constant and indefatigable endeavors, he cut down the barriers of public hatred, dispelled the contumely cast upon his project, and raised it from its abject position to a place of eminence and favorable recognition. It is needless to speak of the courage, of the unswerving determination, and the great confidence in God displayed by this hero on his long and dreary voyage. These traits are too well known. The character of Columbus is one of those rare models in history that we should never tire of contemplating, of honoring and extolling. America has always felt her indebtedness to Columbus; she has always felt how much she owes and how little she has done for him who first set foot upon her soil.

When the idea of a World's Fair was presented to the American mind it seized upon it immediately, for it saw in it not only a World's Fair, but also a chance of venting its pent-up feelings; it saw a chance of paying back the debt it owed, and of raising up and extolling before the eyes of the assembled world the much-maligned and abused character of Columbus. It saw in the World's Fair a chance of honoring a hero who deserved to be honored; and a chance of commemorating an event which certainly deserved to be commemorated. To my mind, therefore, it is principally through consideration of this one fact that the World's Fair has become so popular with Americans. No doubt there are other causes which contributed more or less to this effect; no doubt many welcomed the idea of a World's Fair on account of the great impulse it would give to industries and the great good that would result therefrom; others on account of the chance it would afford for investments and speculation; others perhaps merely for the pleasure and enjoyment it would bring. But the one grand sentiment o'ertopping and o'ershadowing all, the one universal principle moving and influencing all, is gratitude for Columbus and an uncontrollable desire of making this gratitude manifest before the eyes of the assembled world.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE ROSE HILLS.

PAUL R. CONNIFF, '92.

OF the many games that the ingenuity of man has invented since the beginning of the world, none was played so early and yet retained popularity as long as the game called "ball." To be sure, in the ancient days "ball" was not by any means the game that it is now. Among the Egyptians in the days of antiquity the ball was used in games merely by the young boys and by jugglers in performing their various dexterous feats of the juggling art.

The ancient Greeks used the ball in what is now known as "playing catch." They regarded it a valuable exercise, not only for giving suppleness and elasticity to the muscles, but also for imparting to the gestures and motions of the body that grace of action which the Greeks adored. In those days every man played ball, and even the ancient maidens disdained not to join their young male friends in the popular exercise. Afterwards in France and Italy the game assumed a more developed state, and here probably the bat was first used to strike the ball. From the Continent the game spread to England where it has in these modern days become popular in the form of cricket and tennis. In our own country ball playing has developed into its most perfect state in the form called "baseball."

Truly, baseball is our National game; for, from ocean to ocean and from North to South the game is played with unceasing enthusiasm. Notwithstanding its ancient origin it never before in the history of the world attained its pres-

ent popularity and state of development. However, the game half a century ago assumed something of its present form. The first club to play the game regularly in this or any other country was the old Knickerbocker Club of New York City, which organized about the year 1845. Nowadays we read of exciting games of baseball played in Japan, Australia and in various parts of the Old World, not to mention, of course, every part of the United States; but, although the game has spread to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West, the city where the game was first fostered has shown in the past year that she can still claim superiority by winning the championship of the world. The game is one in which there is a greater amount of exercise of more muscles of the body than any other game in existence, and although it is played so much throughout the land, nevertheless people are always ready to witness a good game between rival clubs. To a professional player there is such a fascination about the game that ere winter is scarcely over he longs for summer to come that he may indulge in his favorite sport.

The game is exceedingly popular in schools and colleges. What, indeed, would boys do with themselves if they were prohibited from playing ball? Unless a boy takes exercise, and plenty of it, it is very difficult to apply himself to his studies and at the same time maintain good health. No wonder, then, that every respectable school or college can boast at least one "crack" nine and two or three minor

nines. Away back in the fifties the Rose Hill Baseball Club was organized, the exact date of organization being September 13, 1859. In poring over the records of the college, endeavoring to ascertain whence came the name "Rose Hills," we find that where now are situated the college grounds, in former years was the Rose Hill estate. It might be interesting to say that in former days on these grounds stood the old Rose Hill mansion, in which for many a year John Watts lived.

In hunting up a record of the Rose Hills' games we come across an article on the Rose Hills in the annual number of the MONTHLY of 1887. Here we find any amount of information and from which we copy the following:—

The names and positions of the pioneer members will be interesting to us, "the latest seed of time," as well as to the members themselves, if any there are still living.

N. Sasnory, c.; J. Sullivan, 1 b.; J. Dougherty, s. s.; O. McKeon, r. f.; N. Connell, 3 b.; W. Sheridan, 2 b.; B. Galligan, c. f.; H. Murphy, l. f.; J. Gaynor, p. The old score-book in which the principal games are found is an interesting relic. It was presented to the Rose Hills in '63, by the Actives of New York City. The inscription on the first page reads thus: "Compliments of the members of the Active Base Ball Club of New York, to the members of the Rose Hill Base Ball Club, St. John's College, June 11, 1863."

Space will not permit us here to copy more from that article and give the games played and the scores since the club was organized. However, we will mention some of the principal ones. From the very start it would seem as though there was some magic in the name "Rose Hill" that brought victory to the nine. In the sixties the best games were those with the Actives, with St. Francis Xavier College nine, and with the Alerts of Seton Hall in the majority of which games the Rose Hills were victorious. In the seventies the best game, or one of the best, was with the Yales. Score: Rose Hills, 19; Yales, 13. Other good games were played with Seton Hall, University of New York,

Holy Cross nine of Worcester, and the Jaspers. In the seventies as in the sixties the Rose Hills won the majority of games played.

Since then the most prominent games were played with Lafayette, Olympics, of Manhattanville, Metropolitans, Yales, Yonkers, Brooklyns, New Yorks, etc., etc.

The Rose Hills of '87 were the greatest nine the college ever had. The manager that year was Manager Donohue, the famous "Darby." The players were as follows:

C. Simpson, c.; T. Carmody, p.; T. Shea, 1st b.; D. Kieran, 2d b.; C. Gillon, 3d b.; G. Kirby, s. s.; M. Sweeney, l. f.; J. Clare, c. f.; M. Holland, r. f.; C. McCorker, sub.

The record of the games of this year shows a series of glorious victories. Only one game was lost, and as that was played with professionals, the New York Reserves, it does not count; so in reality the record was unbroken by a single defeat. Last year the nine won just one game more than half the number played. This low record may have been due partially to lack of sufficient practice, or possibly to the lack of proper enthusiasm among some of the men, but certainly "base-ball luck" had a great deal to do with it.

In the nine for this year of '90 there is an abundance of good material, and it is with the greatest confidence that we predict for them a brilliant season, if only they practice well as we are sure they will.

The name of the Rose Hills has been an honored and glorious name for the period of thirty years, during which time, except perhaps in one or two years, the victories have outnumbered the defeats. In the very name of Rose Hills there is something which sends the proud blood exultantly throbbing through the veins of every Fordham boy, both young and old. In this, the opening of a new decade in the history of the nine, it is the duty of every man to preserve unspotted the honor of the Rose Hills; and if the nine do their duty, but one word will resound in their ringing ears, as it has resounded in the ears of every Fordham boy, and that word will be: "Victory!"

COLLEGE WORLD.

FERDINAND WINGERTER, '90.

MANY of our exchanges came laden with the usual weight (?) of shallow, love sick jingles falsely labelled poetry. It has no real sentiment and is therefore weak and inane. Why college students should conceive and publish such wordy nothings is a mystery. People with a mania for such scribbling should take care not to read Dr. Holmes' installment of "Over the Teacups," in the March number of the *Atlantic*, for he gives some hard knocks to the class of people (alarmingly on the increase, he thinks), who believe themselves to be poets because they *try* to write verses. He says in some lines at the end of his essay that

if the sea were changed to ink and all the tribes did nothing but write:

"Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink
Call for more pens, more paper and more ink."

The local department of the College paper is certainly much abused. The tendency almost invariably seems to be towards extremes, either the insipid personals or the college jokes both stale and fresh. The *Atlantis* pursues the latter course, devoting several pages to what might be termed miscellaneous witticisms rather than college news. The dignity

of the paper is lowered by such a surfeit of nonsense, while the reader looks in vain for the bright and newsy locals which give spice and pleasure to the reading of the *College Journal*.

—*The Chronicle*, a medical journal, reaches us from the New York Homœopathic Medical College. It devotes itself with conspicuous success to the interests of its college and special professional constituency. It is well edited and exceptionally neat typographically.

—The latest number of *The Highlander* arrived at our Sanctum in due time from its Denver, Colorado, home. As usual it contained many well-written essays, among which, one describing a trip in the windy mountain region of Colorado is especially worthy of notice. We envy our western brethren the pleasure they must derive from these frequent hunting and fishing trips. It made us wish that we could lay aside our quill and go a-fishing. Indeed it exerted almost as powerful an influence upon us as did the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler." One thing we noticed, however, in *The Highlander*, was the absence of an Exchange Column which, without doubt, is the best medium of assisting and encouraging sister journals by gentlemanly and just criticisms.

—The February issue of the *College Student* is exceedingly good; its literary department is well kept up, and its articles as a rule very entertaining. It is one of our brainiest exchanges.

—*The Notre Dame Scholastic* is decidedly the best weekly that comes to our table. Its literary articles are always worthy of careful attention, but it is in the character and quantity of its general news items that we find the chief excellence of the paper. In an essay upon Robert Burns and a lecture by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., on Shakespeare's "Cordelia and Queen Katharine," we found interesting reading.

—Mr. Egan says that "the highest praise that the world can give Shakespeare is that he created, out of reverence for true womanhood, a princess like Cordelia, and a queen like Katharine, who were noble, not because they were royal, but because they were womanly." May the *Scholastic* never lose its high standard of excellence!

—Generalities are a nuisance and a bore (that last is tautological we admit), and we don't like to indulge in them, but what is to be done when we come to some of our exchanges? Actually we can't find any fault with the *Atlantis* unless it might be the use of dipped matter and the publication of articles on "Stock Subjects," but on the other hand we could not point it out as a model of journalism. One may enter an orchard and pick an apple; it feels all right, it looks all right and yet he may not altogether like it, though unable to point out the defect. We might say that the *Atlantis* is a good paper (as it certainly is) and that it should strive to fulfil high ideals, but such inane generalities would not help either the *Atlantis* or ourselves so we will have to let it go, perhaps, using it some time as an illustration of the difference between genius and talent.

—*The Brunonian* is one of the most cheery looking of our exchanges. Nor do its looks belie its contents. When

we take it up we feel that we will find within it something to revive our wearied spirits; we are never disappointed. Its first page of editorials is devoted to the discussion of the baseball outlook. It has every confidence in its nine and "expects its baseball representatives to prove themselves a 'combination' superior to that of Amherst, Dartmouth or Williams' and feels that Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell and Columbia will find a worthy foe in her."

"A Distant Outlook" and "The Past," are two of a number of very unusual poems. Some of our brethren would do well to imitate Brown as regards verse. By the by, friend Brunonian, Fordham, too, expects to put a strong team on the field. We don't think, however, that Brown would stand a ghost of a show with the Rose Hills.

—The Cornell nine will not have a professional coach this year. Manager Benton will endeavor to fill the position. Not having a cage, a spacious room in the old Ithaca rink has been secured, and practice will begin immediately.—*Ex.*

—The English sporting journals suggest that a series of football games be arranged between picked English and American teams next fall. The dashing American style of play finds great favor with the English, who would be glad to welcome a team from this country.

—An eight-mile cross-country run, open to all amateurs, will be held at Morris Park Race Course, Van Nest station, Westchester county, N. Y., under the auspices of the National Cross-Country Association of America, on Saturday, March 15.

—The Columbia College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to students who are too busy to leave their work.

—A little over one-half of the 409 Senators and Representatives so far elected to the Fifty-first Congress have had the benefit of a college training. Of the Senators, forty-one, or exactly one-half, are college men, and of the Representatives 164, or slightly more than one-half. Delaware is the only State represented entirely by college men.

—A well-written paper may be said to resemble a gentle person; it is humorous, but not boisterous; newsy, but not gossipy; serious, without becoming tedious; at times enthusiastic, but never to the extent of ranting; it censures evil but not persons; it endeavors to be just and thoughtful of all and hurts the feelings of none. It is this that gives dignity to a college paper.—*Ex.*

—The following is given by the *Mail and Express* as an antidote for the wide spread use of "Cribs" and "Ponies." Let the faculty abolish the marking system and with it the inordinate competition which makes rank, not scholarship, the be-all and end-all of a college course. Let the students cultivate the spirit of manliness and independence which scorns any form of intellectual dishonesty, and aim at attainment rather than a show of attainment, knowledge rather than marks.

—Trophies have been given to each member of the Princeton eleven who played in the championship games. The trophies are little gold foot-balls, with "Championship, 1890" in black enamel letters on one side and the name of the recipient on the other. The team were also presented with gold and silver match boxes at a recent Alumni dinner held at New York.—*Ex.*

—The Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports at Harvard University have decreed that after the academic year of 1889-90, Harvard athletic organizations shall engage in inter-collegiate contests only in New England.—*Ex.*

—It is reported that Stagg may again pitch for Yale, although he has been saying that it will be impossible. At all events he will coach the team, giving his attention to the batting and the men training for positions on the battery.—*Ex.*



PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: "FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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MARCH, 1890.



The dramatic performance on Washington's Birthday has accomplished a good for which we should all feel sincerely thankful. It has brought forth from their retirement so many competent and experienced stage managers, who have all these years been blushing unseen and wasting their sweetness on the desert air. The amount of executive ability especially in the matter of stage direction, that is at large on First Division is astounding; and the profound and weighty remarks and astute criticisms on the management of the late play, delivered by the modest youths in whom this accumulated knowledge is stored, should be hearkened to with more than ordinary attention by the present incompetent staff. However, considering the lamentable ignorance on the part of the stage managers of everything pertaining to the stage, their inexperience and total incapacity for the positions they were called upon to fill, we may say they did fairly well. To be sure, they had a play of twenty scenes to put on, a most difficult play to mount under the most favorable circumstances, but particularly so on a small and badly appointed stage; and, of course, they managed it so as to drop the curtain only seven times throughout the piece, thereby doing away with one of the greatest drawbacks to the proper enjoyment of our plays, the custom of dropping the curtain for every change of scene. Nearly every scene was changed before the eyes of the audience, and any hitches that did occur were due to the wretched condition of the stage and scenery. But the astute critics of First Division could not take anything into consideration. They are all veteran stage managers, men whom years of experience on the stage have

rendered so proficient in all that pertains to it that they hardly know a flat from a set rock, and are consequently admirably fitted for the role of censor. Our philosophy, however, teaches us that there is no effect without a cause, and it does not require much deep study to find the cause of this. There are certain people who, in the expressive, if not very elegant, phraseology of the greatest republic on the face of the earth, are known as "sore-heads." Did I wish to enter into a discussion of the troubles that have lately agitated the Dramatic Association, I might explain more fully the application of this term in the present instance, but I will not. Those interested will fully comprehend it.

* * *

We feel in justice bound to draw attention to a slight oversight on the part of the reporter who recounted the events of Shrove Tuesday night. The whole day's celebration was a thorough and complete success, and certainly all concerned in it deserve credit for their efforts. Therefore, keeping in view the old precept, "Palam qui meruit ferat," we wish to give every one credit for his share in the good work. The error we refer to was the omission of the name of Captain Burrow from the report of the skirmish drill. Captain Burrow was one of the chief promoters of the military and pyrotechnic displays, one of the most earnest workers, and in the skirmish was in command of the right flank, which, we have been given to understand, is one of the most difficult positions to fill. In the account of the festivities, however, his name was, by some unaccountable oversight, omitted, and this oversight we are now endeavoring to atone for. We hope that these few words will set him right before the public and make amends for the inadvertent omission of his name from the published report.

* * *

We extend our editorial congratulations to Mr. Coyle, S. J., on his marked improvement in health. He has just returned from a six weeks' trip to the South, which he took in consequence of his recent severe illness, and is looking brighter and healthier than ever. We trust he may remain so.

* * *

The Repeater is again a *merum mentis pigmentum*. Jug has fallen back into the forgotten past, and its quondam denizens, those devotees at the shrine of the presiding genius of rest, are forced to offer up their sacrifices elsewhere. Again has this time-honored institution begun its annual rest. Again has it closed its doors, not to open them until another examination brings forth its crop of Repeaters. The mustering of the clans on Friday, 28th, and the consequent ordeal, played havoc among the festive frequenters of this cheerful resort. They are scattered to the four winds. And now, as they pass by the barred doors, they heave a sigh for "thinking of the days that are no more." The remembrance of the long and happy hours spent within its cheerful walls, and of the pleasures that were, but, alas! for the vicissitudes of time, have fled forever, combine in wringing from their inmost hearts the sorrowing lament—

Oh! when shall return the glory of your prime?

No more! Oh! nevermore!

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN view of its success during the past session the House of Representatives has been accorded a space in the *College MONTHLY*, where its heretofore hidden proceedings will hereafter be published.

At the very opening of the society for this scholastic year many of the members evinced an unusual readiness and fluency, and now, after the experience of one session, our hopes brighten at the prospects before us. A rapid review of the most important proceedings of the last session will, no doubt, put one in better humor to meet the onslaught of rare viandts which have thus far occupied the second. With the aid of the minute book the following hurried synopsis was compiled.

As usual the first meeting was the signal for the election of the officers for the ensuing term, the choice proving as follows: — Speaker, Chas. A. Reilly; Clerk, Thos. Cushing; Minute Clerk, Walter Ronan; Serg.-at-arms, Edw. J. McElroy; First Censor, Chas. S. Keith; Second Censor, Stephen M. Vargas. During the course of the term Mr. Ronan was succeeded by Mr. Callanan, who, notwithstanding his short service, deserves much praise for the clear and methodic way in which the minutes were presented to the house. Mr. McElroy was likewise succeeded by Mr. Crowley who also deserves much credit for the dutiful manner in which he assumed the embarrassing position of Serg.-at-arms. Messrs. Reilly and Cushing also deserve the approbation of the house for the exemplary manner in which they acquitted themselves of the various duties incumbent upon them.

At most of the meetings the debating was good, and in not a few was it far above the ordinary. Without a shadow of egotism and with due respect to our predecessors, I certainly consider this year the most successful in the brief history of the house. The society does not boast of its eloquence, but it does boast of the enthusiasm and interest so prevalent in its debates. In connection with this matter it might be well to say a few words about the bills discussed. Owing to the prolonged discussion of a few bills, notably the bill providing for the cession of certain lots and parcels of the Public Lands to the New Hampshire Indians, the house could consider only nine bills during the first session. They are here tabulated together with their presenters.

House Bill No. 1.—A bill to provide for the cession of certain lots and parcels of the Public Lands to the New Hampshire Indians, presented by Mr. Egan, of New Hampshire, reported unfavorably, and finally defeated.

House Bill No. 2.—A bill for the appropriation of one million dollars (\$1,000,000), for the improvement of Galveston harbor, presented by Mr. Donnelly, of Texas, reported favorably and passed by the house. As Mr. Donnelly was absent when this bill was discussed, his place was supplied by Mr. Dougherty, of Connecticut.

House Bill No. 3.—A Bill providing for the education of Catholic children separate from the other sects. Presented

by Mr. Crowley, of Massachusetts, reported unfavorably and defeated.

House Bill No. 4.—A bill providing for a change of the press laws of libel. Presented by Mr. Arellano of New York, reported favorably, and passed.

House Bill No. 5.—A bill to alter the place and time of session of the St. John's House of Representatives and consequently to alter the constitution in the clause pertaining to this question. Presented by Mr. Callanan, of Pennsylvania. The Rector was consulted on this matter, and, as he refused the necessary permission, the bill was rejected.

House Bill No. 6.—A Bill to appropriate three hundred thousand dollars (\$300,000.) for the expenses of a census. Presented by Mr. Manning of South Dakota. This bill, after being reported favorably, was passed by the house.

House Bill No. 7.—A Bill for the improving and repairing of the channel of the Missouri River. Presented by Mr. Keith, of Missouri. Reported favorably by the house but finally defeated.

House Bill No. 8.—A Bill providing for the education of colored children in the public schools of the United States. Presented by Mr. Vargas, of Indiana, reported favorably and passed.

House Bill No. 9.—A Bill for the appropriation of twenty million dollars (\$20,000,000.) for Coast defences was not discussed owing to the departure of Mr. Mermoud, its presenter. Nothing more of interest characterized the first session.

The second session began on Sunday, Feb. 3, 1890. This was an unusually early opening, but it did not effect the election of officers, which took place as usual at the first meeting after Washington's Birthday, Feb. 23d. The officers for the remainder of the year are: Speaker, Charles A. Reilly; Clerk, Thos. Cushing; Minute Clerk, Henry Gallagher; Sergeant-at-arms, Alexander McLaughlin; First Censor, William Stark; Second Censor, Francis L. Manning. At the elections some gentlemen felt a repugnance at accepting the honored office of Censor, but matters are now amicably settled, and we have every reason to expect at every meeting regular and orderly arrangement of the various appurtenances of the house. Through the discretion of the moderator the method of proceeding in many cases has been altered for the better. Following are the bills presented during this second session:

House Bill No. 10.—A bill for the celebration of the World's Exposition in New York City, presented by Mr. Egan, of New Hampshire, reported favorably and finally passed. The debate on this bill was very obstinate as must appear from the fact that it occupied four meetings.

House Bill No. 11.—A bill for the rebuilding of the Navy Yard at New London, Connecticut, presented by Mr. Dougherty, of Connecticut. This bill was laid on the table at the last meeting.

House Bill No. 12.—A bill prohibiting the use of tobacco by youths under sixteen years of age, presented by Mr. Gal

lagger, of Illinois. This bill has had its first reading and awaits discussion.

House Bill No. 13.—A bill for the appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a bridge over the Potomac, presented by Mr. Stark, of Maryland. This bill, like the preceding, has had its first reading only.

House Bill No. 14.—A bill for the transportation of three million negroes to Liberia, presented by Mr. Brennan, of Virginia. After its first reading this bill awaits discussion.

As we now go to press somewhat hurried we will have to close, leaving the matter of this session and any criticisms on the same for a succeeding issue.

THE SENATE.

The changes effected by Mr. Walsh, S. J., in the Senate must prove most effectual in always having gentlemen prepared to speak *pro* and *con* on every bill brought up for discussion.

At the last meeting of the Senate Mr. McNeilly's bill for the "Abolition of Capital Punishment by Electricity" was passed.

The bill met with much opposition, but not even the eloquence of Mr. Ryan could withstand the magnificent appeals of Messrs. McNeilly and Dunn for its support.

A bill for "Tariff Reform," proposed by Messrs. Slevin and Walsh, is now under discussion.

A speech on this question is promised by Senator Comerford at the next meeting.

"HALIFAX."

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of the Society Mr. Whelan read an essay on "Napoleon Bonaparte." Mr. Whelan must indeed be complimented on a paper so judiciously planned and so admirably executed.

The life of the great Napoleon was criticised and set before us in a most charming manner.

Let us hope that the success so far attending our essayists may be an incentive to those from whom we have not as yet heard.

Each successive lecture of the Rev. Fr. Halpin proves even more interesting than the last, and the Society is ever on the *qui vive* for every word uttered by our distinguished lecturer.

The Corresponding Secretary has not introduced, as yet, even one of the silver-voiced orators—so long promised. Perhaps he thinks we are unworthy.

"HALIFAX."

THE WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY PLAY.

On the evening of the 22d ult. the Dramatic Association gave "Oliver Twist" as the customary play, and in such a manner that all pronounce it the most successful of the season thus far. A twenty-scene play was well given with credit to the Association that has so often won unusual honor. One especially good feature of the play was that it was good, not only in the leading parts, but in the subordi-

nate parts as well. This does not mean that there were no stars, nor does it mean that they did not shine full brightly even amid such bright surroundings. Mr. Taaffe, in the character of *Fagin*, surpassed perhaps all his former efforts. His make-up was excellent and a good conception. The character of the crafty Jew was carried out ably indeed. Scene after scene the part was an excellent piece of acting; and especially in the prison scene every gesture, every look, every word of the crazed Jew showed that Mr. Taaffe can do as well in the serious as in the humorous.

Mr. McNeilly in the two parts of *Judge* and *Bob* did some excellent acting, the more praiseworthy that one role was humorous, and the other heroic. But the parts were not at all sufficient to bring out the abilities of our actor. Notwithstanding this, so well did our veteran actor do the part that we must say that as in "Robert Macaire," so also in "Oliver Twist" the two most honorable were Messrs. Taaffe and McNeilly.

The title role was ably taken by Hugh McLaughlin, and throughout the entire part—a very difficult one for a tyro—his voice and acting were creditable, indeed. Not but at times a little more spirit would have been an improvement; yet many a one who has stalked full off the boards before finds trouble "to force himself so to his own conceit." We hope that we have not seen the last of our young friend on the stage.

Bill Sykes was the identical Sykes of Dickens, as he leers out at us from an engraving by George Cruikshank. With stubby beard, restless eyes and swaggering walk, Mr. Brennan certainly rendered his part very well. His voice and acting were excellent. But before he had assumed the character of Sykes, Mr. Brennan sang two of Scanlan's songs which were well received by the audience.

The *Artful Dodger* was well represented by Mr. Fogarty, but he did not enter into the part with the vim and originality of which he is capable. As a part in the play it was good, but considering Mr. Fogarty's ability in that line it was not what it should be.

Smiling and polished ad-nauseum *Mr. Bumble*, was represented by Mr. Joseph Walsh. The part was well sustained and in the scene in Brownlow's house we were forced to admit that his "voice was 'ticularly fine." *Monks*, by Mr. Slevin, was well given for a short character, and played to its best advantage. Mr. Keating as *Toby Crackit*, was a good, genteel burglar, and acted his part with his usual excellence. The robbery was "special." Indeed, Mr. Myer and Mr. Kennedy as *John* and *Noah Claypole*, made their first appearance on our stage in such a way that from them we hope much in future. Messrs. Weir, Bertier and Keith were good in their respective parts.

Messrs. McNeilly, Burrow and O'Shaughnessy had the difficult task of amusing the audience with the farce entitled "Sent to to the Tower." With a microscopic plot and emaciated lines, woe was the actors. Reduced to mere stage business, the three characters showed ingenuity and good acting, but we cannot say the farce was a good one. Mr. McNeilly was in his usual good trim and Captain Burrow better than ever. Mr. O'Shaughnessy was tied to a part that admitted but little of his dash and hilarity. Credit is due to

these three for they did good acting. Had they made the farce successful it would have been miraculous.

The stage managing by Mr. Taaffe and his assistant, Mr. Keating, was much above the usual, and that, too, when the stage men had important parts in the play. So no wonder that there were some few hitches in curtains, etc. In credit to the management we would say that the entire preparation was made in one week. Another fact was very apparent in every act and every scene, and every character—

the Dramatic Association has sore need of new costumes. The present properties are limited in quantity, and in quality disreputable. Yet some of the members wish to give a play for the benefit of the baseball team. That has happened before, but it is very inadvisable now. We wish to see baseball succeed, but charity begins at home and in its own affairs the Dramatic Association will find abundant receptive faculties for all tangible evidences of that virtue.

EUGE, '91.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

ALAN G. BURROW, '90.

FOR the general benefit the College Choir has disbanded.

—F. J. Donovan, '91, was suddenly called home on Washington's Birthday to the death bed of his mother. He has our warmest sympathy in his great affliction.

—For monotony the calendar for the month of March bears off the palm.

—Even as early as this some of the cadets have drawn up vivid pictures in their minds of a lonely sentinel walking guard during the wee, small hours between midnight and daybreak.

—Mr. Feeley's prowess in the musical line is so well and deservedly appreciated that he has again been chosen to fulfil the onerous duties of musical director of the Sodality.

—The second day of tobogganning for the winter of '89 and '90 fell on March the 6th, and was greatly enjoyed by all, *uno excepto*.

—A detective agency, we understand, has gotten out its charta and is in active existence, with its office located somewhere or other on one of the three divisions. Their skill in the art has not yet proved itself, but promises to in the near or far away future.

—Rev. Fr. Cassidy, rector of St. Peter's College, and our former vice-president, was with us a few days during the first of the month.

—Not very long ago something very similar to a volcanic eruption took place somewhere in the neighborhood of our gymnasium and served to make quite a quietus for awhile. Further investigations as to the cause, etc., proved fruitless.

—The old curtain changeth, yielding place to new, exclaimed the poetic stage manager when he cruelly took down the old curtain that represents a little world by itself, and one that has for years screened from view the many little happenings "behind the scenes." We regret to see the antiquity removed, and yet for the life of us we cannot imagine where the novelty will come from; unless the mighty wielder of scenes and theatrical paraphernalia intended a negative novelty.

—Mr. Coyle, who was away some time on account of bad health, has returned much improved. May we not hope that his class, in keeping with the times, will also evince great physical improvement from now on.

—Mr. Slevin, '90, is not only an indisputable authority on baseball matters, but lately he has become a consummate diplomat.

—The first week in March was an eventful one. The first two days were spent in anxious expectation and merry anticipation of a holiday. The three following were spent in asking and in otherwise petitioning, and the last two were employed in bemoaning our fate, which was sad and unlucky, with no prospects for a change.

—It is said with more or less accuracy that it will not be necessary this year to attend the games in person as the principal plays will be made known to any one who is not more than ten miles distant from the grounds.

—The skating on Sunday, the 9th, was "short and sweet." "Short" for every one and "sweet" to those who didn't penetrate below the surface.

—Our Base-Ball Magnates believe in the burning of midnight oil during practice, and Salvation or St. Jacob's unction afterward.

—For becomingness, intrinsic beauty and perfectness of fit those two aprons which are displayed on Wednesdays and Saturdays, stand out peerless, and defy anything like imitation.

—The atmosphere that pervaded the infirmary all during the day of the 7th is said to have been very philosophical.

—The bulletin board has been very well patronized this month by all sorts of information, pleasant and otherwise.

—Mr. John F. Clare, '89, has been unanimously chosen President of the Society of the "Four Hundred," which will meet in Chicago for the World's Fair in 1892. The "Deacon" has also been made Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. The society could not have selected a better man, or one more capable of fulfilling the duties devolving on such a high office. Mr. Clare's experience in all matters pertaining to centennials, fairs, etc., will guarantee a splendid time for the Society during their sojourn in the City of Winds and Gardens.

—Mr. Weir, '90, as a composer and performer has but few, if indeed, any equals. His renditions on Sunday, the 9th, were sublime, and aroused the sympathetic cords of the most indifferent hearts.

—Not a day passes over our heads which does not see the "light fantastic" tripped more or less gracefully by almost one-half of the division.

—A pair of boxing gloves have mysteriously loomed up in our midst, and also a number of boxers, or sluggers as they are better known. The "long" and "short" of it was manifested the first day the gloves appeared.

—There was some talk of a billiard tournament lately, and, as sometimes happens in other affairs, it became all talk and terminated in nothingness. Another good custom dropped into oblivion.

—The "cives" on the division, numbering about a dozen, all told, are now in the market and are valued at \$6.66 $\frac{2}{3}$.

—We had another very interesting snowball fight with Second Division, which lasted for a whole hour. For information regarding the battle, ask the window panes.

—The move lately made by the Brazilian Government has had its effects on one of its countrymen at least.

—When one man accuses another of bribery it is time for immediate action, either on the accuser or his statements.

—The various committees on Constitutions must have very poor ones themselves.

—"Wilt thou spare us if there are ten?" But not even ten could be found. "What the —!!!"

—A certain gentleman having read in the last issue the offer for a College song, was heard to exclaim "The pockets indeed are many and willing, but the music indeed is weak."

—Up to date the Athletic Committee has posted up two notices. We anxiously await more manifestations and proofs of the association's existence.

—Anyone who carries in his case an undertaker's card is evidently contemplating burial. Perhaps the gentleman is too good for this world.

—Mr. P. J. Casey, professor of stenography, type-writing and book-keeping, rejoiced us all by his return a week ago.

—Mr. Finnegan, S. J., is no longer prefect on Third Division. Mr. Carney, late of Frederick, Md., has been appointed to succeed him.

—Messrs. Johnson and Baker have given us by far the most interesting specimens of boxing yet seen in the gymnasium. They mean business, and show that they have true warm Southern blood coursing through their veins.

—Evidently the hat stores will not make much from the Philosophers next year. Only nine beavers "in spe."

—The "Vernal Snorers" are already beginning to tune up so as to be ready when the season opens. "When the wicked cease to trouble then the weary will be at rest," about 3 A. M.

—We forgot to mention Fr. Finnegan's visit here last month. He has been summoned to Montreal.

—Father Halpin went to Boston Tuesday evening, the fourth inst., and returned the following Monday. The object of his visit to the Puritan City was a retreat to the Society of the Children of Mary of the Sacred Heart Convent, Chester Square. Father Quigley was acting Vice-President during his absence.

—Rev. Fr. Racicot, S. J., Rector of Woodstock College, is at present visiting here, where for so many years he was Vice-President and Professor of Philosophy.

—A new feature and a pleasing one was introduced into the Devotion of the Way of the Cross by the English interlude.

—The Devotion to St. Joseph is not forgotten. Fr. Halpin opened the month of March by a brief explanation and the reading of a page from "A Flower for Each Day of the Month of St. Joseph."

—Mr. Coyle, S. J., teaches Electrical Engineering. Fr. Hogan remains professor of Calculus and Analytical Geometry.

—What have the boys done for the new Armory? Remember the stirring words of Rev. Fr. Rector.

—Since Lent commenced there has been quite a marked decrease in the number of cigarettes sold. But as their place was soon filled by the more frequent and general use of the pipe, it has not affected the tobacco business. If the good resolution would continue even after the close of this holy season, there would be a great difference in the looks of a number on the Division.

SECOND DIVISION.

J. J. REILLY, '92.

—At last we have had some snow. Tobogganning was quite in favor as long as the snow lasted.

—The snow brought with it a cold wave which gave us some good skating.

—Many people thought that we were going to have another blizzard.

—The snow did not deter some baseball cranks from playing ball.

For a couple of days afterwards they were out in full force on the diamond. The first "Invincibles" played the second nine lately, but before the game was half over the second team gave away. The score was very large.

—We were pleased with the play "Oliver Twist" on Washington's Birthday. Some say that the scenes were a little too short.

—Quite a number of students and professors took lessons in memory from Professor Yule.

—Some boys are anxious to know if anything has been heard of the "big blackman" with a knife.

—We are surprised at the rapidity with which the new building progresses. It is already far above the second floor. The weather has been favorable for work since the building started.

—We are having very queer weather this year. One day it is cold and windy; the next day is like a summer's day, with a warm sun and a gentle breeze.

—Many good resolutions have been made during Lent, only to be broken in a short time.

—There are very few boys who are excused from drill now, because a note from the doctor or from the brother in the Infirmary must be obtained.

—One of our members had the pleasure of spending a couple of weeks at Atlantic City. He was getting over a bad attack of "La Grippe."

—A perpetual grin covers the faces of some boys in chapel. We would like to know what causes this, especially in the chapel. In other places it would not be so bad.

J. J. REILLY, '92.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

EDWARD M. LAMB, '95.

—During the last snow this division was better off than first or second; we have a toboggan slide of our own, and a natural one at that.

—The baseball suits of the Tyros have been sent to be mended.

—The following officers were elected at a meeting of St. Stanislaus Sodality: 1st Prefect, A. Valdeavellano; 2d Prefect, G. Bertrand; Sacristan, H. White; Secretary, E. Higgins; Musical Director, F. Perrilliat; Consultants, B. Moore, E. Tomney and E. Lamb.

—The guns used by Third Division are to be sent to be repaired, so the cadets will have nothing but marching and the exercises for several drill days.

—The generous person whom we are looking for to finish our ball field has not yet made his appearance.

—When Mr. Lynch has finished with the Rose Hills, some of the latter might come down and give us some training.

—It is reported that since Lent began there has been but little business done at the shop.

—The boy who longed so much for a mustache that he cut off his eye-brows is looking for some remedy to make them grow.

—On Sunday, the 9th inst., twelve boys were received into the St. Stanislaus's Sodality by Rev. Fr. Rector.

—The Tyros will, weather permitting, play the first baseball game of the season next Monday.

DAY SCHOLARS.

JOHN J. MULCAHY, '91.

—Time was when we Day Scholars were in so large a minority that we felt that we were rather tolerated in the college than forming a part of it. Now, however, that the city is building up, and we are more numerous than the boys of at least one division; now, too, that we have our own Sodality, and our own special prefect to look after our interests, and are honored with a regular notice in the

MONTHLY, we are awakening to a sense of our position and duty, and promise that the fair name of St. John's will suffer nothing at our hands.

—Our Sodality, the St. John Berchman's, had its first reception on February 9, in the Sodality Chapel. Rev. Fr. Rector presided, and after an instruction on the Purification, gave benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Music and singing were furnished by the officers of the other Sodalities. Nineteen members were admitted. Our badges of light blue ribbon, with their silver medal and gilt pin are very tasty and neat.

—How lucky for Second Division, the football season was so short! We don't want to boast, but—well, we're just as strong in baseball. Invincibles, be on your guard!

—We should not make threats, even good-natured ones, against Second Division. We owe it a vote of thanks for the use of the billiard-room at noon recreation. Rumor has it that several of our pool players are stars, and there is one little man from Third Division, just tall enough to reach the table, but whom First and Second Divisions call a "Killer." Wouldn't it be better to call him a Dyer from the blush of shame he puts on the face of his opponents?

—See to your home and college records, boys! Our Prefect, Mr. Lamb, intends visiting the parents of all the day scholars before the end of the year. He is to inquire of the health, studious habits, etc., of his young charges while at home, and to give the fond parents an account of the college virtues of their sons.

—Is the game called "pots" beneath the dignity of a collegian? Ask a member of our Tremont delegation.

—Will the reading of conduct notes for the day scholars mean fewer testimonial for them? It is to be hoped not.

WITH OUR READERS.

—The following replies to the question "What six books would one select if condemned to perpetual and solitary confinement?" have been received:

1. The Bible, Shakespeare, complete course of higher Mathematics, Don Quixote, Homer, a blank book of immense size. —J. P. W., '90.

2. Bible, Don Quixote, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Bancroft's History, Shakespeare, Artemus Ward. —F. W., '90.

3. Holy Writ, Shakespeare, Gibbon's Rome, Boswell's Johnson, Telemachus, Racine. —Bookworm, '90.

4. Bible, Don Quixote, Homer, David Copperfield, Shakespeare, complete course of Mathematics.

—We trust that in our next issue we will be able to present a larger number of answers. Our query is not a useless one. Our idea is to generate the proper taste for books and to originate inextinguishable talk on literature among the boys and all our readers. Later on we shall publish a tabulated list awarding the palm to those six books which the approbation of our subscribers shall select as in every way the most fitting companion for a long life passed in dreary and hopeless solitude.

—The Directorship of the FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY has been transferred to Fr. Halpin, Vice-President of the College. Fr. Halpin took charge of the February number. Mr. Moore, S. J., the former Director, was so overwhelmed with multiple occupations that wonder has often been expressed how he found time to execute his task with the finish and elegance which have characterized the numbers of the MONTHLY issued under his direction.

—The March MONTHLY is entirely the production of the Collegians.

—We have our columns open for contributions from all the classes.

—The membership on the MONTHLY Staff is not a sinecure. Failure in presenting papers is equivalent to a removal from the Editorial Corps.

—No one has as yet secured the prize offered for the "College Song."

—We are mailing postal cards soliciting a larger patronage for the MONTHLY and suggesting prompt settlement of arrears.

—*Advance* is our motto—especially payment in advance.

—Papers presented and not appearing in this number are not rejected. Their publication is simply postponed.

BATTALION NOTES.

MARTIN MCIL RAMSAY, '92.

Circular No. 1, issued this month, reads as follows:

"By instruction of the President of the College the Battalion of Cadets will go into camp for one week in June." The encampment will be upon the front lawn, and will be governed according to army regulations.

Class will continue as usual, but the Officer of the Day, the Officer of the Guard, and the privates forming the Guard will be exempt from attending.

The four Captains will act as Officers of the Day, the Lieutenants and some of the Sergeants as Officers of the Guard.

On Sunday, March 2d, Special Order No. 23 was issued, which reads as follows:

"The result of the examination for promotion is hereby announced:

To be Sergeant, Keith, 74.5.
To be Corporal, Clogher, 97.
To be Corporal, Farley, 97.
To be Corporal, McSorley, 97.
To be Corporal, Keough, 96.5.
To be Corporal, Corbett, 89.
To be Corporal, Uribe, 88.
To be Corporal, Myer, 81.
To be Corporal, Lennon, 79.5.

The following promotion and appointments are hereby announced:

To be Sergeant Co. A, Corporal Keith.
To be Corporal Co. A, Private Keough.
To be Corporal Co. A, Private Corbett.
To be Corporal Co. C, Private Clogher.
To be Corporal Co. C, Private Farley.
To be Corporal Co. C, Private McSorley.
To be Corporal Co. D, Private Uribe.
To be Corporal Co. D, Private Myer.
To be Corporal Co. D, Private Lennon.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

The following named Cadet non-commissioned officers will prepare themselves for examination for promotion: Cadet Corporals Flynn, Burke, Conniff, Clogher, Farley, McSorley and Corbett.

The examination will take place on the last Thursday in March, and will include the duties of guides in Company and Platoon drill. Hereafter, in examination for promotion, marks received for recitations in tactics will count one-half in making up the average. The following averages will hereafter be required:

For promotion to Captain, 90.
For promotion to Lieutenant, 80.
For promotion to Sergeant, 75.
For promotion to Corporal, 70.

The newly made non-commissioned officers have our sincere congratulations.

[S. O. No. 23, March 4th, 1890.]

The following promotion and assignment is hereby announced:

Cadet Private Fogarty to be Corporal and assigned to Co. B.

Corporal Fogarty was a Corporal last year, but resigned and left the Battalion. We are glad to see that he is again a wearer of the brass buttons and has regained his old rank.

—At the last reading of the monthly marks the Rev. Father

Rector announced that it had been proposed to erect a three-story building for the use of the Battalion of Cadets. The first-floor to be occupied by an armory, the second by a gymnasium, and the third by a large swimming tank.

The principal obstacle to this plan, as indeed it is to many plans, is the question of expense, the estimated cost of such a structure being about \$25,000. Our commanding officer, with his usual generosity, has promised \$5,000, and the College, not to be outdone in liberality, has agreed to add \$10,000 to that amount. There remain then \$10,000 to be subscribed by the students and their friends.

The need of such a building must be apparent to all, for the Battalion is now homeless, and it certainly deserves better quarters than the temporary ones it occupies in the gymnasium. We trust therefore that no one will be "backward in coming forward" to aid so good a cause.

—We regret to say that Cadet First Lieutenant F. J. Donovan has been obliged to leave us. By his departure Company B has lost a most able and efficient officer, and one whose place it will be very difficult to fill, for there was not in the whole Battalion a more thorough or more conscientious worker in the interests of his company than Lieutenant Donovan. His departure was caused by the death of his mother, and in his great affliction he has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire college.

—One of the unsuccessful candidates for a corporalecy in the last examination, who came within two marks of the required average, is "kicking" against what he considers his "hard luck."

—If Company A continues to drill as she has been doing during the past month, Company B had better look out for her colors. There has been a marked improvement in all the companies lately, and, if there is no falling off, the Battalion that goes into camp next spring will be the best ever seen at Fordham.

—We hear that there is to be a baseball league organized between the four companies to play for the championship of the battalion. Sergeant Orphens, of Co. D, is the chief promoter of the scheme.

—There seems to be no limit to the generosity of Lient. Squiers. He has now offered to give Manager Eevin \$100 for the Baseball Association, if all the ununiformed cadets will get uniforms. We trust that there is too much public spirit among the ununiformed cadets to allow them to deprive the association of a donation that is so much needed.

BASE BALL NOTES.

J. H. S., '90.

—Games have been arranged with the following Clubs: New York (Limited), April 1st and 10th; Columbia College, April 17th; Lehigh, April 25th and May 22d; Star Athletic of Newark, May 1st; Lafayette, May 7th and June 12th. While negotiations are pending with Trinity, Plainfield A. A. C., Sylvan A. A. C., Brooklyn (Limited), Manhattan A. A. C., Staten Island A. A. C., Rahway, Yale, Rutgers, University of Penna., Berkeley A. A. C. and others. May 13th and June 5th are among the dates yet open, and College Clubs wishing dates would do well to write at once.

—The candidates for the team have been practicing very faithfully of late, and they have gone into the practice at night as earnestly, if not more so, than they were wont during the day. Keep up the good work boys, you'll not hurt yourselves, but on the contrary, you will help to make the team *invincible*. Wm. Feeley, '92, has been appointed official umpire of the Base Ball Association. Look out for storms, Bill!

—The Baseball Association tenders its thanks to all those who contributed towards the support of the College team, and especially does it thank Second and Third Divisions.

—We would like to say a few words to the managers of some college clubs. Please, Messrs. Managers, remember that a guarantee does not include hotel expenses for a week, segars and other

incidentals; and also please, dear Messrs. managers, remember that we have not the United States Treasury or a National Bank behind us, and that it is not our place to make up all the little losses of your trips. Please remember this when you ask for a guarantee, and you will have our everlasting thanks.

—We are very sorry that we could not come to any satisfactory arrangement regarding dates with Cornell, as every one would like to see that team play here.

—M. Sweeney, '89, third baseman of last year's team is studying Law at Columbia, and will in all probability hold down bag No. 3 for his college club.

—Sullivan our new man will prove a valuable acquisition to the team, and will especially strengthen the team in the batting line.

—We would like to correct a statement made in the last issue of the MONTHLY. It was then stated that the Base Ball Association had decided to be entirely independent of outside subscriptions. Now this is a mistake. Of course we would like to be able to run the team without troubling our friends, but as this is well nigh impossible we are obliged to call upon them for aid, and we feel that in calling upon them we shall not be disappointed in our hopes, of receiving generous subscriptions.

—Those who wish to get some real solid baseball "larnin," would do well to listen to Jack Lynch's remarks on this same subject. There are very few who know more about the game than "Happy Jack."

—The battle is no longer to the strong in baseball. It is to the quick, to the active, to the scientific.

—G. Plunkett, '90, who was so unfortunately injured, in a practice game a few weeks ago, will in all probability be able to be around and help the team to success.

—Daniel R. Kieran, '89, our famous second baseman, is studying at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Success to you, Dan, but we miss you.

—Rumor has it that Brown University will make all the College teams hustle. If they were only on a trip down this way we would like to take a trial at them.

—Jack Lynch proposes that we change our diamond around and bat from the toboggan slide. Would it be advisable?

—Our pitchers are doing good work, and judging by the way they have been doing so far, they will make our opponents "fan the air repeatedly" in their vain endeavors to "line the ball out."

—Let the bells ring and the cannons roar! Tom Cushing made a base hit on Sunday, March 9th.

—A few weeks more and the trials and tribulations of the empire will begin.

—D. Orpheus, '90, has made rapid progress in catching and his throwing is especially improved.

—T. Carmody, '90, has decided to stick to baseball for another year. This should be good news to all those who have the interest of the nine at heart, as Tom is a terror to pitchers when he gets his eye on the ball.

—Gus Williams, one of the pitchers of the Brooklyn American Association Club, helped Jack Lynch train the boys on Sunday, March 9th.

—The following men are training for catchers: P. Sullivan, D. Orphens, J. Perilliat and T. Burke. J. Ryan and F. McCann, although trying for infield positions, also take a few minutes practice behind the bat every now and then just in case they might be of use sometime during the season.

FIRST DIVISION READING ROOM NOTES.

—For the benefit of old students who, perhaps would like to know what we read nowadays, we publish the following list of papers and periodicals which find their way to us: Dailies, New York Sun, New York Herald, New York Tribune; weeklies, *Scien-*

tistic American and supplement, New York *Freeman's Journal*, *Catholic News*, *Catholic American*, *Catholic Review*, *C. T. A. News*, *The London Graphic*, *The Illustrated London News*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The Sporting Times*, and the *Judge*; monthlies, *Harper's Monthly*, *Catholic World*, *the Month*, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, and the *Cosmopolitan*.

—Thinking that it might be news to some members of the Division, we would like to state that on the wall hangs a printed copy of the "rules," which it might interest the aforesaid persons to read over.

—All aspirants for military honors would do well to read the article entitled "The Army of the United States," in the March number of *Harper's Monthly*. The article is written by General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., and the subject is well-handled.

—In the *Catholic World* for March, Maurice F. Egan has a short story, which, like all of his stories, is very interesting.

—It is very pleasing to take a view of the Reading Room on certain days and see the various postures some boys assume when they are deeply absorbed in the latest periodical and wish to take things easy. We would think some of these positions were far from easy, but still we suppose the "posers" know best.

P. R. C. '92.

BILLIARD ROOM NOTES.

JOHN J. CALLANAN, '90, Pres.

—At a meeting held in the Billiard Room Tuesday, March 4th, the tournament met its fate. After everything with reference to it was explained and discussed, a vote was taken, the result being the almost unanimous agreement to postpone the tournament indefinitely. Although warm, pleasant weather has prevailed, the financial affairs have not been disastrously impaired.

—Messrs. Reilly and Manning have been lately appointed officers.

—As usual a game of pool is limited to five players, but with this restriction, that all payments must be cash.

—No change, other than the above, has been made for the billiard table. Fifteen cents an hour is still the tax.

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

—One of the new features to be seen in the gymnasium on holidays and at night after supper is wrestling.

—The contestants win great applause for their pluck and courage.

—The three best wrestlers are representatives of New York, of the New Republic and of fair France. It is to be hoped that this lively sport will continue, for it helps in a high degree to break up the ennui of the long winter days.

—Great attention is given every evening to club swinging, the

parallel bars and the horizontal bar; we hope that these exercises will rouse up the dormant spirit of the athletes of the Division.

—A modest little exhibition will be given on the 17th of this month, by the Athletic Association. It is earnestly hoped that this will bring to the front some of the new talent.

G. P. G. ENG., '92.

BOOKS.

—This column is an appeal to publishers to forward new publications, which will meet with a grateful reception as well as an immediate notice.

—*Athletics and Manly Sport*, by John Boyle O'Reilly; Boston Pilot Publishing Co. The thanks of the MONTHLY are presented to the Pilot Publishing Co. for the exquisite volume on *Athletic and Manly Sport*, by John Boyle O'Reilly, which is before us. The name of John Boyle O'Reilly speaks volumes of commendation—it is a name which will be a household word in every continent where the English tongue is spoken or patriotism understood and revered. There is in many minds a lodged prejudice against sport, no matter how justifiable. The whole athletic and sporting world owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. O'Reilly. All that is mercenary in sport, all that is low and degrading in athletics disappear under the skilful treatment of his pen. The book is a classic. It treats of the Evolution and Ethics of Boxing in a series of chapters under such captions as, Has Boxing a Real Value? Improvement in Modern Boxing, Antiquity of Boxing, The Athletes of Ancient Greece, The Training of Greek Athletes, The Gladiators of Rome, A Lesson Even in a Fight, Characteristics of Great Boxers. The second topic handled by the writer is, The Training of Athletes Tested by Every-day Life. This question is discussed in the following series of subjects: Is Training Injurious?—The Evils of Improper Training—Muscular Power Secondary to Respiratory Power—The Food of Athletes in Training—A Day's Food and Exercise in Training—Various Exercises and How to Practice Them—The Curse of the Closed Windows—Exercise for City Dwellers and School Children—Corpulence, Diet and Sleep—Hints for Training and Good Health. The above vital subject is followed by an interesting account of Ancient Irish Athletic Games, Exercises and Weapons. The book closes with four tid-bits of literature, meaty with pleasant and useful reading, entitled: Canoeing on the Connecticut—Down the Susquehanna in a Canoe—Down the Delaware in a Canoe—Canoeing on the Dismal Swamp. Every college boy, every player of baseball or football, every lover of athletics and sport, every parent and every school manager should buy and read the book. It is "dedicated to those who believe that a love for innocent sport, playful exercise and enjoyment of nature is a blessing not only for the years of boyhood, but for the whole life of a man." We pity those who are not of Mr. Boyle O'Reilly's athletic and wholesomely humanitarian creed. We pity them and their children and their children's children even to the tenth generation.



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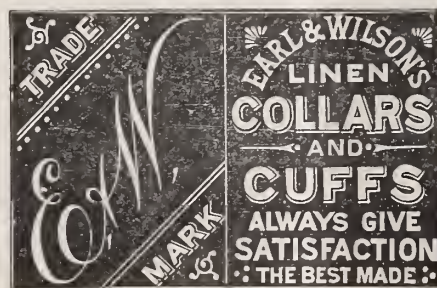
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VOL. VIII.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y., APRIL, 1890.

No. 7

EASTER MORN.

FERDINAND WINGERTER, '90.

CALMLY through the vernal air,
O'er the quiet waters stealing
Calling to the house of prayer,
List ! the Easter chimes are pealing !
In their silvery tones repeating
To the heart with rapture beating,
Gladly the Christian greeting :
"Christ is Risen."

As they ring, they seem to say
Christ, the Lord is risen to-day !
Mourning ones, forget your gloom—
He hath triumphed o'er the tomb :
"Christ is Risen."

Gloriously the Easter hymn,
Round ten thousand altars swelling,
Like a chant of seraphim,
All the Church's joy is telling !
And the bells whose soft refrain
Mingles with the fervid strain,
Joyously repeat again :
"Christ is Risen."

He is risen ! weep no more,
For the reign of death is o'er,
Let His resurrection be
Pledge of life and peace to thee :
"Christ is Risen."

Dying, to redeem from sin
From its curse and dire oppression,
Rising, endless life to win,
As His people's sure possession !
On the cross in anguish bleeding
Through the grave in mercy leading,
Now in glory interceding :
"Christ is Risen."

He is risen ! Christians—risen !
Lo ! the grave's deserted prison !
Death and hell are put to flight
From His conquering path of light.
"Christ is Risen."

THE REV. HEBER NEWTON ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE late Centennial congress held at Baltimore was an event such as could not fail on the one hand to raise feelings of joy and exultation in the hearts of all Catholic Americans; and on the other, to attract intense attention and elicit curious comment from Protestants in general.

In this paper we beg to waive all discussion of the former subject, and confine ourselves to the consideration of the latter—the curious comment elicited from Protestants by the doings of the late congress. Here again we make a subdivision, and propose to regard all comment from one particular aspect, the aspect presented by the observations of the Rev. Heber Newton in a sermon preached March 3rd of this year.

The *Herald* characterizes the sermon as one dealing with the topic of the Roman Catholic Church “in a way seldom undertaken by other ministers.” This qualification is just in one but not in every sense: the sermon does deal with the topic of the Roman Catholic Church “in a way seldom undertaken by other ministers” inasmuch as it gives the Church ample and even generous credit for what she has done for civilization in the past; but we are sorry to see that in other respects, and those most essential ones, it follows but too closely the rut marked out by the majority of Protestant ministers in what they say of the Church.

The Rev. Heber Newton pays the Church only half compliments, and mistakes her true nature entirely. In saying that he pays the Church only half compliments, we do not wish to imply that he is one of those who blow hot and cold in one breath and “assent with civil leer, and by assenting teach the rest to sneer.” We are far from imputing any malice to him, but we do not hesitate to accuse him of carelessness in what he has said of the Church. His discourse bears on the face of it evidence that he has taken scarcely any pains with his work; that he has coined his remarks with the hackneyed stamp which he knows will make them pass current in the prejudiced minds of the mass of Protestants, where, much as they may jingle for a while, they shall rust away and be forgotten forever, because they have the look, but not the gold of truth. Indeed, much as we dislike to couple the phrase with his name, we are led to suspect the Rev. Heber Newton of wishing to create a sensation with his sermon.

He mistakes the true nature of the Church entirely, because he regards her merely as a human institution, admirable in every point of conception, but with nothing about her to proclaim “the vision and the faculty divine.”

“He must be a dullard, indeed,” says he, “who, on entering Rome, does not feel with Lacordaire the spell that is laid upon him—the presence of this mighty mistress of the West, this undying power which has seen states rise and fall, has watched by the death-bed of the greatest empire of the past, has nursed the nations of the new world into life, has seen peoples coming and going *while it lives on forever*.”

The Rev. Heber Newton certainly is not a dullard, but the grand picture which he describes so eloquently has not made

the same impression on his mind as it made on the mind of Lacordaire. Has he asked himself what it is that upholds the Rome of Peter amid the desolation of the Rome of Cæsar? The Rome of Cæsar was of the earth earthy, and, therefore, doomed to perish with all that is mortal; the Rome of Peter is of heaven heavenly, and, therefore, destined to endure with the eternal works of Him whose word shall not pass away. We are sorry to see that he has taken no cognizance of this, and mistakes the true nature of the Church entirely.

After making mention of what the Church did on the fall of the Roman Empire of the West, and on the descent of the barbarians from the North, and of her being the sole preserver of classic learning through the dark ages; he says: “In the modern world the Roman Catholic Church continues her indispensable ministry to civilization.” Why, we ask, is the ministry of the Church indispensable to civilization? Because religion, and especially the true religion, is indispensable to the progress of mankind. Without any religion, the nature of man sinks to a level with that of the beast; without the true religion it cannot rise above itself.

But a little further on the Rev. Heber Newton says that, in view of the excellence of the Roman Catholic Church over all other religions and especially in view of her unequalled capabilities of satisfying the “cravings of man in the realm of religion,” a good Protestant observed that since the Church is not the work of God, it plainly must be the work of the devil. Of course if the Church is not the work of God, it must be the work of the devil. But why is it not the work of God? Let us go back to the epithet *indispensable* which the Rev. Heber Newton applies to the ministry of the Church to modern civilization. The ministry of the Church is indispensable to civilization, because the ministry of religion is so; the religion of the Catholic Church is superior to that of all other Churches, and therefore, since it is not the work of God, it must be the work of Satan! Now the work of Satan is evil; the Catholic Church is a work of Satan; the ministry of the Catholic Church is indispensable to modern civilization.

So God has suffered Satan to make evil the *sine qua non* of the progress of those whom He created to his own image and likeness and redeemed with the blood of His only begotten Son! What “a lame and impotent conclusion!”

And is then, the Church, to the mind of the Rev. Heber Newton, a “fiend that lies like truth,” and a sound whose equivocation he cannot but doubt?

“The Roman Catholic Church,” he continues, “is to be recognized by us as truly Christian.” His declaration is made in a tone of condescension rather out of place in the mouth of one who professes the faith of a religion which is but an offshoot of the Roman Catholic Church. The Rev. Heber Newton might as well talk of recognizing his father as truly descended from Adam.

“She holds the two great sacraments which all Christendom hold, though she adds thereto other sacraments unrec-

ognized by Protestantism." This ought to read "She holds seven sacraments, which all Christendom held until Protestantism came to discard five and retain two."

"Protestantism has separated from the mother church only on secondary matters." Of this, suffice it to say that what seem secondary matters to the Rev. Heber Newton, Luther and the reformers regarded as fundamental.

And now, we are come to what we consider the Rev. Heber Newton's principal error after his misconception of the true nature of the Church. He speaks of the Church as being "pagan in a noble sense, as maintaining the line of historical continuity in the *development* of religion." If by the development of religion he meant that the Church has at times emphasized some doctrines more than others owing to the temporal condition of morals, well and good. But he does not. By the development of religion he means the gradual advancement or growth of religion through a series of progressive changes. We know there have been no changes in the religion of the Roman Catholic Church. Nothing has been added to the repository of faith since the last apostles; the last of the apostles sealed it, and it has been opened since by the fathers of the Church, not to add anything new, but to bring out and set forth the old faith stored therein.

Nor has the Church "ever adapted herself, with magnificent statesmanship, to new circumstances and proven herself ready to change with the changes of man." She has not changed; she has not needed to change; she was made for all men, times and places—her Founder is omnipotent and omniscient. She is as the sun, and men are as the strata of the earth; she remains unchanged, and her divine attributes enable her to nourish and support the varying generations all alike. When the Rev. Heber Newton prophesies that "She will not change lightly, but when the need comes she can change heroically even unto the condemnation of one Pope's *ex cathedra* utterances as heresy by a later Pope," it is all too plain the good man does not know what an *ex cathedra* utterance is.

Of course the Rev. Heber Newton does not forget the time-honored charge of the Church's hostility to thought, although we fail to see how he can reconcile the Church hostile to thought and the Church "continuing her indispensable ministry to civilization." Be this as it may, here are his words: "Who does not know, and who that has known can readily forget the tale of Rome's hostility to thought, her persecution of opinions, her repression of liberties, her raising of barriers to block the way of human progress!" The Church has not persecuted opinions, but heresies; she has not repressed liberties, but licenses, sanctioned by the laws neither of nature nor of God; and as for her "raising barriers to block the way of human progress," which is nothing more than a reassertion of her "hostility to thought," we have our answer, too, and we shall give it at some length.

History bears testimony to the fact that the Church has ever done as much as in her lies for the advancement of learning, thought and knowledge. We have only to refer to such

patrons of letters and sciences as Pope Leo X. and Nicholas I. and a hundred others of similar rank, to say nothing of the myriads who have worked to the same end less publicly, but none the less zealously. Under her auspices the greatest universities in the old world were founded, flourished, and educated men of the highest attainments. She continues setting colleges on foot and opening schools over the whole world and sowing the seeds of civilization with bounteous and untiring hand. While St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Aquin and others of the teachers and champions of her doctrines are still looked up to as masters and guides by Protestants almost as much as by Catholics, she has never endeavored to cramp the intellect of man, but when it has ventured beyond its depth she has interposed her influence and enforced her authority. She bids Science godspeed as long as Science does not overstep her territory; and, sitting on the Parnassus of her seven hills, she keeps repeating the burthen of her divine psalm:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in ye dwell,
That heart and mind, according well,
May make one music as before."

Coming nearer home and touching immediately on the late centennial congress, the Rev. Heber Newton says, "It brought to the surface these forces which have been working underground through our democratic institutions. The first century of Roman Catholicism in this country has begun the work of republicanizing that church, which we may well trust the next century to complete." The former of these observations sounds as if their utterer takes the doings of the late Congress to be very novel and contrary to the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church. As far as we are aware, no upstart doctrines were broached by the late Congress; but on the contrary old ones were very emphatically called to mind. As to republicanizing the Roman Catholic Church, we cannot well make out what the Rev. Heber Newton means by it, unless that her ecclesiastics treat, as they have always done, their brother Americans as fellow citizens, and say "Sir," and not "My Lord." Why, then, it is nothing but natural that Rome, who expects that people in Rome do as the Romans do, should do by others as she would have others do by her.

And now we are done with what the Rev. Heber Newton has said of the Church. We have pointed out the grievous errors he has made; and we feel bound to express ourselves grateful to him for all the good he has had the generosity to acknowledge in her; in view of which last consideration we cannot but express the wish that one who seems so near the truth and appears to miss it only by reason of his surroundings and through no fault of his own, may soon come to find it and look on it face to face, when we shall be able to say of him as we say of others of the like mould,

"He struck a jarring lyre at first
But ever strove to make it true,
Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds
At length he beat his music out."

DAVID ARELLANO, '91.

COLLEGE WORLD.

FERDINAND WINGERTER, 90.

AFTER reviewing our many exchanges we are somewhat discouraged by the amount of indifferent mediocrity exhibited. Some contain long and tedious accounts of some contest, others devote all their space to base ball, athletics and local affairs, slighting the literary department altogether; and some have long essays or lectures by some of the professors of the institution. While these articles are generally very instructive we don't believe that they are beneficial to the paper. Among our exchanges those are the most readable, and as far as we are able to judge, the most prosperous which contain the most material from the pens of undergraduates. There are the reviews and magazines in which the work of older and greater heads is set forth. The interest which attaches to a college paper must result from the very fact of its being a college paper. The most natural conclusion for one to arrive at, when he finds a paper in whose columns the productions of students fail to appear, is that the students do not value their college paper as they should, or they do not consider themselves able to do the work which it requires.

The *Seventh Regiment Gazette*, a military review, devoted to the interest of the 7th Regiment and the National Guard, has quietly entered our sanctum and taken a place among our exchanges. Stranger you are welcome! Here is to your success. Portly people, as a rule, are good-natured; hence we take that characteristic for granted. We should like to speak of some of your excellent qualities and articles, but—good-bye.

Once more and for the first time in many moons we extend our editorial hand in fraternal greeting to our ancient and grim-visaged friend from Ottawa—*The Owl*. Of late the *Owl's* calls at our sanctum have been like angel's visits, few and far between, but we raise no plaint, for when it does come, it is freighted with such a goodly store of the muse's gifts that we are obliged to unbend our dignity and mitigate the righteous wrath of an outraged editor. In its last issue it served for its readers an intellectual *menu* so choice and relishable that we felt, had we the time, that we would wish to enjoy that feast again. In fact we did enjoy a second time the clever article on "Philosophy." The writer evidently knows whereof he writes. "A Needless Encounter" and "In the Land of the Aztecs" are other articles of unusual merit and interest. The former is the most *unique* literary critique that we have read in many a day. Friend *Owl*, we don't know whether you can see us in the glare of our electric light, but we return your blink and nod and say keep straight ahead. You see much better than some of your more pretentious brethren.

We had intended this month to print a sketch of the life of Rev. Fr. Perry, S. J., the renowned English scientist, but find so much said, and so much well said about his life and his work by several of our exchanges, especially the *Stonyhurst Magazine* that we dare not now presume to add our modest tribute to the host of warm eulogies that we have

heard pronounced upon him from all sides. We quote from the *Scientific American*: "S. J. Perry—The saddest news in connection with the late solar eclipse is the death of the Rev. Father Perry, S. J., chief astronomer in charge of the English Government Expedition to Cayenne. The story of his death reveals extraordinary devotion to duty. He was seized with dysentery shortly before the time of the eclipse, and while suffering greatly and hardly able to walk, supervised the operations and secured perfect exposures for photographs of the eclipse. He personally conducted the work at one instrument. After all was over he gradually grew worse and was taken on board the ship which set sail for Barbadoes. He died on shipboard before the island was reached, and was buried there—a true martyr to science. Death occurred at sea on December 26th, at 4.15 P. M. By his death England has lost one of her greatest astronomers. The amiable character of the man and his devotion to his duty are strikingly revealed in the detailed accounts of his death that have reached us.

For many years he was a professor in Stonyhurst College in England, and his work brought the college observatory, for twenty-five years under his charge, into high reputation in the astronomical world. The *Stonyhurst Magazine* says: "In a very true sense we may say that Fr. Perry has been *felix opportunitate mortis*. Not only have the dramatic circumstances of his end concentrated upon himself and his work an extraordinary amount of attention, for which he would have cared very little, nor have they only forced on the attention of the world in general and the press in particular, the true attitude of the Church towards science, and the absurdity of declaring that Catholics must needs be unscientific, but he has been able to impress upon a vaster audience than ever listened to his lectures, that highly as he valued science, and willing as he was to labor in her service, there was something that he valued supremely more, and towards which science itself and scientific research were themselves but means, and that, as all else which belonged to him, he had long since devoted these to the service of God, to whom he was ready gladly to resign all whenever and wherever the order should reach him so to do."

The *Catholic Review* has inaugurated a series of sketches of prominent New York Catholic laymen to appear weekly. The subject of this week's sketch is "Augustin Daly" the veteran prince of theatre managers. The preceding week it sketched another Catholic theatre managers—a Fordham boy and scarcely less a veteran—Frank B. Murtha, the genial manager of the Windsor. The older boys of Father Larkin's time would read of his success with pleasure. They will not hear of it with more genuine pleasure than we do. And speaking of old boys we must congratulate our two friends of the class of '87—Michael J. Holland, who is winning golden laurels for himself in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and Con. F. Orben, now Doctor Orben, who kindly favored us with an invitation to the graduation exercises of

the N. Y. Med. College at the Metropolitan Opera House a few days ago.

We do not agree with the writer of "Scepticism of Our Day" in the *North Carolina Collegian*. Some of the ideas are rather turgid, others a little too extravagant. We do not wish to tear them apart in order to expose them, but we cannot read and pass them unnoticed. In the sentence: "The Scepticism of the French revolutionists was more a revolt from the depravity and rapacity of the Church as exemplified in the conduct of its priests than from the truth of the religion which those priests disgraced rather than represented," we have here a mere assertion whose supposition is entirely false; and such a sentence savors of ignorance. But enough of this! There are many other redeeming features—in fact this is the only one deserving of censure—to be found in our contemporary of the South. The article on the "First Novelist" is filled with strong thoughts. That on "Poetry of To-Day" is of a like nature. We admit with the writer that the Southern poets are far more emotional than those of our colder North; but poetry does not wholly consist in emotion. On the whole the number under notice is an interesting one, and its very appearance and title rather prepossesses the reader. But it is purely Southern and breaths the balmy air of that Sunny land.

We are indebted to the editor of the *Westchester Times* for copies of three sermons delivered at St. John's Church, White Plains, by its zealous pastor, Rev. Father Wm. A. Dunphy, '75. They are in reply to a sermon delivered recently by Dr. Vail against the Parochial Schools. Each one is a masterpiece in itself, and they certainly deserve a more widespread circulation than they will perhaps receive. Father Dunphy's controversial acumen is too well known to require comment from us.

In his clear, bold, logical style they effectually perform the object for which they were intended. It is a neat bit of work of which he may well feel proud.

There is perhaps no more zealous or tireless guardian of the rights and interests of the Church in the State than is Father Dunphy, and able, eloquent, accomplished, he is in every way fitted to be one of its most doughty champions. Those who heard or read his masterful refutations of the Henry George letters at the time of their publication, can honestly bear testimony to this. Old St. John's should feel proud of him, and she does. We congratulate Father Dunphy.

Bismarck fought twenty-eight duels during the time he was in college.

The average of those who enter college is seventeen years. A century ago it was fourteen.

D. V. Martin, the head of the Imperial College at Pekin, China, is a graduate of Princeton.

The *Yale Lit* is the oldest living college publication.

Harvard's athletic expenses last year were over \$30,000.

The number of colleges chartered during the past thirty years is greater than during the preceding two hundred and ten years.

The authorities at the University of South Carolina "fired" a professor for maintaining that evolution could be harmonized with the Bible.

A New York State Intercollegiate Base-Ball Association has been formed, comprising Hamilton, Hobart, Rochester, Syracuse, Madison and Union colleges.

The *Review*, of Oxford, and the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, are the only college papers published in England, while in the United States there are one hundred and eighty.

Columbia is the wealthiest of American Universities, and Harvard comes next with property valued at \$8,000,000 and a yearly income of \$363,121.

The Cornell *Sun* speaking of rowing, says: "Cornell is the only American University that for any given period has held the undisputed title of champions of America."

The college paper is purely American, the first college paper ever published being the *Dartmouth Gazette*, which was brought out in 1800. Daniel Webster was a contributor under the pseudonym of "Icarus."

The Greek government has extended the time of payment for the privilege of excavating at Delphi in which so many American colleges are interested, to June, 1890. The necessary \$76,000, it is believed, can certainly be raised by that time.

The Harvard Foot-Ball Association has a surplus of \$8,000 in the treasury. At the beginning of the season there was a debt of over \$2,000 left over from last year.

The Institute of Technology, Boston, has increased its roll from twenty-seven to over a thousand in less than twenty-five years. Starting in hired rooms, it now has buildings and equipments which will compare with those of any college in the country.

An addition has been made to the Yake tank in the form of a mirror, to enable the men to watch themselves while rowing. The glass is about six feet long and three feet wide, and is hung from the ceiling in such a way that it will materially aid the men in learning and correcting their faults.

The faculty of Harvard College have recently decided upon a plan whereby all academic students may take the full course in three years, instead of four, as at present. Students in the four years' course are now obliged to make four and a half courses per week, while under the new arrangement six courses will be required.



"YE TAYLE OF YE DONKEY."

FERDINAND WINGERTER, 90,

WHEN the immortal Quick, in the character of Richard III at his own benefit came to the scene, where the crook-backed tyrant exclaims:

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

he put a finishing stroke to the fun by adding, with a look, voice and gesture perfectly irresistible:

"And if you can't get a horse, bring a donkey!"

The comedian hinted at a significant truth, for if the former of these animals did not exist, would not the latter be considered the most serviceable of beasts.

We must admit that we never had even the most remote conception of the excellence of this beast until we one day saw the demure animal send moving towards the moon an unobtrusive country-bumkin at a county fair. It was done in the twinkling of an eye. It took us the same amount of time to understand that the poor man would never again stand behind the heels of a live donkey. That act of the donkey, done without the slightest effort, made a great impression upon us, and mighty glad we are, too, that the impression was upon our mind instead of our "magnificent physique." It set us thinking, and we recalled the wise words of the irrepressible small boy who said that pins had saved a great many people's lives, by people's not swallowing them. By following the same line of argument can we say that our much-abused friend, the donkey has, too, (by his never having had an opportunity to give them a "taste of his quality") saved from a sudden and terrible death thousands of those who perhaps at this very moment are heaping abuse and opprobrium upon his humble and underserving ears. As one grateful for his life we sit down to pay our humble tribute to him, the most considerate of beasts. He is already immortalized. We propose merely to attempt to open another small niche in the temple of his fame by speaking of him in history and literature.

The donkey came from the Orient, whence also came histories and the poesies. His fossilized bones are found in the strata of the ancient civilizations; and, setting aside authentic records, the merest myth, floated down to us upon the sea of tradition, does not refer to a period more remote than that in which the donkey, *in some form or other*, is supposed to have existed.

From the East, that prolific mother of nations, the donkey appears to have advanced westward, yet not until a period of ripe development. Aristotle assures us that, in his time, these animals were unknown in Pontus, Scythia and in the country of the Celts; and down to the reign of Elizabeth, England "did yielde no asses." Wealth and an advanced state of culture, however, introduce luxuries. Does not Martial state that the epicures of Rome held the flesh of the onager or wild ass in the same reputation that venison is now held? And did not Poppæa, wife of the Emperor Nero, bathe every day in asses' milk, for the purpose of beautifying her skin?

But the donkeys belong to the "peeled nations;" and so widely are they now dispersed that it would be almost impossible, by pedestrian or other means of locomotion, to visit a place inhabited by men, where excellent specimens of the race are not found. Might we not indeed almost say, that the voice with which the donkey salutes the morning, daily encircles the earth with a spasmodic yet uninterrupted straining after harmony?

In the East we are told it is customary to shear donkeys, both for ornament and greater cleanliness. The employment may be classed with the fine arts, and the old maids and bells of our metropolis do not practice their profession on cats and poodles with greater assiduity.

To heighten the effect, the tonsorial artists do not remove the entire capillary coat from the sides and backs of the animals submitted to their shears. Fanciful patterns are suffered to remain and a tuft of hair is always left on the end of the tail to be used as a bell-pull by the donkey boy in the rear, who so far as locomotion is concerned, is 'the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.' Often, too, these knights of the shears reproduce upon the lateral or dorsal surface of a patient donkey reliefs and figures that would not have been out of place on Achilles' shield, or comparing small things with great, on the prophylon of an Egyptian temple.

But to go on. This patient beast—is he not more closely associated with sacred things than any other animal? Was he not domesticated in Syria and Egypt long before the horse was reduced to subjection? The earliest mention in sacred history of any kind of cattle subsequent to the deluge, relates to Abraham's visit to Egypt, when Pharaoh entertained him well for Sarah's sake. Among the presents of oxen, servants and asses made him by the Egyptian monarch, in the account of Jacob's riches and the spoils taken from the Sechem; and in the list of things we are to envy, is there any illusion to the haughty animal which, in our affections, has completely usurped the place of the donkey? Assuredly there is not.

The donkey is also intimately associated with things profane. We do not assert that he has caused more swearing than any other creature in the world, but are we not safe in maintaining that the profanity evoked by him has been of the most sulphurous quality? Whether Zeno, like Coleridge, ever said to a donkey, "I hail thee brother," we know not; but he alludes to his stoical indifference to pain, and the keen appetite that "seeketh after every green thing:"

"Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain."

Why was Ajax, who wished only for light, likened by Homer to an ass? And is it not probable that the fifth proposition in the First Book of Euclid, took the name of *pons asinorum* as much from the natural analogy between an emaciated donkey and conic sections, as from the difficulty of that famous proposition to beginners in geometry.

When Demosthenes was on one occasion haranguing the Athenian assembly in favor of an accused person, he could not command the attention of his auditors. Leaving the subject, he gave the following story: "I was going a short time since to Megara on a hired ass. The heat was excessive, but not a tree nor a shrub was to be found that could afford me shelter. I suddenly bethought myself that I might avoid the scorching heat of the sun by sheltering myself under the belly of my conveyance. The owner of the beast stopped me: "Sir," said he coolly, "you hired the ass, but did not hire the ass's shadow." The dispute grew hot between us. At these words there was a complete silence in the assembly and every one listened attentively for the issue of the adventure. The orator saw his opportunity, and with much force upbraided his audience for listening to so trivial a story and refusing their attention when the life of a fellow creature was at stake. To quarrel over an ass's shadow henceforth became synonymous with the discussion of an unimportant subject.

The French say: "Every poet is a liar and his trade the excuse."

Let us write *fable-monger* instead of poet, and we shall have the reason why almost every author from Æsop to La Fontaine who has sought to put wisdom into the mouths of brutes, has deliberately attempted to make the donkey ridiculous. It must be allowed, however, that his voice and manner are not altogether favorable to the maintenance of gravity. Does not Lucillus relate that Crassus, the grandfather of Marcus, the wealthy Roman, never laughed but once in his life, and then at a donkey that had the weakness to yield to a vulgar prejudice in favor of thistles?

We are, shall we say it, almost believers in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, namely, that the spirits of men are wont to inhabit the bodies of donkeys and *vice versa*. Is it necessary to invest this modest creature with fashionable raiment, in the manner of illustrated fables, to be reminded of individuals of our own acquaintance possessed of the gift but not of the practice of reason? And is there not foundation here for a theory enabling us to comprehend those remarkable friendships that have occasionally existed between men and donkeys—friendships compared with which those of Damon and Pythias, of Achilles and Patroclus, seem but sentimental attachments. We must therefore, confess, that we never look upon a donkey without more than suspecting him to be a human being in the melancholy condition described by Apuleius Lucius, a sentimental Roman youth, weary of being a mere mortal, besought a famous enchantress to change him into an eagle, in order that he might take flight to the Emyrean. His body was duly anointed, and Lucius in fond anticipation began to move his arms after the manner of the bird of Jove. But the enchantress had by mistake used the wrong box of ointment, and, behold a metamorphosis, little expected by the youth! His tender skin began to thicken, and assume a hairy covering.

The distinct fingers and toes gradually hardened into bony hoofs. His body was bent down to the earth in place of cleaving the sky. His face became enormously elongated,

the ears enlarged, the mouth widened, and the lips thickened and pendulous, while a tail appeared which was to prove a special object of mortification and annoyance.

Lucius could only look sideways with tearful eyes. Had not speech also left him, he might have appropriately exclaimed with "as pretty a piece of mans' flesh as any in Messine," write me down an ass! The eating of roses could alone break the enchantment and restore him, no longer despising the condition of humanity, to his former self. Thus, retaining all his natural feelings and inclinations, was Lucius condemned to wander over the world to procure the means of disenchantment, but finding everywhere thistles instead of roses, and patiently enduring the traditional treatment of donkeys.

We would not wish, like the author of *Tristram Shandy*, to commune forever with a donkey, but are often tempted to interrogate him as to whether every member of his race is not in reality a human being. Does not he in fact possess many qualities peculiar to moral and intellectual greatness? Did anyone ever see a proud, hypocritical, self-conceited, ostentatious donkey? He is on the contrary entirely destitute of pride and his behavior is simple, modest and unaffected.

He has none of the ascetic folly of the self-mortifying fakir who "*soenforce des clous pur avoir de la consideration*." He is not to be diverted from what he considers the path of duty by soft blandishments of speech or by any lateral considerations, except of the most vigorous kind. Like certain individuals whose study is "How not to do it," he has a marked aversion to the argument "*a posteriore*." The donkey has the patience of Job, and meekness beyond comparison, although the world may leer at his unmelodious voice and falsely call his resolution obstinacy. To be engaged, however, in a perpetual "brown study," is not, we must admit, a sure indication of superior attainments, any more than capillary luxuriance, for as Lucian remarks:

"If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,

Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat."

It may be asserted that a donkey of good constitution, and under not more than ordinary persecution, does not usually win the palm of martyrdom much before the age of thirty years. His end, however, seems almost as obscure as the end of Aedipus. What, then, becomes of superannuated donkeys? can it be supposed that they die?

We must here quote the language of a gentleman who has, unintentionally, without doubt, anticipated our thoughts. "We imagine that they do not become dead, cold, moist, unpleasant bodies—that, like the husband of Aurora, that ill-starred victim of an oversight, they fade away gradually and slowly, and almost imperceptibly, till at their appointed moment they cease to exist, blending with unsubstantial air, hastening to be resolved into the elements, vanishing like a morning dream, leaving not a wreck behind."

But this enumeration of his shining qualities and the theory of his earthly dissolution—a disenchantment not always effected by roses—have diverted our remarks from the connection between donkeys and literature, especially the poetical part thereof. And here we must, in justice to ourselves, say that we have not the least sympathy with such sentiments as Sterne, who, as some one once said, preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving the wants of a living mother.

We are in search of the tender humanities, and first comes to our aid the tearful Coleridge.

Did any one, having but little command over his lachrymals, ever venture to read the ode to the dejected offspring of a tethered donkey, without having first retired to the privacy of his apartment, turned the key and taken out a plentiful supply of dry linen?

We think we see the author of *Christabel* laying one hand gently on the drooping head of the silent ass, and with the other extending to his mouth a piece of bread, while at the same time he inquires after the cause of the profound melancholy so unusual in the period of juvenility. Alas! poet, thou wast mistaken. Thou didst err after the nanner of poets who, like lovers, see every-thing in *couleur de rose*.

It was neither apprehension for the future, filial pain, nor want of farinaceous food that caused this depression of spirits in thy friend, but a desire for lacteal nutriment. Instead of inviting the innocent soul to a musical dell, where laughter tickled the ribless sides of Plenty, why didst thou not rather unloose the mother, and permit both of them to act according to their superior judgement?

Some one has said: let me compose the ballads of a people and I care not who makes their laws. For our part, we should prefer to make the laws, there being usually some pecuniary compensation thereof, which cannot be said of poetry in general, or, we fear in particular, save that done for the *Fordham Monthly*. But the minstrel's words drop on the heart like bullets; and long-ears has found a minstrel;

If I had a donkey that wouldn't go,
Do you think *I'd* wallop him? *Oh! No! No!*
I'd give him some hay, and *I'd* cry *gee! woah!*
With a "Git up Neddy!"

Could there be anything simpler, more direct, and outspoken than this? Ah! here is true humanity! The possibility of a poet being the fortunate possessor of a donkey is clearly admitted, while, however, the satisfaction of individual ownership is greatly diminished by the immovable nature of prosperity. Mark with what a gush of feeling he protests against the energetic course usually adopted in such an emergency, and lays down a plan of treatment original in itself, and more congenial to animal nature. In place of glittering generalities of speech, he proposes to begin with a supply of appropriate food, to be followed by kind words adopted to the comprehension of a donkey.

It was reserved however, for Wordsworth to sound the depths of asinine being. Of all singing men, he seems to have had the clearest conception of the moral dignity of the donkey, and the greatest familiarity with his language. Is

it therefore remarkable that the prologue to *Peter Bell* bears about the same proportion to the lay itself as the corpus of a full-grown donkey to the tail thereof? And is it not satisfactory to learn from the dedication, that the production of this poem did not require the intervention of supernatural agency.

In a little boat shaped like the crescent moon, we rise through the clouds and go up among the stars, taking Taurus by the horns, and stirring up the Crab and the Scorpion. Descents are traditionally easy. We alight upon a spot of green grass, and have only to turn around to espy a solitary donkey, seemingly about to imbibe from the silent stream. It should here be stated parenthetically, that this animal does not put his nose in the water when he drinks, through fear of the shadow of his ears, or hold his head low, on account of the great size of his auricular and labial appendages, thus bringing the *sensorium* and the centre of gravity together. Nor can this be attributed entirely to humility, any more than the fact that the fowl never takes even a drop of water without reverently raising its eyes to heaven. In reply to the ready heels of *Peter Bell*, the ass:

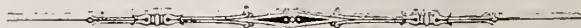
"With motion dull
Upon the pivot of his skull,
Turns round his long left ear."

drops upon his knees, and with a reproachful look from his hazel eye, gives three successive groans, one of which "goes before the other." *Peter* falls in a fit, and the ass, notwithstanding a severe contusion upon his head, rises, But how does he rise? We will answer, we will tell you:

"—— Like a tempest shattered bark,
That o'erwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of the foaming surge."

Could any thing be more majestic? and then, O compassion! he licks with his tongue the hands that had just "licked" him with a newly peeled sapling. But the final meeting of the orphan boy and the long absent ass! we have been accustomed to regard *Sancho Panza's* recovery of his purloined dapple as affecting in the extreme. With what caresses he greeted him; "how hast thou done, my dearest donkey; delight of my eyes, my sweet companion," was there ever anything more tender than *Titania's* treatment of *Bottom* when "she blessed his fair long ears," called him her "gentle joy" and rounded his hairy temple with a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers? yes, the orphan boy surpassed even that:

"Toward the gentle ass he springs,
And up about his neck he clings;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb—
He kisses him a thousand times."





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed:

"FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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APRIL, 1890.



The old order changeth, yielding place to new; Fordham is slowly, but none the less surely, advancing, and keeping abreast of the times. Under the destroying hand of that licensed vandal, modern improvement, innumerable old landmarks, trees and hedges, haunted by poetic memories, old buildings, every nook and corner of which teem with recollections of a hundred years, are fast disappearing. The Ancient, hip-worked building familiar to an older generation of students as the home of the irrepressible small boy, the scene of all his trials and tribulations, and in later years sacred to the presiding genius of cakes and candy and ginger ale, has at last succumbed to the axe of the destroyer, and is now a thing of the past. On its site the new second division build-

ing has begun to raise its handsome walls. Six months ago this building had nothing but a potential existence, but now, as it day by day raises its walls nearer the blue of heaven, the conclusion is gradually forced home to us that it is a very tangible reality. Another proof of our steady advancement is the additional institution that has recently sprung up amongst us, the laundry. Since our last issue, the transformation of the little cottage below the Hall has been completed and now it is working well under way. Its opening, to be sure, was rather unpropitious, being signalized by an unfortunate accident to Brother Hamilton, but, happily, both he and the machinery have completely recovered, and none but the very superstitious need draw any ill-omened conclusions.

* * *

The engine-room too has been undergoing extensive improvements, the old dynamo has been replaced by one better suited to the needs of this growing institution. Of a truth, Fordham is improving, and in twenty years when the graduate of to-day returns, he will not recognize in the Fordham that will then greet his eyes, the alma mater familiar to him.

* * *

We want to call the attention of our readers to the noble array of good men and true, whose excellence, and the excellence of whose wares are proclaimed through the medium of our advertisement column. Let them have your patronage; they deserve it. College men, at least, should give their support to those who help to fill the coffers of their Journal. Therefore, we reiterate. patronize our advertisers.

* * *

The first base-ball game of the season ended rather disastrously for us, and cast an unmistakable cloud over the usually blithe spirit of the average Fordham ball crank, but still it was not without its consolations. The team as a whole, played well, and the individual players, while in the field, did all that was required of them. The great fault, however, and the fault which lost the game was in the base-running; Of course, that can be explained by the fact that the boys are rusty and out of practice, but it can, and should be remedied, and we have no reason to doubt that it will.

* * *

Fordham has come to be looked upon as one of the legitimate haunts of base-ball; it has been said that if there were any base-ball ability in a man, let him come to Fordham and it will be sure to be developed. With the material that it has the team, if it works well, will furnish no occasion for altering this opinion.

* * *

The in-door meeting of the Athletic Association, a full account of which will be found elsewhere, was quite a success. Much credit is due to Messrs. Livingston, Straub and Johnson for their strenuous efforts in behalf of manly exercises. If the same interest in matters athletic were displayed by a few more of our students, these events would be rendered much more interesting.

T. G. S.

MONTHLY BULLETIN.

The St. John's Dramatic Association was most befittingly "Irlandaise" in its productions on St. Patrick's.

For Sheridan and Moore were the powers that wove, that touched our heart-strings. By turns we were held in rapt delight by the exquisite humor of the one, then thrilled with the melodious sweetness of the other.

Nor is it strange that the genius of these two should bring forth works in harmony and concord, the one a beautiful orchestrator to the other, who in their lives were so akin, whose feelings and virtues were pretty much the same, but enough—

The curtain rang up on the "Rivals." Mr. Taaffe is before us as *Bob Acres*. A most easy and natural artist is Mr. Taaffe, and as *Bob Acres* he was true to nature, he was the *Bob* with all his feeling, all his vanity, all his boastfulness, the independent yet all dependent *Bob*.

Many are the lights and shades, the small touches that in themselves appear nothing but blended together, made the picture or impersonation a living thing, and it is in this that the charm of Mr. Taaffe's acting lies.

The Captain absolute, of Mr. John Slevin, was forcible and well sustained, but a certain hesitation and want of care were noticeable, yet these are minor defects and can be remedied.

The poorness of Captain Absolutes make up may have had an influence on Mr. Slevin's acting.

Stern and unyielding was the *Sir Anthony* of Mr. James Dunn, who, though he was suffering from a severe illness, yet gave an able and strong impersonation of the unflinching despot.

As *Faulkner*, Mr. Christian Straub was courteous and gallant. Grace is an essential in the character of *Faulkner*, and Mr. Straub made up in grace what he lacked in activity. Of the *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* of Mr. John C. McNeilly it can be said that it was a success.

He was at his best in the challenge scene. At times, however, there is a striving after effect and a peculiar roll to his words that is heavy and out of place. It may sound agreeable and effective to Mr. McNeilly, but to me it savors of the melodramatic.

Mr. Brennan gave a ludicrous and Zulu-like performance of *David*. It was very funny, nevertheless, and although those war-whoops were uncalled for, yet Mr. Brennan proves that he has a fine voice and in a play like the "Shaughraun" it would be invaluable in the wake scene.

Mr. Walsh shone with his wonted brilliancy as *Fay* and by his side the *Thomas* of Mr. Myer paled into insignificance.

Between the acts of the "Rivals" two poems were read, one by Mr. Robert Carmody entitled "St. Patrick," and another by Mr. Michael Corbitt "The Apostle of Ireland."

Both these young gentlemen are to be complimented on the taste and poetic feeling shown in these flights to muse-dom. Following the "Rivals" came a farce, "The Sea of Troubles."

At the beginning of this criticism I said the programme was "Irlandaise," decidedly "Irlandaise" with Sheridan's sparkling works on the stage, with Moore's music flowing

out in sweetest melodies from the orchestra till we fancied we stood miles away listening to the waters as they rippled down the vale of Avoca. But how about the farce "The Sea of Troubles?" This farce sprang not from the genius of the "Emerald Isle."

No. But its merits lay in the acting of Mr. C. L. Livingstone as *Godolphous Gout*.

Now, Mr. Livingstone's acting was verdant, distinctly verdant, and for this reason we can say the whole performance was decidedly "Irlandaise." Now, *Mr. Godolphous Gout* in the farce should be the one luminary around which the lesser ones dance attendance, but no light, no life, no attraction came from the *Godolphous Gout* of Mr. Livingstone; and do what they would with their acting the other gentlemen in the farce were hampered and thrown back by Mr. Livingstone's performance or rather non-performance.

Then, again, what was the matter with Mr. Livingstone's make up? He was supposed to be an old man with a severe attack of gout, robed in a morning gown, or even it would have been better to have wrapped him in a blanket; but to come out on the stage in his class-rig, his make-up consisting in a bunch of white rags tied over one foot till it resembled a young pillow—it was funny.

Then, when *Mr. Godolphous Gout*, Mr. Livingstone, got into the chair and spread his legs out, waiting for the applicants to file in, I was reminded of "Bottom" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Let none of your people disturb me, I have an exposition of sleep upon me."

Then again:

"When my cue comes call me and I will answer."

No one would ever think *Godolphous* had the gout, he wasn't irritable or nervous, or excited, or angry, or vexed, or anything, he was comatose, happy and torpid.

Hiram Orcutt, in the person of Mr. John P. Whelan, was a clever and high-voiced son of Maine, inquisitive and disagreeable enough to torture any man living except the gouty *Godolphous*.

As a man of memory, Mr. Thos. Gamy, *Mr. David Orpheus*, had a happy part.

The make-up and acting of Mr. John Barrett as the Oscar Wilde devotee, Byron Bobolink was excellent; he looked the part, and had in addition a very musical voice. Now to Gottenheimer, to Otto Gottenheimer, here was as wild a specimen of a wild Teuton as has been seen on these boards for years. The accent, the gestures, the frenzied leaps and rushes at poor *Godolphous*. They were splendid. The stammering Steve was fairly done by Mr. Burke. His stammering was a little weak.

After the "Sea of Troubles" followed a cornet solo by Mr. C. L. Livingstone, who has attained considerable eminence as a cornetist and is always received with great applause.

Time will not permit me to say much as regards the "Critic," nor if I had time have I much to say. Of course, allowance must be made for the haste and short notice in which the plays were staged, and for several mishaps which greatly retarded their preparations.

In the "Critic" *Don Whiskerandos* was well done, though the gentleman should be more careful as to enunciation, his words being scarcely intelligible twenty feet from the stage.

Mr. McNeilly was good as Mr. Buff and Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Wright did fairly in the small roles falling to their care.

A word must be said in praise of the Tilburino of Mr. I. Clarke, who, with but a few hours' notice went through his lines most creditably. The one thing that strikes me as a great draw-back to the success of the plays of late, is the deplorable dearth of costumes and the trying to remedy this by patching and garbling up the most inappropriate looking affairs.

In the "Critic" some looked ridiculous. In appearance it was like a dance of nations; one man had a garment belonging to one century, and a hat belonging to another. I expected every minute to see a South Sea Islander coming on in silk hat.

The plays last evening were put in as we have stated in a great hurry and excuse themselves, yet it would be better to have a play of only one hours' duration, but have it well-acted and well-costumed, than a medley for five hours of ill-costumed and badly acted attempts.

HALIFAX.

On Monday March 17th, a short gymnastic exhibition in honor of St. Patrick was given in the gymnasium by the members of the Fordham Athletic Association.

The Programme, though necessarily limited to in-door sports, seemed to follow too closely the time honored adage "*repetitio mater gymnasti gorum est.*" The efforts of the several competitors attained the usual high standard of excellence so characteristic of our Athletic Association. At times some of the events lacked interest, which was due probably to the want of training and preparation on the part of the contestants. Mr. Livingston, however, deserves great praise for his untiring zeal in striving to make Athletics a success. But we are sorry to say he does not meet with the hearty co-operation which he deserves. There is no lack of talent in the Association which, with a little effort on the part of the members, would undoubtedly manifest itself. Mr. Livingston was ably seconded by Messrs. Johnson and Straub. But even this combination of genius could not make the event the success we hoped for. The programme began with club swinging and, after a short exhibition of some very difficult movements executed with the utmost grace by the contestants, the honors were conferred upon Wm. Stark, '91 Eng. The heavy weight sparring exhibition manifested the prowess of Messrs. Livingston and Gillon in the "manly art!" After two exciting rounds during which some slugging was indulged in, the "bout" was declared a draw.

The aspirants for middle-weight honors then donned the gloves. Paiva, '94 defeated Mc Cann, '94, and in the second bout, Donovan '94 defeated Keith '91.

Mr. Straub's exhibition surpassed anything seen in a long time on the horizontal bars. Some of the feats performed by him were very difficult. Paiva received second honors.

C. L. Livingston '90 put the 16 lb. shot 29ft. 10½ in., thereby winning the event. W. Leonard '92 was second and M.

Lennon '91 was third.

The exhibition on the parallel bars was won easily by C. J. Straub '90, with Paiva second. Wm. Donovan '94, won the middle-weight final easily by disposing of Paiva in the most approved "J. Lawrence Sullivan" style. The fence vault was won by Conniff '92—height, 5ft. 11¾ in.; followed by Straub with 5ft. 9¾ in. The heavy-weight wrestling match between Comerford '91, and Birmingham was very exciting.

Comerford finally secured first fall and honors in 45 seconds. Birmingham threw the 56lb. weight 17ft. 10in., with Livingston second and Comerford third.

Donovan threw Paiva in the middle-weight wrestling bout in 35 seconds. We extend our thanks and appreciation to Mr. Alex. A. Jordan of the New York Athletic Club, for his kindness in officiating as referee, and to Messrs. Gianini and Stoll, who acted as Judges.

I. B. BRENNAN, S. S.

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly:

Did it ever occur to your minds; O Noble Sirs, that the class of '93 has no representatives in your flourishing little news paper?

The Freshmen of years gone by have always done honor to the Monthly, and have many times been, as in were a relief party when you had not a sufficiency of matter to complete the columns of the paper. Now, the fact of not having so much as even one man to uphold our glorious class in the journalistic line, has been a matter of constant worry to me ever since the opening of the scholastic year. In the issue of September, I was surprised at not finding our class represented. But being aware of the difficulty existing in the art of choosing, where there is so much good talent to pick from, I imagined it had not been discovered who the three editors should be. But when the October number appeared, and then I did not see the names of three of our men on the board of editors, I became incensed at the slight we had received at your hands, and have remained in that same state of mind ever since.

I am sure that, the essay on Chrstsmas written by one of the editors of last years' Freshman class, (this class had three editors last year,) brought much commendation to the monthly. In the last issue of the Monthly the class of '92 was well represented. That sketch "of the village of Colonus" and "How the Monthly is Edited," were I may say, masterpieces of the Queen's English.

But why do I write of '92? surely we do not reap any renown from the products of their pen, I write of them simply, because, I want you to admit that their compositions were well written, and you having admitted it, (as you will because you cannot do otherwise,) I wish you to understand that we have in our class prose writers and poets, just as much elevated in thought and as pleasing in style.

Therefore we ought to be represented, and though my rather *broad hint*, be a little late, we advocate the old adage "better late than never" and hope that it will not pass unheeded, until your favorable action in this matter, believe me,

YOURS INDIGNANT '93

FORDAMENSIA.

THE orators for Commencement Day have already been selected.

E. B., '91, wears a very unbecoming mask.

They that take up the sod shall put down the sod.

In a few weeks the "mush ball" will develop into an entity.

Joe O'Brien looked extremely happy while manipulating the clapper.

By the end of the year every class will have given one specimen at least.

The Philosophers held their second public disputation on Wednesday, the 2d.

Fallstaff's brigade made the greatest hit during the parade on Patrick's day.

Easter Sunday brought up quite a number of old students whom we are always glad to see.

Now that the two founders of the game have left us, who will be the first to start "Tennis" a going?

The sermon on Good Friday was preached by Father Fagan; that on Easter Sunday by Father Smith.

Wonderful to narrate, the weather during Holy week, with the exception of one day, was exceedingly fine.

The Cadet League is in the "Consomme" as it were, and according to the present outlook it is in a fair way to remain therein.

Where was the Law-giver of Israel when the illumination which shone around him was extinguished? Ask Mr. T_____

After mass on Easter Sunday, the "singers" rendered "One Bottle Between Twelve of Us" with emphasis and with little effect.

One might well exclaim with the poet: *Qualis facies*, after seeing the much dilapidated contour of one of our number.

A man who can drink three pitchers of water for dinner, should hire himself out as a reservoir, or some other bulky receptacle for H. O.

A great many will be pleased to learn that M. W. Holland, '87, will be ordained deacon in June, and raised to the priesthood at Christmas.

On the whole the athletic entertainment on St. Patrick's day was good, but we must say, that a few "pseuds" occupied some unnecessary time and space.

Con. F. Orben, '87, was graduated in medicine at the University of the City of New York, the last of March. Health and success to you, Con., and bad health to your neighbors.

The Mutual Admiration Society, which has held such prominence in the College for some time back, received a fatal blow in the Study Hall the other night. All the officers were censured in general and the corresponding secretary in particular.

The Tennis Club has reorganized with the following officers: President, R. K. Johnson; vice-President C. J. Straub; Recording Secretary, L. J. Gillon; Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Boylan; Treasurer, I. B. Brennan. At present all the energy of the members is being concentrated in the fixing up of the court; the removal of stones, and the bringing in of earth, that is, a part of it only.

SECOND DIVISION.

W. A. FERGUSON, SP. LAT.

—That "Six Books" question was answered by very few of us to be sure.

—We must give honor where honor is due! The Actives in their first game scored 25, whereas their opponents—scrubs—succumbed at 5.

—The athletes of "First" kindly invited the College to their exhibition, which took place on St. Patrick's day. The sports were too short to be interesting.

—If we only had room on our Division we might invite them, but we hope they will have patience until next year and then we expect to surprise all our well-wishers with our feats in the brand-new gymnasium.

—Lawn Tennis succeeded in finding a number of enthusiasts this month with the result that a fine level court has been carefully prepared for the season's sport. Rubber-soled shoes are at a premium in the market.

—Keep it up Anson! Bravo! Your team is a marvel at all times and above all, when Joe Browne umpires! Joe is sorrow-smitten for the decisions he gave on that memorable day!

—The Invincibles held a meeting en masse in the middle of last month, whereat they elected Frank McMahon, secretary after they had solemnly installed Joe Brown as captain. Bestir yourself captain, you have a name to sustain!

—This assertion will, no doubt, set their tongues wagging in scornful cachinnation, but let them dare face our battery—Joe and Mike—only once, and we would give a small income to photo their woebegone countenances at the game's close!

—At the meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association Jas. Herbert was elected president; Rich. Clarke, vice-president; Mich'l Doran, treasurer and Maurice Doran, director. Rumor has it that there is to be a series of games for the championship.

—Those old fossils, emphatically called Metaphysicians, were trying to get a game with the "Invincibles" not long ago, but fortunately with no success. They would retreat—we modestly say it—with reversed bats, should they ever get the required permission.

—Jno. Reilly, who generally occupies this column and the reader's leisure, had to go home on account of ill health. Even if John wasn't one of the finest fellows on the division, we should wish him a speedy recovery and an early return to bat and ball, and—books.

—It was indeed too bad that the Rosehills lost their first game; we had wished them great success, *nil desperandum!* The giant playing of a few like Bob Carmody and Sullivan, was a real treat, and we extend to them the compliments of the whole of the enthusiastic "Second."

—The youthful base ball clubs in the city believe in early challenges. The "Dauntless" sent in their challenge for Decoration Day at the beginning of March! This is our only game as yet, but we expect to have many others, especially when our scribe gets his quill to rights.

—Reliable testimony asserts that "Parson" was observed actually playing ball not many days ago. Preposterous! His metallic capacity of "grind," his ostrich-like digestion of crabbed rules and distorted sentences were so perfectly appalling that we never dreamed of seeing our John basking in the shade of a good wagon-tongue bat.

—The "Seconds'" new building is making such rapid progress that the third floor is almost ready for the rafters. "First" is gradually sinking into a very dim twilight of importance.

—The "perpetual grin" remarked upon the faces of certain faces of certain "Seconds" during chapel, has well nigh disappeared and a more serene, more becoming appearance has happily succeeded.

—Would that "Second" would become a little more serious in Study Hall and fill the granaries of their intellects with that knowledge which the few but daily hours of study-time, well employed would be certain to infuse!

—We begin to ask ourselves with somewhat pressing arithmetics, how many are our school-days before the end of the term, and, upon calculation we find that the seventy-nine just barely give us time to make up for the series of petty losses sustained or encountered during the spring term.

—The Philosophers and a few more who signed "Anon," were the only answers to the above question, and, among their books most conspicuous besides the Bible and Shakespeare, which nearly every sane man would choose, was Don Quixote, which leads us to opine that mayhap, somebody else—not a philosopher—supplied ideas for them.

—Will some "Second" be kind enough to break through the usual reserve and shyness habitual with his Division, and take that prize for the College Song? Anyone who heard the "rivers of melody," which flow from the lips of the "Second" boys in a peculiar place, and at a certain hour of the night would be convinced that the range of musical talent was very high among the "Seconds."

—Who heard the singing of the College during Holy Week and on Easter, and was not moved to devotion! "Second" claims not a little of the honor of that sublime *Regina Coeli*, which seemed to concentrate into every single chord and note a tumult of inexpressible happiness, as it rose and fell, swelled and died away on that Easter air. Anson, they say, was enraptured at the echo of his own voice, and quavered forth that altitudinous E, with its triplets of Alleluias, in a manner that would have made Patti herself thin with very envy.

—What has become of our Division Base Ball Enthusiasts? Is it because they forsooth, who "think the rustic cackle of their bodies the murmur of the (Division) world," do not choose to participate, that they allow such summer-vent days as Easter was, to pass idly by? Surely they who were so unselfish of their gold as to give well nigh a hundred dollars for the base-ball needs of the Division will not be niggardly now with their hands and feet? "Let us then be up and doing * * * Still achieving! Still pursuing!"

"Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make and find."

So sang the English bard long decades of years ago, and to-day, yesterday and continually we see the perfect embodiment of the ideas then expressed in the juvenile representative of "Second" as he gilds the passing hour of a stormy, 1st Division-aborred recreation day with pleasure-affording contrivances which Spaulding or Peck & Snyder would give fortunes to patent.

THIRD DIVISION NOTES.

Third division will soon give something that will surprise the natives.

Father Smith, who once was perfect of third division, paid us a visit during Holy Week.

On Thursday, March 27th, Father Wm. Carroll, S. J., visited us and told some interesting stories.

Third Division is soon to have a competition drill with the Preparatory Boys of Sixteenth street.

The division is anxiously expecting the arrival of a number of bats, which will be here in a few days.

This division is very grateful to Capts. Wright and Boylan for giving us dancing lessons during the noon recreation of the many rainy days which we had.

Sergeants Ramsay and Orpheus, who commanded squads Co. D., of this division, have resigned and their places have been filled by Sergt. Perrilliat and Capt. Straub.

The result of the last game that the Fordhams played makes it quite clear to us that they cannot win without being encouraged by the presence of 3d Division.

Sometime in May another competition drill between the squads of this division will take place. Company A. expects to carry off the honors as they did in the last one.

On Holy Thursday this division marched down to see the repository of the church in Tremont. They returned footsore, hungry and ready for a good supper. Admirers lined the route.

Brotherhood seems to be the fashion now; one of our brethren from Kentucky has started a nine composed of large boys like himself, in opposition to third nine, which is composed of midgets. For fear of shaming them too much I will only publish the score of one of their games in which they were defeated by the midgets. The score was 29 to 5.

On St. Patrick's day, the cadets of this division under Capt. Wright, marched down the lawn and then up to first division, where, amid the applause of both faculty and students, we marched in company, front, in fours, etc., after which we went through the manual. We were headed by three drummers whilst in our midst was a large Irish flag, and on the top of each gun was fastened an American flag.

There is great excitement manifested over our competition drill, for even now a cadet can make his company lose marks if he is out of uniform, if his shoes are not shined, if he has a button missing or a shoe lace broken. Some of the officers make heroic efforts to have their squad first. They have even been known to shine the heels of the shoes, to sew buttons on the coats and to perform many such offices for their company who are not able to do it themselves.

The following nine will try to keep up the record of the Tyros for the coming season: Capt. A. Valdeavellano, p.; W. Draper, c.; J. Smith, 1st b.; J. Mulcahy, 2d b.; J. O'Brien, 3d b.; C. Smith, s. s.; E. Higgins, l. f.; J. Dyer, r. f.; E. Lamb, c. f.; G. Bertrand, 1st sub.; F. Perilliat, 2d sub.

Their first game was on St. Patrick's day, when they defeated the Altar Boys of St. Lawrence's, by a score of 9 to 1. They appeared in their suits for the first time on this occasion.

A series of games are being played between a nine from the Latin course and one from the English.

Two games have been played already in both of which the Latins have been victorious.

The following are the scores by innings:

FIRST GAME.									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9 TOTAL.
LATINS:	0	2	2	0	3	0	2	6	16.
ENGLISH:	3	2	0	1	1	0	1	3	11.
SECOND GAME.									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9 TOTAL.
LATINS:	1	1	2	0	0	1	2	0	8.
ENGLISH:	0	1	0	3	1	1	0	1	7.

A tactics Class is held every Sunday morning by Capt. Wright. There are now three corporals and eight privates up for promotion.

THE SPECIMENS OF FIRST LATIN GRAMMAR.

BANKS MOORE, '95.

Great was the joy of Second Latin Grammar, when it was announced that we were to attend the specimen of First Latin Grammar.

Now I doubt very much, whether this feeling arose from any desire to witness others display their classic talent, or, as is generally the case with college boys, to escape from class for a few hours.

We took our seats in the first Division Study-Hall together with Classics, and awaited the beginning of the exercises. Rev. F. Rector and Father Halpin having arrived, Mr. Richard Clark read a Latin prologue of his own composition. Then followed an essay by Mr. Frank McCann on "Athletic Sports in Colleges." Mr. McCann being himself an athlete, we expected nothing commonplace here, nor were we disappointed, for his composition was of acknowledged excellence.

Next Mr. George Walsh read a Latin essay from his own pen, and then the class taking their Ciceros translated from that author. It most certainly would do Mr. Stephen Clark a great injury, if we should not mention his article on "The Re-union of the Class of '94." It was,—blended with imagination and description, as he described New York and the college twenty years after the time of his graduation.

Mr. Gibson delivered William Pitt's speech on the impossibility of England's subjecting America. Other speakers followed. They all did well. Our ears were next filled with the harmonious sound of the Greek language proceeding from the lips of Mr. John Noonan. It was his own composition, and showed the progress that the class had made this year in its study of that language. The programme ended with an attack on the Greek grammar, and the translation of several passages from Lucian's dialogues.

At the end Father Rector complimented the class on their success, especially as they had had only two weeks of preparation. He said the compositions were of great worth, and was sure that Father Halpin would find for them a place in THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

THE SPECIMEN OF FIRST ENGLISH.

Last Wednesday the boys of first English gave their specimen. The rector, Father Scully, and the vice-president, Father Halpin, were present. The professors and classes of English Belles-Lettres, and second English were also kindly invited to attend.

The opening address, (entitled "The Promise,") was delivered by James Shannon, who spoke very well. He testified to the good intentions of the class to make reparation for their past misconduct, for which, he said, they were all very sorry, and by their good behavior, and application to study, promised to retrieve their lost name and honor.

This was followed by a piano solo by Master Edward Tomney, who played very nicely indeed.

During the intermediate time many questions were asked on the class matter, by Mr. O'Sullivan, the professor, all of which the boys, with a few exceptions, answered correctly, especially Christopher Tighe who distinguished himself by his prompt replies.

William O'Shaughnessy's poem was very well written, and he read it with much expression.

"The Wanderer" a violin duet by Masters Kruger and McGivney, was, if applause counts for anything, one of the features of the Specimen.

Lastly was the Elocution of C. Tighe, for which he was deservedly praised by Rev. Father Rector, who said that he was well pleased with the specimen and particularly with their promise to make amends for the past which promise it is to be hoped they will all keep. JOSEPH HERBERT.

On Wednesday April second the philosophers gave a specimen in Library Hall to the Faculty and classes of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. Twelve theses in Ethics and special Metaphysics were ably defended by Messrs. Burrow and Slevin. The objectors were Messrs. Keane and Dougherty, Taaffes and Fortescue. Each objection, though well taken, was readily answered by the defenders. Altogether the disputation, both objections and defense, was better than we have heard for some time.

WITH OUR READERS.

First Division boys—a large minority of them have the Spring fever. In fact, they have had it all Winter and all last Fall. Some of them seem incurable.

How splendidly Rev. Father Rector at the reading of the March marks urged on the boys their love for their parents as a motive for better work. Many took the lesson to heart as, no doubt, the success notes for April will show.

Rev. Father Rector was celebrant at all the morning services during Holy Week. Father Zwingie presided at Tenebræ. Father O'Leary preached at Father Dunphy's, White Plains, N. Y., on Good Friday and Easter Sunday. Father Halpin spoke at the "Three Hour's Agony" in St. Francis Xavier's, New York. He was the preacher also at St. Stephen's on Easter Sunday. Father Walsh officiated and preached at Father Campbell's, Staten Island, on Easter Day. Father Kavanagh went to St. Joseph's, Troy, during Holy Week. Mr. Lamb was sub-deacon at Poughkeepsie, and Mr. Hollohan at Father Slattery's, New York. Father Hogan was deacon here on Holy Saturday, and was choristo on Good Friday.

We are glad to see J. J. Reilly back. He is looking well. We hope he will continue so.

No answer has been returned this month to our "Six Books" query. Perhaps it is because we have no mail box marked FORDHAM MONTHLY. We shall have one as soon as the many subscribers who are in arrears settle.

Among our visitors since last month were: Rev. F. F. Fagan, J. Smith, M. O'Brien, Brett, Guldner, Fargis, all of the Society of Jesus. Fathers M. McEvoy, Jno. McKenna of '77 and '79. Edward Reynaud '79, and Frank Freel, M. D. Father C. McGowan '77 paid us a flying visit.

Our reporters are sometimes unobservant in the matter of visitors and we are thinking of having a book wherein those calling may register. The book will be either in the parlor or in the office of the Vice-President.

We think that "Halifax" has been a little severe in his ammad versions on our actors. Everybody thought I. B. Brennan did not overdo his part. Why did he not say a word of commendation about I. B. Brennan's singing? We all listened to it with pleasure. Criticism must be fair. When we declare that a critic must be impartial we mean that he must house no favorites. Still, we must say, that "Halifax's" critique is a very able one.

We have added the name of Alphonse Lynch to our board of editors.

Contributors must write only on one side of their paper. They are requested to omit the A. M. D. G. Their writing should be clean and clear.

THE SANCTUARY SOCIETY.

The St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society is in a flourishing condition. A few new members have been recently received, and there are now in the Society twenty-two. The officers at present are: Willard S. Wright, Prefect and Master of Ceremonies; James B. Boylan and John Hardiman, Assistant Prefects; William M. Boyle, Treasurer; G. Talbot Walsh, Secretary; Arthur Valdeavellano and Henry White, Wardens. We take no little pride in being the first to organize the Society in this Diocese; there are now several of these societies in the churches of the large cities and all are reported to be thriving. The advantages of this society, aside from the indulgences gained by the members, were plainly made manifest during Holy Week, when the boys performed in a most creditable fashion their parts in the many and difficult ceremonies with which the church adorns this holy season. Rev. Father Rector complimented the society by saying that the ceremonies were never before performed in so efficient a manner. This excellence is due to our worthy moderator, Mr. Lamb, S. J., who was untiring in drilling the boys and explaining to them their duties.

P. R. C. '92

NECROLOGICAL.

Our death list this month is longer than usual. First on the register comes the name of Very Reverend Monsignor Arthur J. Donnelly, V. G. He entered the seminary—now St. John's Hall—in '46. He was ordained priest in '52. He was a few months over seventy years old when he died. Few words are necessary when speaking of him. His name is a familiar one in the Diocese of New York. He was a pious indefatigable priest and his poor health alone was the barrier to higher honors. He was among the warmest friends of St. John's.

Rev. James Wellworth, S. J., was buried in our new cemetery just two weeks ago. He taught here some seven or eight years ago. "None knew him but to love him—none named him but to praise." Charles C. Marrin '73 was buried April 9th. Those who were with him in college remember him well as one of the most popular students. We are sure that his name will bring pleasant recollections to many minds. He has lived in California for some time, whither he went for health which he failed to find. He returned only a short time ago to die. John Steward '78, so we hear, is dead. A dear little fellow he was. Everybody loved him. He was in every respect a model boy, and we know that his end must have been a happy one. R. I. P.

READING ROOM NOTES.

—In these mild Spring days even the "sleepers" forsake us for the bright sunshine. The numerous April showers, however, do not allow them to remain away long, and they soon return to console themselves for the loss of the sun by reading the latest jokes in *Judge*.

—In the April number of the *Catholic World* we notice a sonnet on Easter, by T. A. Daly, the jovial "Cap," who last year belonged to the class of '91. The sonnet is written in his usual pleasing way, and shows that, as of old, the Muses smile upon him.

—*The Office* is the name of a practical journal of business management, office routine, etc., which has recently been added to the list of our periodicals. Those who expect to enter business upon leaving college would receive some valuable hints by looking over this journal.

—Some sportive youth, probably being of the opinion that the pillars in our reading-room looked rather bare, generously ornamented one of them with a blazing red necktie

which he fastened high up out of reach. We thank him for his kind intentions, but if the owner does not soon claim his property we will be obliged to hunt up a step-ladder to remove it, as the "Rules" most strictly prohibit loudness.

P. R. C. '92.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

GILBERT J. EGAN '90, ENG.

Pursuing our correspondent for the House of Representatives we will review briefly the proceedings of this society since the last issue. On Sunday, March 15th, Mr. Callanan presented a bill for the institution of a legal holiday on St. Patrick's Day. The debate was most stubborn until after two meetings the bill was reported unfavorably. Mr. Dougherty's bill for the rebuilding of the New London Navy Yard was laid aside to meet the discussion of the above. On account of similar circumstances the discussion of Mr. Stark's bill has been somewhat delayed.

Some of the members possessed of a most poetic vein are writing poems on the various classes, as chemistry, etc. We hope that their muse will linger at the threshold of our society so that we can mingle a little merriments amid the dull sameness of our notes. We promise our readers to be on the *qui vive* for such wandering poets.



JNO. H. SLEVIN, '90.

FORDHAM vs. CLINTON.

The base ball season was opened at Fordham on Sunday, March 30th, by a game between Fordham and the Clintons, a strong semi-professional club from New York City, and although the Clintons gave us quite a surprise by taking us into camp to the tune of 13 to 8, still the boys played a good game and, had they used more judgement on base running the score might have been different. However they played a good game all through and are to be commended for their playing. There were no especial features except the batting of Hunken and R. Carmody, and the fielding of Ryan, Dennis, Daly and Hickey. Following is the score.

FORDHAM.	r. i b p. oa. e.	CLINTONS.	r. i b p. oa. e.
R. Carmody, p. & c. f.	2 2 0 6 1	Barry, p.	1 1 1 7 2
D. Arellano, p.	0 0 0 4 1	Wyler, 2d b. & 1 b.	0 2 11 0 1
Sullivan, c.	1 1 6 0 1	Steinman, c. f.	0 0 2 0 1
Orpheus, c.	0 1 4 3 1	Daly, 3d b.	1 1 3 2 0
Ryan, 3d b.	1 0 1 2 0	Garvey, c. and s. s.	2 0 3 2 1
Keane, 1st b.	0 2 8 0 1	Dennis, s. s. and c.	3 2 1 3 1
Gillon, i. f.	1 0 0 0 0	McGarvey, 1b. & l. f.	2 0 1 0 1
Plunkett, c. f. & l. f.	0 0 2 0 0	Wright, r. f.	1 1 1 0 1
Hickey, 2d b.	2 0 2 4 0	Hunken, c. f. & 2 b.	2 3 4 2 1
McCann, s. s.	0 0 0 2 2		
T. Carmody, 2 f.	1 1 0 0 1		
TOTALS.	8 7 23*21 8	TOTALS.	13 10 27 16 9

* Wyler called out for interfering with fielder.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
FORDHAM:	3	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	8
CLINTONS:	0	3	3	0	4	0	1	2		13

The following Schedule has been arranged for the season of 1890—

March 23d,	-	Clintons at Fordham
" 30th	-	" " "
April 6th	-	Madisons " "
" 7th,	-	N. Y. (B. L.) "
" 10th,	-	" " New York.
" 12th,	-	Brooklyn (B. L.) at Brooklyn
" 13th,	-	Reserves at Fordham.
" 15th	-	Unsettled.
" 17th	-	Wesleyan at Middletown, Ct.
" 20th	-	Tigers at Fordham.
" 25th	-	Lehigh at Fordham.
" 27th	-	Sparta " Fordham.
May 1st	-	Stars Athletics of Newark.
" 3d	-	Stars of L. I. at L. I. City.
" 4th	-	Arlingtons at Fordham.
" 7th	-	Lafayette at Fordham.
" 11th	-	Spaldings at Fordham.
" 15th	-	Wesleyan at Fordham.
" 18th	-	Leontines at Fordham.
" 22d	-	Lehigh at Bethlehem, Pa.
" 25th	-	Lenox Hills at Fordham.
" 30th	-	A. M. Norwalks at S. Norwalk, Ct.
" 30th	-	P. M. " " " "
June 1st	-	Sparta at Fordham.
" 5th	-	Open.
" 8th	-	Tigers at Fordham.
" 12th	-	Lafayette at Easton, Pa.

May 13th is also open, and the game on May 3d with the Stars of Long Island City is yet in doubt, but from the present outlook it will be played on the day named.

Jack Lynch, in an interview with a *New York Tribune* reporter the other day, spoke about our action in arranging games with player's League Clubs, and he expressed our sentiments so well that we cannot refrain from printing the interview, so here it is:—"why, said Lynch to the reporter, the boys could not do anything else. The Club tried to make dates with National agreement Clubs, but they were ignored. They were then invited to play the Brotherhood Clubs and gladly accepted the invitation. They are not the kind of boys to back out of an agreement. Their spirit of independence also rebelled against supporting a base ball institution which did not recognize them." This sounds like "Old Jack," and, as I said before, expresses our sentiments exactly.

The following team was selected from the candidates a few weeks ago: P. Sullivan, catcher; R. Carmody, pitcher; Jas. Keane, 1st base; M. Hickey, 2d base; F. McCann, short stop; J. Ryan, 3rd base; D. Orpheus, left field and catcher; G. Plunkett, center field; T. Carmody, right field; L. Gillon, substitute; D. Arellano, sub. pitcher. The batteries will be paired thus: R. Carmody and Sullivan; D. Arellano and Orpheus. T. Carmody '90 was elected Captain of the team.

Orpheus is still throwing and catching well, and by the way, have you noticed his batting? Sullivan made his first appearance as catcher on Sunday, March 30th, and made a favorable impression both with the bat and behind it.

R. Carmody complained of a sore arm before the game on Sunday, March 30th, and it bothered him all through the

game, so much so that he was unable to use his famous drop ball; but he is feeling better now, and the batters will have to keep sharp watch if they wish to hit the ball hard hereafter.

The infield is playing a good game so far and we hope that they will keep it up. Will you boys?

For the benefit of all we here announce that the name of the college nine has been changed. They will no longer be known as the "Rose Hills," but as the "Fordhams." The change was not made because "Rose Hill" was not good enough for us, but simply because the time demanded it. We have only followed the example of other colleges, and it is a move to keep astride of the times.

Columbia and Staten Island A. C. cancelled their games with "Fordham" on account of our action in playing the Brotherhood. And now, lo! and behold the Columbia's management is trying to make arrangement to play the New York (P. L.), while the crescents of the Amateur League of which the Staten Island A. C. is a member, have stoutly asserted that THEY WILL play the Brotherhood no matter what the Amateur League says.

We have received a letter from Mr. F. Bruwele, Secretary of the Player's National League of America, asking us to play with Brotherhood clubs. But there was no necessity of the letter as we have already arranged the games and are determined to play them, no matter what the cost.

We expected to have been able to arrange a game with Amherst this season, but unfortunately they were not on a trip.

FORDHAM VS. MADISON.

Sunday, April 6th. The game to-day was one-sided and long drawn out, and was called at the end of fifth inning. The boys took the lead at the start, and kept up the cannonade to the end. To use a technical base-ball term The Madisons "were not in it." The boys batted freely and played with more life and snap than heretofore. The batting honors were carried off by Orpheus, Plunkett and Ryan; Orpheus caught a pretty game, and threw to bases magnificently, while D. Arellano kept the batters guessing all through the game. Ryan played his usual steady game on third. For the visitors there was no work of any note except a pretty double play from Rodriguez to Finn, and the terrible wild pitching of J. McElroy. Following is the score:

FORDHAM	r.	l	b	p	a.	e.	MADISONS.	r.	l	b	p	a.	e.
Carmody, 2 b.	3	2	3	1	2		Ritz, l. f.	1	0	0	0	1	
Sullivan, l. f.	3	1	0	0	0		J. McElroy, p.	1	0	0	7	2	
Orpheus, c.	4	3	8	2	1		Galvin, c. f. s. s.	0	0	0	1	2	
Ryan, 3 b.	3	3	1	2	0		Rod'guez, c. c. f.	0	0	4	2	4	
Plunkett, c. f.	4	3	0	0	0		Daly, 2 b.	0	0	2	0	2	
Keane, 1 b.	3	0	3	0	0		Hazelton, 1. b.	1	1	3	0	0	
Gillon, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0		Delaney, 3 b.	0	0	1	2	0	
Flynn, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0		Finn, s. s.	0	0	5	1	0	
McCann, s. s.	1	1	0	0	0		McGuire, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	
Arellano p.	0	0	0	8	0								
TOTALS.	25	14	15	14	3		TOTALS	4	2	15	13	11	

SCORE:

FORDHAM: 6 12 0 7 0 25.

MADISON: 1 1 2 0 0 4.

Summary—Earned Runs, Fordham 1; Madison 0.

BATTALION NOTES.

MARTIN MCM. RAMSAY, '92.

The following circular was issued on Thursday, March 13th:

"Drill on Sunday, March 16th, will be in the school of the Battalion, from paragraph 373 to 408. Serjts. Ramsay and Gillon are detailed as Right and Left General guides, and Corp. Conniff as Color Bearer."

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Sunday, the drill, which was the first Battalion drill since last November, was postponed until Tuesday, the 18th.

The Companies were pretty rusty after their long sojourn in winter quaters, but, everything considered, they did very well.

Although the companies are out of practice in the Battalion movements, their improvement in the manual has been remarkable, Companies A and B especially doing so well as to elicit a compliment from the commanding officer, nor are C and D far behind in point of excellence.

Too much credit cannot be given to Captain Straub and his officers for the way in which they have bettered the condition of Co. C; From being almost a disgrace to the Battalion the Company is fast becoming a credit, and it is all due to the untiring exertions of the gallant Captain and his assistants.

Since no day of celebration at Fordham would be complete without the presence of the much-abused Cadets, the Battalion turned out on St. Patrick's day, under the command of the Senior Captain. Companies C and D were under the orders of their respective Captains, but A and B were commanded by Sergeants, their Captains being on duty elsewhere.

After parading all around the College grounds, the Battalion proceeded to 3rd Division ball field, where a few movements were given for the benefit of our small brothers-in-arms. After marching to the main entrance and giving three cheers for the President and three more for the Vice-President, the companies were dismissed.

We must not forget to mention "Fogarty's Veterans," composed of ex-Cadets, and commanded by "Brigadier General" Fogarty. They received the greater share of the applause throughout the parade, and the feature of the day was the graceful manner in which "General" Fogarty acknowledged the salute of his company.

Special Order No. 25, April 3rd, was as follows:

The result of the examination for promotion is hereby announced:

To be first Lieutenants, maximum 120;

1st Sergt. Johnson, 117.

" " Slevin, not completed.

" " Arrellano, not completed.

To be Sergeants, maximum 100;

Corp. Corbett, 99.

" Clogher, 98.5.

" McSorley, 95.

" Farley, 92.

" Burke, 90.

" Conniff, 88.5.

" Flynn, 82.

The following promotions are hereby announced:

To be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, 1st Sergt. Johnson.

" " Sergeant Major, Sergt. Ramsay.

" " Sergeant, Corp. Corbett.

" " " " Clogher.

" " " " McSorley.

To be Sergeant, Corp. Farley.

" " " " Burke.

" " " " Conniff.

" " " " Flynn.

" Color Sergt. (U. S. Colors) Sergt. Plunkett.

" " " (College Colors) Sergt. Conniff.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Special Order No. 26, April 6th.

The result of the examination of 1st Sergeants Slevin and Arrellano is hereby announced:

1st Sergt. Slevin 100.

" " Arrellano 107.

The following promotions and assignments are hereby announced:

To be 1st Lieutenants,

1st Sergt. Slevin, Co. A.

" " Arrellano, Co. C.

To be 1st Sergt, Co. A, Sergt. Corbett.

" " " " C, " Clogher.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly. At Battalion drill the following named cadets will act as markers: cadets Celebro, Soberon, Ibar, and Alonzo.

We copy the following from the Official Register of the U. S. Army for the year 1890. "Names of students who stood highest in the military department at last commencement, at universities, colleges, etc., having military instructors detailed from the army:

Charles C. Marrin }
Daniel J. Dowdney } St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y."
Willard S. Wright }

These three officers were selected for proficiency in tactics and for soldierly conduct and bearing, and we hope that this will be an incentive to some of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers to become better versed in the intricacies of battalion drill.

It would seem that some of our officers are advocates of "muscular Christianity," since we hear of a Captain breaking his sword over the head of a refractory private, and a 2d Sergeant bring a man to terms by means of very forcible arguments.

What has happened to the much-talked of Battalion baseball league? We heard one day that a game was to take place, but watched and waited in vain for the players. We trust that the league has not gone, with other good intentions, to form part of the pavement of a certain warm resort.

The "would be" First Sergeants have our sincere sympathy.

Among our visitors during the past month were ex-Captain Malloy, ex-Captain Marrin, who led Co. B to victory last Spring, ex-Lieut. Donovan, and ex-First Sergeant Oakes.

We would be very much obliged to any one who would inform us as to what has become of our old officers. They seem to have vanished so completely that we are unable even to learn of their existence.

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THE OLD CLASS.

JOHN C. DONNELLY, ENG. '91.

A LONE, I tread the grassy lane,
 That once I walked with friends,
 A pilgrim to fair learning's fane,
 My faltering step ascends.
 I see the distant hill-tops rise
 Around me as of yore,
 And near, the weird cloud's shadow lies,
 Beyond, the blue lakes of the skies.
 Oh shaded windows, that I see
 By pilgrim years endeared,
 Where oft I dreamed and bright to me
 The future's light appeared;
 Lawns where I used to sport and play
 With classmates seen no more,
 Springless and summerless to-day,
 I wend alone life's autumn way.
 Where are they now? where are they now?
 The friends, who gathered there
 And oft with faith—illuminated brow
 Rehearsed the future fair?
 Where are the ardent bands that met
 Each evening at the halls?
 That life is green in memory yet
 And never can my heart forget.
 One sleeps beneath the foamy waves,
 Wherein his young life ebbed by
 And one a'mid the heroes' graves
 Asleep, to wake at judgement's cry.
 Queen Nature spreads the grass and fern
 The graves of others o'er,
 The flame tipped leaves, above them burn,
 Their forms, alas! will ne'er return.
 We toil and sow but only gain
 The harvests of our prayers,
 Our hopes in God alone remain
 Of all our anxious cares;
 To these, as only helps, appears
 The all of learning's store,
 The classic lore, the thoughts of seers,
 I gathered in those early years.
 The light is low, the sunset's glow
 Scarce hides the evening star,
 And winds through dreary shades below,
 The silvery Bronx, afar;
 Farewell! Oh! shadow mantled halls
 I ne'er may see you more,
 Afar, the voice of duty calls
 As sombre night around me falls.

SAILING ON THE MAIN.

ON a stormy night in the winter of 1869, I with a companion plodded wearily on in one of the most desolate streets of London. Having lost our way, we determined to seek shelter at the nearest house. Hardly had we come to this conclusion, when we saw a faint light glimmering in the distance. We hurried forward and found that it proceeded from a small wooden house two stories high and very plain on the outside. We knocked at the door, and it was opened by an old man. Having told him why we had thus intruded at so late an hour, he welcomed us most cordially, and invited us into a small parlor on the left of the hallway. As I entered the room, I was struck by the neat and comfortable appearance of everything. Our host asked us to be seated, and excusing himself for a moment, went out to prepare supper. He returned in a few moments, and asked us to step into the next room, where an excellent meal awaited us. He had everything that we could possibly wish for, but I thought it strange that a man who apparently had a great deal of money, should thus be without servants, for he told us that he cooked all his own meals, swept the rooms, and in fact, he was his own housekeeper. After supper, as we were seated around the warm log-fire, I begged him to favor us with his story. With a willingness equalled only by the generosity with which he had welcomed us into his house, he agreed to gratify us, and proceeded as follows: I was born in London in the year 18—. My parents died when I was very young, and I was taken care of by my uncle. I always had a great liking for the sea, and told my uncle that I would like to become a sailor, but he laughed at me, and tried to drive the notion out of my head, for he thought it was only a passing fancy. But when I was eighteen years of age, I determined to offer my services as a "green hand" to some vessel. My uncle fearing that I would run away, had already engaged a place for me.

When he came home one evening, I was much surprised to hear him say: "Jack, my boy, two weeks from to-day, the "Sea-gull" sails from Gravesend, and you are to go as one of her crew." The next morning, I went with my uncle to the tailor's, where I received a new outfit. The "Sea-gull" was to sail on Friday, June the twenty-eight. On Tuesday morning, I left London by rail for Gravesend. On arriving at the docks, I beheld a beautiful schooner of three masts. A number of men were busily engaged in unloading her. My uncle approached a tall and well-built man, and tapping him on the shoulder to attract his attention, said: "Good-morning, Captain, this is my nephew," and with these words he pointed to me.

The Captain welcomed me heartily, and my uncle, saying that he had important business to attend to, bade me good-bye, and hurried off. The Captain then took me on board the vessel, and showed me the bunk, which I was thereafter to occupy. I was told that we were bound for Rio Janeiro for a cargo of coffee and hides, and although the ship was far from being a fast sailer, she was remarkably safe; the voyage would probably occupy two months, and as we would be six or eight months at the port, the "Sea-gull" would reach Gravesend in about a year.

On Friday morning, we weighed anchor, and set sail. The

crew consisted of twenty-two men. Captain Stamford was a noble generous-hearted Englishman, and well-liked by the crew. Billings, the first mate, was a big red-faced man, quick-tempered, and hated as thoroughly as the Captain was liked. The second mate possessed all the good qualities of his Captain; and the steward was a kind-hearted Frenchman who did all in his power to please the men. The weather for the first three months was very stormy, but soon after, we were becalmed for a whole week in mid-ocean; but in due time, the breeze sprang up, and wafted us on our way. Every day, my friendship for the Captain grew stronger. But the first mate whom I despised, imposed all kinds of difficult tasks upon me, such as sending me aloft to see if a certain knot was secure, or a brace hauled tant enough. If I was tardy, he gave me an occasional box on the ear to remind me that he was my superior. He also had a habit of keeping the men busy during the night-watches. The men determined not to be bullied by him any longer. They arranged a plan among themselves, by which no one should stir when ordered to do so. That evening as the men stood in a group on the forward deck, Billings sauntered up to them and said: "Go aloft there one of you, and loose the fore-top-sail." No one stirred. The anger of Billings was completely aroused, and whipping out a pistol, he deliberately aimed it at the crowd, saying:

"The first man who dares to disobey me shall be shot like a dog! Go aloft, Sim, and loose the fore-top-sail, I say!"

"But, sir," was the answer, "I see no necessity for such an order, because the ship already has too much sail, and—" bang!

The loud report of a pistol was heard, and Sim, throwing his hand to his forehead fell to the deck. Captain Stamford, aroused by the pistol-shot, came running forward, and inquired what all the trouble was about. "There's mutiny on board this ship," spoke up Billings, "the men refused to obey my orders."

The Captain ordered the wounded man to be brought inside, and told Billings to go below. The watch was then resumed with the second mate in charge. One beautiful summer evening, we arrived at our destination. Early next morning we cleared out the hold of the ship to prepare it for its cargo. In the afternoon, numerous carts of the natives were driven to the shore, laden with hides and coffee, and some with provisions for our homeward voyage. I noticed that every evening the greater part of the crew would go ashore, and not return until nearly midnight. I was curious to know where they went, and one evening I followed two of the sailors. They walked for half an hour over a rough and stony road, and it was with difficulty that I kept sight of them. Suddenly they turned abruptly to the left, and went into a small wooden house. I walked around to the side, and looked in through the window. I saw a number of little round tables, and about them were seated three or four men, gambling and foolishly squandering their money. At the other end of the room was a large cask filled with liquor, and many of the men by their frequent visits to it, soon became intoxicated. I waited to see no more, but hurried back to the ship.

After five wearisome months at Rio Janeiro, we set sail for home. Our voyage was very uninteresting, nothing occurring, worthy of mention. We arrived at Gravesend in the early part of February, just nine months after leaving it. My first care, after leaving the ship was to go to London to see my uncle; I found that the house was occupied by strangers. I inquired about him, and what was my grief on being told that he had died a few weeks after I left home. I now found that I was alone in the world, and must support myself. I made three more voyages on the "Sea-gull," and then received an offer from an agent in London to ship as one of the crew of a new vessel which would be completed in a short time. The vessel was the "Lamermont," and was being built in England for a rich firm in New York; and I was to be one of those who would take her across the Atlantic and then become one of her crew. The "Lamermont" sailed from London on a beautiful summer morning, and arrived at New York in good time. Having received a good recommendation from Captain Stamford, I was appointed second mate of the "Lamermont."

We were to sail for San Francisco in a few days for a cargo of oranges, and as the owners of the vessel were very rich, there was no necessity for carrying freight both ways. I will not tire you with the story of our voyage, simply that in three months we arrived at the western coast of the United States. As the captain and first mate were perfect tyrants no one was permitted to go ashore in the evening, and the men went about their work very sullenly and carelessly. The ship, at length being loaded, the sails were again set and we started for New York. I had learned to despise the first mate, who was exceedingly cruel to the men. One day, while I was below, I was attracted by the screams of the cabin-boy, who was a great favorite with all the sailors. I went aft to see what was the matter, and found the boy lying on the floor, and the first mate punching him with both fists as hard as he possibly could. I called upon the mate to cease his cowardly work, but he paid no attention to me. I then seized a huge iron bolt which lay at my feet, and with uplifted hand threatened to hurl it at him, hoping thus to scare him; but to my horror, the bolt slipped from my hand, and struck the mate on the head, inflicting an ugly and serious wound. By the captain's order,

I was then confined to a small dark room in the forward hold of the ship, and given nothing to eat but bread and water. For three weeks, the mate hung between life and death, and finally expired. One morning, instead of hearing the usual noise and bustle on deck, all was quiet. I heard the prayers read over the dead body, and the sorrowful words at the end: "We hereby commend his body to the deep," and then I heard the splash of the corpse as it entered the water."

At this point of the narrative, the old man shuddered, but resumed his story: "One night when we were off the coast of South Carolina, a terrible gale sprang up, which soon developed into a hurricane. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind howled fearfully. The ship sprang leak, and one of the sailors came up on deck and announced to the captain that there were four feet of water in the hold, and it was still rapidly pouring in. The captain ordered all the pumps to be manned, but to no avail. Suddenly, the ship buckled and heeled over to one side, but did not right itself. The captain saw that the time had come; he ordered all the boats to be lowered, and told the men to jump in as quickly as possible. I had been released from my prison by one of the men, and with four of the sailors, I stepped into the pinnacle, while the rest of the crew, including the captain, had embarked in the long boat and the life raft. Our little boat rode out the storm in safety, but when morning dawned, our companions were nowhere to be seen. I stood up in the boat and far away in the distance I saw a sail, and in a few hours it grew larger and larger, until I could see that it was a three-masted schooner, and coming in our direction. We stood up in the boat and waved our hats, and shouted with all our strength. As the vessel came alongside to pick us up, I recognised it as the "Sea-gull," and was given a cordial welcome on board. Captain Stamford was homeward-bound, and carried me back to Gravesend; from there, I came to this city, and have lived in this house for twenty years; thus you see why I seek the solitude. And gentlemen, hoping that you will keep my secret, I will bid you good night." Our host, having shown us our rooms, we retired for a good night's rest.

WILLIAM B. REILLY, '95.



THE SUBJECTIVE NORM OF HUMAN ACTION.

IT is customary with philosophical students intending to defend a thesis to begin by an explanation of the terms; that is to begin by telling what they mean and what they understand by the words in the proposition before them. This practice I follow in the present case, first because it is customary and natural and secondly because such an explanation may be of great benefit to many of my listeners. Perhaps many of you in hearing this title I have just read imagine that the subject about to be treated is something highly intellectual, far above the grasp of the average mind, and involving a knowledge of the laws of Logic Metaphysics or Ethics to be rightly understood. Perhaps you imagine it is something away up in the ideal order, entirely impracticable and having little or no bearing upon ordinary every day life. If any of you have had any of these thoughts you have been entirely wrong in your conjecture. The subject before us is not only, not a deep and philosophical one but is on the contrary a very simple and extremely practical one. In order therefore that you may better understand the treatise, and may during the course of the article know the meaning of the technical terms, I will begin by explaining, in as able a manner as I possibly can, the meaning of all the words in the proposition; or in this case, all the words in the title of the article. A norm is a mark, a standard or a rule to which something is referred, to judge of its excellence or non excellence. The norm of a human act is that standard to which all our human actions are referred in order to determine their value. The norm of the human act is to the man what the model is to the young sculptor, the rule to measure the merit or demerit of his work. If the young sculptor's statue corresponds in every respect with the model before him his work is perfect and he deserves praise for it; but if his work in no way corresponds to the model it is judged bad and deserving of reproof. And thus it is with the human act, it is good if it is in conformity with the norm and bad if it is in opposition to it. I use the term human act to distinguish between this act and the act of man. The human act means that act which is performed with a full knowledge and a full consent; that is the subject performing the act knows what he is doing and wills the act just as he knows it. The acts of the maniac, of the somnambulist and other such acts are all acts of the man but they are not human acts; for in such acts cognition or knowledge is wanting. We mentioned in the title that conscience is the subjective norm. Why subjective? Is there any other norm from which we must distinguish it? Yes! Besides the subjective or internal norm, there is also an external or objective norm which is commonly called the natural law. The natural law is the external rule of our action, it defines what we may and what we may not do in our dealings with the state, with society and other men. But about the natural law we have nothing to say in our present article; we leave the consideration of this broad question to some abler pen, and content ourselves with treating of the more limited and perhaps more interesting question of conscience. The first question we naturally ask ourselves in the consideration of this matter is, does such a thing as a subject-

ive norm or conscience exist? This question needs but the asking to be answered. There is no one from the youngest to the oldest, from the smallest child who has obtained the use of his reason to the oldest man who in his dotage is just beginning to lose it, who has not felt within him something telling him that this action was good and should be performed and that this other was bad and should be avoided. There is no one whether rich or poor or whether wicked or virtuous who has not heard the pleading of this internal voice. Although the existence of a conscience is so universally admitted, although we may have listened to its dictates day in and day out, perhaps we never have asked ourselves what this conscience really is and what it results from. Conscience is defined as a practical judgment of the reason, *i. e.*, the reason passing a judgment upon some practical conclusion. When an act is presented to the mind for consideration to determine whether it is good or bad, the reason forms a syllogism with regard to that act; that is, from two premises, one a universal, the other a particular it draws a legitimate conclusion, which conclusion we say is the conscience. In this syllogism the major is generally some well known and widely promulgated law, the minor is the particular fact of which there is question and the conclusion resulting from the comparison of these two is, as I just mentioned, the conscience. An example from daily life might perhaps illustrate what I have said more clearly. Suppose you see a pocketbook containing money left in a very open and accessible place. Being a little in need of money, you begin to consider whether you shall take the money or not. You bring up all the reasons that will tell in favor of your taking it, such as I am very much in need of money just at present and "I will pay it back again, as soon as I get a chance" and "this person will not be put to any great inconvenience by my taking the money" and other such considerations, until you almost convince yourself that you should take the money. But just at this moment your conscience whispers to you "You must not take the money," No matter how many reasons you bring up in your favor, no matter how many excuses or apologies you make for this act *you must not take that money*" Where has the conscience obtained this command and how has it arrived at this conclusion? This command and conclusion both come from the reason. For as soon as the fact is presented to the mind, the reason, cognizant of the general law "thou shalt not take what belongs to another" compared to that law the fact before it; "But this money belongs to another it is not mine, I must not take this money," This conclusion is the warning which the conscience whispers to us, in truth this conclusion is the conscience itself. It is evident then that conscience is nothing more than the conclusion of a syllogism which the mind forms as soon as a fact is presented to it. In each and every case the conscience is a particular conclusion and in each and every case the mind draws this conclusion in the same way, by the comparing the general law with the fact in question. But some one might argue that the mind does not go through this process of reasoning, for you do not perceive

any such action on the part of the mind and in many cases the conscience gives its command immediately and there is no time for any such syllogism. The mind forms this syllogism immediately, taking no perceptible time. As soon as the fact is presented to it, like a flash it draws the conclusion. It is not to be wondered at that we do not apprehend its workings. It might be well to state here that there is a great difference between conscience and consciousness.

Consciousness is that act of the mind by which the soul is aware of its actual affection, an act of the mind by which we are certain that we are affected either in this way or that. In the act of consciousness the reason has no part, there is no syllogism needed that we may become conscious of this fact or that. The intellect merely looks out, as it were, and apprehends its own act and this constitutes consciousness.

If we are hungry we are conscious of it and we need no syllogism to tell us so; if we are joyful or sorrowful, if we are sick or are in good health, we are conscious and well aware of all this and need no reasoning to further inform us. Conscience therefore is entirely different from consciousness and must not be confounded with it. So far in the present article we have seen what a norm is, we have seen that there is such a thing as a subjective norm of human action, we have seen that this subjective norm is what we call conscience, we have examined this conscience and found out what it is, a practical judgment of the reason, commanding us to perform certain acts as good and to avoid others as bad, it now remains to ascertain whether we are obliged, in every case to obey the dictates of this internal voice. There are certain cases, we admit, in which man is not only not obliged but even must not follow the dictates of his conscience; there are other cases in which man can neither follow the dictates of his conscience or act in opposition to it and lastly there are cases in which he is obliged under pain of sin to follow out strictly the dictates of his conscience. If the conclusion of the syllogism drawn by the mind is doubtful on account of it being drawn from doubtful premises, we are not allowed in this case to follow the dictate of our conscience, because in so doing we would greatly expose ourselves to the danger of sinning which is never allowable. When a man is in doubt as to whether the act he is about to perform is good or bad, when he is in doubt as to its being allowed or forbidden, and in such a case says to himself "I don't know whether this act is forbidden or not but I'll perform it anyhow and take the chances" he exposes himself to the danger of the act being forbidden and is committing a sin, for he really intends to perform it even though it be forbidden, for what he does amounts to saying "I will perform this act whether it be good or bad; but to will evil deliberately is a sin, consequently in performing this act there is sin. Hence when the practical judgment or the conscience is doubtful we must not follow its dictates. If a man is vincibly ignorant of the law, that is if he has made little

or no endeavor to find it out, in such a case he is not allowed to follow the dictates of his conscience or to act in opposition to it. If he follows the dictates of his conscience he sins because he commits an act which is against the law. Though the act appears to him to be perfectly licit, if he had used ordinary diligence in investigating the law it would not appear licit. Such an act is said to be culpable in its cause. If on the contrary he acts in opposition to his conscience he acts against what then and there appears to him to be right, for although the conscience may be and is in the present case in error, as far as he is concerned, it appears to be perfectly correct, consequently where he acts against it, he acts against what he deems to be right and commits a sin. Therefore when a man is vincibly ignorant of a law he can neither follow the dictate of his conscience nor act against it. But what has a person to do in a case of this kind? he must dispel this doubt as quickly as possible; he must use all the means in his power to find out this law and see if it applies to the fact before him, he must use his greatest diligence in investigating in searching and inquiring about this law; if however, after all this inquiry his doubt is not removed, he may say to himself a law of which there is doubt does not oblige any one, therefore I am at liberty to act just as I would have acted if this law had never been instituted. In doing this he does what is perfectly legitimate and does no wrong. We now come to the last case where a man is absolutely obliged to follow the dictates of his conscience. If the syllogism we form in our minds is materially and formally true, then the conclusion is true, the conscience is certain and we are obliged to follow its dictates. If a man knows the law, and to that law compares fairly and honestly the fact before him, he is obliged to follow the conclusion resulting from this comparison. If he acts in contradiction to it, his conscience cries out and rebukes him; and he then experiences what is called *remorse of conscience*, which if not eradicated, if not removed will become the bane of his life, and the destroyer of all his comfort and happiness. Therefore the voice of conscience is to be obeyed when it gives a prompt, straightforward, honest warning, for if not, its disregarded command will prove to be one of the greatest tortures of life. It will reprove you at every step you take, it will annoy you both night and day, whether asleep or awake, whether at home or abroad, whether in the bustle of public life, or in the seclusion of your own room, it will be to you a spectre, which like the ghost of Banquo, "will not down." It will ever stand before you, destroying your happiness, blasting your contentment, annihilating composer of mind and body and making this life a hot bed of contentions and afflictions in which you find no pleasure to live, yet which you dread and fear to leave. From such a conscience and such a state of mind I earnestly add may we ever be preserved.

J. A. Ryan, '90



COLLEGE WORLD.

FERDINAND WINGERTER, '90.

THE way in which the average College Editor notices the various papers that lie before him, is an amusing study. He picks up one, his eyes fall on a badly constructed sentence, his opportunity is at hand, he seizes it, and the result is, that the paper is taken to task for its general looseness in the construction of its sentences. He skips over three or four and picks up another, he reads a short editorial, it conveys his ideas exactly, he wants no more, this is one of the best exchanges that he receives.

At another time he comes to his room late at night, he has just returned from an unfruitful visit to his lady love, she has refused him possibly for the fourth time, every thing that borders on or suggests truth and fidelity grates upon his ears.

He reads in one of the exchanges a poem, entitled, "True Girls," he believes they exist only in imagination, and in the next issue we see the following: "The pieces are nearly all of a kind and all seem to be the effusions of persons very young and very sentimental."

Now Mr. Ex-Man of the *Washington Collegian* we don't want you to think we are in anyway related to the author of that poem or the editors of the *Seminary Tatler* nor do we anticipate being, but we would like you to read their April issue again and with more care; and possibly you will not find so much sentiment. Three times within a half year have you criticized what you call their "Girlish poetical effusions,"

We have sinned against the eleventh commandment, we admit old friend *Collegian* (but it is in so doing in tending to other peoples business) we have tempted you to give us a rap instead of the "poor girls" we don't care if we have, we are old and tough you know, but they are young (school girls seldom get over eighteen) but as for the sentiment—Oh! well you are just mistaken.

Bye the bye, friend *Collegian*, we are glad to see that you are up to the popular taste in fiction: but the popular taste was never so bad as to-day. We sincerely hope that "Bud Langlons' Revenge" is a satire on the popular taste; for it is the worst specimen of fiction that we have ever seen. A young man is told that he must die, and, of course dies. But before this notice can be conveyed to him, he is obliged to meet a judge running along an unfrequented road at the "witching hour of midnight," a beautiful girl of willowy form running like the wind, a black man with a battle-axe and a long-haired man on a horse. Still in justice to the author we must say that some of the scenes portrayed are not only extremely vivid but quite original—not to say realistic. Especially where the "fair maiden of willowy grace" "smiles sweetly, lays her blond tresses upon his bosom and blushing murmurs yes."

The bright fresh faces of most of our exchanges, as they lie on the exchange table certainly invite one to tarry an hour or two to note their contents. And what variety there is! which claims first notice? Not much time is wanted to decide.

First and foremost comes the *Georgetown College Journal*

even neater than usual, with a richness both of quantity and quality of reading matter that it has never surpassed. What particularly strikes one in reading the Journal is the evidence that it is a College paper written by College students. Many of our exchanges bear the marks of maturer minds than the average College student possesses, while many again seem to come from schools that are little better than kindergartens; but the subjects treated in the Journal are just what interests the College students and are not above their powers, and their manner of treatment bespeak much care and labor.

It is with genuine pleasure that we look over the pages of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* as it comes to hand every Monday morning. The pages of this almost Magazine contain rare literary gems in profusion and the other departments reflect great credit on their respective editors. We would suggest to the *Scholastic* a regular exchange column. It would add much to your relishableness.

Few of our exchanges give us more pleasure than *Kunkle's Musical review*. In addition to many *morceaux*, which our "Musical Editor" pronounces excellent, this magazine is replete with some rare literary selections. The Editorials in the April number were especially relishable, and we would recommend the article on Orchestral Pianissimos on Stringed Instruments to all pupils of those instruments. Unhappily the neglect of shading is frequently apparent in orchestral executions. Color and shade are just as important to the orchestra as to the stage. What would we think of an actor who would torture our ears during a whole performance with a "Mournful Monotone?" Shading is precisely as important in a musical performance; and nothing is more provoking than to attend a concert when the musicians plunge headlong into a composition, playing the notes and keeping time perhaps, but never seeking to discover the spirit of the piece or even to mind the signs.

Though the *Chicago Catholic Home* has been from the start an excellent paper it will hardly be bad grammar to say that, it is getting more so every day. It is a pushing paper. It is alive, wide-awake, full of freshness, fresh—newsy, and, in its judgments upon men and things well-balanced. We like a Catholic paper of this type and wish we had more of them.

Couldn't the *Rockfort Collegian* be induced to permit that little boy with knee pants on and a bundle of books in his hand to continue his journey? He looks lonely out there by himself, and is very much out of place on the front outside of a College journal.

We have received from Mr. Walter A. Blocker of Chicago, a sirkular in relashun to Fonetik speling. The sirkular sets forth the advantages of the sistem and kals on skolers to ade in the wurk of konvershun to this method. Mr. Blocker not onle advocats the fonetik speling but also the adishun of sum mor leters to the alfabet. Nevertheless he sets forth the butes of his sistem in the old method of speling.



PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed:

"FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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MAY, 1890.



Since the issue of our last number our editorial eyes were greeted by some startling assertions concerning College Dramatics, that appeared in a recent issue of Harper's Weekly. In the course of his remarks, the writer says that the "Hasty Pudding Club," of Harvard, has for years not only led Harvard theatricals, but to-day stands preeminently first in the College theatrical world; and that such performances as "Helen and Paris; or the Dude, the Dunce and the Daisy" rank among the first productions of the amateur stage. And this able writer expatiates on the merits of such performances as this, and seems to consider this prostitution of a classic subject by the students of one of the leading educational institutions in the land a fit occasion for laughter. As a sample of the "wit" that distinguishes these and like productions, the author quotes the following from what he unblushingly declares to be the first of its kind that has ever

been placed before the public, a parody on another classic "Dido and Aeneas"

"Dido. Oh 'tis a cold hard world, and (seating herself on the throne) Oh tis a cold hard throne. But what of that? We are all thrown into the world except me. And I am whirld into the throne."

Is this the highest plane to which our College dramatics can rise? Are the gags of the circus-clown to be considered worthy of so honorable a place on our College boards? Is such buffoonery the acme of perfection in College theatricals? Can such nonsense be compared for an instant with those classic gems which have so recently graced our own boards and furnished such refined and elevating entertainments for our friends and patrons;

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

An instance of this well-informed? writer's lamentable ignorance of things dramatic, is given when he states that college dramatic clubs, and, in fact all amateurs should "confine themselves to bright society comedies and farces in which amateurs can not only equal but even surpass professionals." The utter absurdity of the amateur surpassing or even equalling the good professional must be so apparent to every one as to need no comment. As to the "bright society comedies and farces" which he recommends so highly, he evidently does not know that those same "bright society comedies and farces are the most difficult things for the amateur to perform, for, while in a great many of the dramas, that were so much in vogue in years gone by, one half of the success depended on the scenic effect, grouping, combination of colors in costumes and a hundred and one little points of a like nature, in the society drama of the present day the actor has nothing to rely on but his own skill and ability. We heartily sympathize with this unfortunate gentleman in his lamentable state of deluded ignorance.

* * * * *

Apropos of Dramatics we have every reason to feel gratified at the success of our own public entertainment on the sixth. Everything seemed propitious. The rain which had fallen so steadily all the forenoon and put such a damper on the Athletic sports, had cleared away beautifully; the audience was large, good-humored and appreciative; the plays were splendidly mounted and the actors never were in better trim. Every man threw himself into his part with a gusto that seemed to us one of the strongest arguments yet brought forward in favor of more public plays. This play winds up the season of '89-'90, a season of successes, of which the Dramatic Association may well be proud. May it be as successful in the future.

* * * * *

The morning of Rector's Feast Day dawned gloomy and unpropitious and a leaden sky lowered on us all the forenoon; while a continual down-pour of rain lent its assistance in rendering the day more gloomy. But this could not remain long. So much mirth and gladness and good will pervaded the very atmosphere, that it could not but clear up and before evening all nature smiled again, in response to the general feeling of joy and happiness.

* * * * *

The athletic meeting on Rector's day was held under

rather inauspicious circumstances. The rain which had threatened for some time came down just as the sports commenced and considerably dampened both the ardor and the clothes (scanty as they were) of the athletes. They kept at it, however, and finished everything, only one or two events coming off in the gymnasium. It was an eventful day in athletic circles on more than one account, for it witnessed the departure from our walls of the father (we might even

say the grand father) of athletics at Fordham, in the person of Mr. C. Ludlow Livingstone, '90. No more will the Appollo-like form, clad in its abbreviated breeches, its whisks and its smile, feast our eyes and gladden our hearts with its playful gambols. He is gone. He will cross the loud-resounding sea to the land of the "stalwart Englisher." *Bon Voyager, Livy.*

T. G. T.

FORDAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

ALAN G. BURROW, '90.

HARDLY any of us went down to the Brotherhood game. We were all too tired to move that day.

Beware ye "Button holers," "Blatherskites" and the like! Take pity on others, and have some respect for yourselves.

Flowers, dudes and fevers, were ushered in with the advent of smiling spring.

J. P. McNally, '92, who, we had heard, —— "Almost touched the door that swings between forever and no more," has returned as blithesome as ever.

It is said that Mr. Daniel Dougherty will address the graduates on commencement day. The class of '90 should feel highly honored in having such an orator to appear before them.

A great variety of taste has been displayed by the majority on the division in the selection of spring head gear.

Will the clock come down with the old building? Surely it has been laboring long enough and is deserving of some rest, whether for time or eternity.

Words fall woefully short of expressing how much the Centennial was missed this year. However, there will be another one in 1989, perhaps more energetic than the first.

The path between the two fields now belongs entirely to second division, first division having been excluded therefrom. During late years it has been used by both divisions, and not so very long ago it was the exclusive property of first division, who now and forevermore will be obliged to press cinders during their circular perambulations.

The Philosophers now hold their "circles" by the light of the sun. Perhaps metaphysics and electricity failed to "gee" well together.

The "green eyed monster" is often discovered contemplating Second Divisions "ideal" tennis court.

Fainting fits have become the latest spring novelty. We advise all "fainters" to examine well the floor before they begin to swoon.

Will not some magnanimous carpenter erect a new bench on the site of the old one under the Reading Room windows. For on that old bench sat the sociability of the whole division. How greatly the old bench is missed it would be im-

possible to tell, and how much a new one would be appreciated is a harder task still.

In the last issue something was said about the absence of the two founders of tennis. It should have read "Teneri," a game which owes its origin to a pair of great headsr "Dougal" O'Neil and "Brevis" McManus, who left us during the winter.

"Teneri" is unmistakably a grand game, and the manne in which all took to it last year augured favorably for its immortality.

J. W. Hammond, '90 (Belles Lettres) has promised to display his genial face and territorial form on commencement day and cheer on his old classmates to graduation. Many more former members of '90 will emerge from their obscurity on that long looked for day.

Hymn No. 49 is now sung "velocissimo," if we may use a musical term for a very unmusical sound. The only advantage accruing is that considerably less time is consumed in singing it, and thus the ears of a great many are spared what would otherwise be unbearable and unearthly, but at the same time by no means heavenly.

The use to which some college prayer-books are put is, to say nothing worse, simply barbarous. Almost every prayer-book in the two chapels has its fly-pages filled with everything except common sense. Prayer-books were made to encourage pious devotion, and they are not to be used as the advertising columns of a vulgar newspaper. Still this vice has an amusing as well as a ridiculous side. In the fly-leaves of the prayer-books the names of all prominent Rose Hills, not to say Fordhams, are handed down to an admiring posterity, and again we find those popular college epithets which are prefixed to anyone who has been so unwise as to write his humble name in the book. Here also are recorded all the great events of the year, all the ball games, feasts, etc., and the secrecy of many a private affair has been divulged through this most wanton medium. In fine, the college prayer-book instead of being a friend and monitor to us, has become our most dangerous enemy. So we friendly advise anyone who has any regard for his character to examine these books regularly, and we venture to say that even the most inoffensive of us will find some statements that will do us anything but credit.

The historical lecture given by Fr. Hughes, S.J., last

month was indeed a very pleasant and instructive one. The banquet which followed was highly enjoyed by all.

Mr. Brennan attended a wedding reception in the city the other evening. Very likely he went down to get a few points in order that—well—we will reserve our opinion.

Mr. W—— is advertising far and wide for a patent hair restorer, but thus far, he has met with little or no success. Look out, "Bos," or you will be necessitated to advertise for a hair "creator" before long.

Mr. Livingston, '90, has been doing a great deal of "hustling" lately in the interests of the Athletic Association, of which he has been a most able president, for a number of years back.

If all athletes were as enthusiastic as C. Ludlow there would be no reason why Fordham shouldn't hold a foremost place in the College Athletic Association. To him is due most of the success achieved during late years, and that his untiring efforts are fully appreciated by an admiring populace, it is hardly necessary to say.

On the night of April 25th, every one seemed to be overflowing with fun, and consequently we spent one of the most pleasant after-supper recreations of the year. The Virginia reel under the trees, for which Baker furnished some exquisite music, and Keating's and Fogarty's "Annie Rooney" would bear repetition more than once.

One of the most interesting events of the year occurred lately on the second floor of the Science Building. A day or two before a rat was very ingeniously caught by Master Frank Henwood of the Hall, who kindly donated him to the Class of Physics. Capt. Wright kept him incarcerated in a tin box during study hour, and at 3 o'clock the harmless quadruped was transported to the scene of his doom. The class went on as usual, the Professor performing numerous experiments in electricity, until the bloodthirsty members became impatient and yelled out "rats"!!! Mr. Coyle, the professor, acquiesced in their cruel desires, and Mr. So and So was called upon to prepare the rat for execution. The gentlemen graciously responded, and as there was no electrifying chair in which the beast could sit, he was "deprehensus cunda" and held aloft for view. In a few minutes the Professor started the machine, and was just about to pronounce sentence when Mr. Gallagher, senior, took it into his cranial anatomy to grant the unoffending culprit a few moments grace and overcharged one of the jars. A shout of rage went up from the murderous physicists, and every moment I expected to see Mr. Gallagher, senior, measuring the distance between the window sill and the ground below. Happily he was spared both the trouble and expense. In the interim the poor rat, now held by the heartless discharging prongs was fast offering up his life on the altar of science. Finally, another machine of much less power and annihilatory abilities was produced, and the rat, dangling from the prongs, was held between the two brazen balls to be illuminated and otherwise affected by the electric spark, which by the way, shocked him considerably, so much so in fact that a coroner's inquest was held, and he was pronounced as being in a trance. Then he was conveyed out doors and with the assistance of a few

mighty boulders he was aroused from his trance only to wake up dead. Thus was spent a most interesting and instructive hour, and all the class were one in the opinion that a rat isn't so easy to kill after all.

Now that the cable lines have been removed from the court there is nothing to prevent the "Chappies" from making their appearance with their rackets; no matter whether the ribbons have arrived or not.

Saturday the 26th, would have seen a much happier crowd on the class rooms. Life that day on the division was not worth living.

What a pity it was that some one didn't have a camera up in the dormitory the other night!

We would like to take exceptions to Caesar when he wrote *Omnis Gallia divisa est in tres partes*. Evidently the men of his time were very different from those of the nineteenth century, and in particular do they differ from a few that we have around here.

We are able to see that the New Building is fast nearing completion. Still we do not think that our abode is getting the least bit smaller.

The information concerning Rev. Fr. Hughes' Lecture on "Greece—Rome—Christianity" is very inadequate. It was a finished performance, elegant, thorough and eloquent. Every body listened with marked attention. The scholarship of the Reverend Lecturer was the theme of much conversation afterwards. It was the treat of the year and during the fine spread to which the members of the Historical Society sat down after the entertainment, nothing was talked of but the brilliant display made by Rev. Fr. Hughes. If ever an association were unanimous the Historical Society was when they rose to their feet to pass the vote of thanks so richly deserved by the Lecturer.

A fair subscriber from the West writes a very welcome letter to the Editor of the Monthly from which we extract the following: My Favorites for Solitude: The Bible Shakespeare, Longfellow, Ben Hur, Romola, Pickwick Papers.

In reply to a question about George Eliot we beg leave to state that a writer who says that God is an impossibility, the immortality of the soul an inconceivable thing, must be a dangerous guide to whom to yield with the fullest surrender. *We want* to hear from Michigan again.

A letter from Mr. W. J. Barr, now in England comes too late to appear this month.

SECOND DIVISION NOTES.

WM. A. FERGUSON, SP. LAT.

The last number begot, it seemeth, a whole legion of critics, but had they only remembered that a new Moloch set his satellites to work on our paper, this mock thunder and painted lightning might have been employed later and to greater advantage.

These men seem to have an eye only for blots, a nose only for mistakes, an instinctive appreciation—but only of weak points. But, ye Gods! can poor puny things of earth expect praise from these, when dame nature herself cannot satisfy them? Switzerland is overrated—it is never done raining in

Killarney—Niagara is not within some few feet of being as high as people imagine. And the worst of it is, that, truth compels one to admit, they are usually correct from their point of view, but, all the same, their point of view is simply detestable.

Rev. Fr. Halpin has visited "Second" quite often of late during Study Hall. Surely not because he feared we were forgetting him! It is a red-letter day whenever he comes, because his very censures, and has he not frequently to find fault? are singularly dashed with so charming and enforced a humor, that the veriest sorehead must needs allow themselves a genuine laugh. But oh! when he means to be serious and impressive! Every word comes rolling like the waves of the Atlantic—three thousand miles long!

The Almanac for April gave "Recreation-Day" as a synonym for "Rainy-Day", and truly our spirits were sorely tried during the month. Even May 6th, Fr. Rector's feast, which of all days ought to have been unclouded, lost almost half its historic festiveness by the sombre clouds which scurried back and forth the live-long day, athwart the Fordham sky.

The play in the evening a repetition of the last was an eminent success and the applause which greeted the two chief actors, begun we are proud to say, by "Second", was an infallible index of the esteem in which Messrs. Taaffe and Mc Neilly are held.

Their names will go down to the ages yet unborn, not as mere units in the category of a vanished generation, but as *Actors* in the eventful dramas of their onetime college life.

The picked nine from "Second" who played with the Tyros' on Fr. Rector's feast-day were thrashed so soundly that they now wish to exculpate themselves by saying that they were not serious. A hackneyed excuse for downright incapability!

The Day Scholars are a fine set of fellows. But is it not a pity that they waste so much valuable energy in striving to beat Second nine when we have other nines only too delighted to gain possession of the field and whom they might lay low once or twice in a season?

Base Ball thriveth! Who witnessed the superb playing of the "P. M.'s." and the "H. C. S's." and was not drawn into the vortex of unprecedented applause which echoed again over the field as "Gus" on the one side and "Josh" on the other knocked their marvelous two-baggers?

Before such games as these the more ostentatious matches of the "Invincibles" and "Rosehills" hurry into an eclipse, from which none but prehistoric players can extricate them.

And yet, maugre this and countless other unsung achievement of "Invincible", "Actives", "Blues" and "Grays" those superannuaries of "First" who asked for a game and were refused, will boast and, frog-fashion, try and puff themselves up into an importance as great as ours.

But still is it wonderful that they think a good deal of themselves? They have run in the race for which the majority of their anytime contemporaries were entered and they are of the few, though jaded enough now, near the desired goal. They may never be good for anything again, but they have a fine consciousness of their merit, and, at the worst, they can pose even in their very dotage, as models to the rising generation.

We had an excited audience at tug-of-war in the gymnasium not long ago. The different classes contended and the different courses also some of those whom we supposed to be among our weaker brethren surprised all by their endurance. Willie Reilly and old "Saw-bones" from Salem, were the victors in over five single contest.

What a muscle the "Duke" must have to throw the 65lb. weight some two feet in advance of the other able-bodied fellows who consented with him! "Virginia Brights" surely have not as yet their wasting grasp on him.

The good fellow who, after having fallen from the horizontal bar and injured himself so badly, told the bystanders that he 'didn't mean to do it,' surely would not commit himself so egregiously as to make a like remark when he batted the ball to the toboggan slide and then scoured to third base. That knock is the record of the season!

Since the memorable day when the masons on "Second" struck for shorter hours—and they were not recreation hours there has been no excitement about the New Building, save only the narrow escape of a son of Cain from a sudden and violent death, when a mortar barrel falling from the third floor came within two very short inches of his sable occiput.

The lawn tennis association, whether it has been on account of the weather, or because it has lost its head (its legal head of course) Joe Herbert, has been very idle of late, ever moping and sighing under that anything but comfortable shed.

THIRD DIVISION NOTES.

E. LAMB, '95.

All the air about third division is filled with the Mikado which we are to give on Decoration Day, May 30th. It will be something worth seeing. The play will begin at 3: P. M.

The costumes are magnificent and expensive, while such a variety of fans can hardly be found this side of Japan.

Special cars will leave the Grand Central Depot at 1.35 P. M. and returning will leave Fordham at 6. P. M.

Mr. Duff of the Duff Opera Company who has been praised so highly for the magnificent production of the Sullivan Operas which he has been lately giving in the large cities has kindly offered to help us in our ambitious undertaking.

The tickets are out; they are a dollar a piece—Rather cheap admission to see third division! We hear that first and second division are anxious to know if they will be admitted half price—Videbimus.

The expenses are very great but we hope they will be more than met.

The rehearsals show that something good may be expected. Our first rehearsal was indeed a very good one. After it we received a little treat.

The nightingales received each a box of candy, nuts etc; while the swallows each received a bag of delicious cakes.

Some of the nightingales wish they had been swallow too.

The boys here have been very zealous in decorating the May altars. The smallest boys on the division have been most zealous in decorating Rudiments class-room.

The banks around the night bounds have been beautifully

sodded. Eight long maple trees have been planted near the edge of the bank.

On Fr. Rector's feast day a nine from second division visited us. They came thinking they could teach the "youngsters" how to play ball. They were tumbled into "the soup" where they still are.

For further information ask their pitcher, who threw his curves with such effect that he was knocked out of the box in the first inning.

One of the ball players of this division thinks so much of his summing abilities that he ran from home plate to short stop to put a man out.

There is a new ball player on this division who claims he has every curve even the up. He is a dandy (for the mosquitoes.)

The Brotherhood has succumbed. The reason why could not be found out.

The only games lost by the Tyros were those with the Faculty.

The following are the games played by the Tyros.

TYROS VS RUSSELS of 16th St.

Tyros.....	0	1	0	0	1	2	3	0	2—	9
Russels.....	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	0—	4

TYROS VS HASTING.

Tyros	-	-	-	-	-	0	3	1	4	3	4	1	1	1—	18
Hastings	-	-	-	-	-	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	2

The Tyros defeated the Altar Boys of St. Lawrence's by a score of 33 to 5.

The Tyros defeated 2nd Division by a score of 9 to 4 only three innings were played.

The Tyros second nine played a game with the Niagaras of Fordham and beat them by a score of 15 to 9.

ENGLISH RHETORIC SPECIMENS.

J. B. BRENNAN, S. S.

All who attended the "specimen" of English Rhetoric, on the 23d, were well pleased with the instructive entertainment afforded them. The class is deserving of the highest commendation for its literary efforts and the only fault manifested was a slight hesitancy on the part of some of its members in answering the questions put to them. Aside from this the "specimen" was everything that could be desired and reflected credit upon the class and its professor.

Stephen Vargas made the opening remarks and in a few well chosen words bid the Rector, faculty and his fellow students welcome, John C. Donnelly followed with a "Class Poem." R. A. Johnson's essay on "Discourse" was well written and showed that the writer was well versed in his subject. "Justification of the American Revolution" was treated by "Tom" Cushing in a way that would do credit to a Patrick Henry. He proved himself a master of his subject and interested his audience accordingly. Were it not for the fact that Mr. Keith, essay on "Washington's Administration" showed a slight lack of research, it would have been almost faultless, as his language was particularly good. Mr. H. Gallagher, in his essay on "American Literature" appeared to forget the fact, that the student of the literature of any country should pay special attention to the most obvious fact

in the history of that country; all through his essay, however, he manifested a vim of originality which he should strive to cultivate. One of the best written papers of the specimen was that of Mr. Mc Laughlin. He had a difficult subject to handle in "Macbeth" but he showed himself equal to the task, and he deserves great credit for the success he attained. The effect of Mr. Naughton's essay on "Sales of Chattels" was somewhat impaired by his faulty articulation.

Rhetoric is the class in which this difficulty should be surmounted, and had Mr. Naughton taken cognizance of this fact, he would have presented a well written and instructive essay to better advantage. Those of us who had the good fortune to assist at this exercise, as invited guests, went away with stores of information interestingly conveyed. All heartily concur in tendering their congratulation to the class and its professor, Rev. Wm. Kevill S. J. for the successful exhibition of class work.

THE VERY REV. W. KEEGAN.

Another Alumnus has gone, to his reward. We quote from the Catholic Review:

Just as we go to press we learn of the death of the beloved Vicar-General of the Brooklyn diocese, Very Rev. WILLIAM KEEGAN, whose serious illness we had noticed on another page. For nearly two score years, the rector of the Assumption parish has been identified with the Church in Brooklyn, and it is no exaggeration to say, that after the Bishop, none contributed more to its growth. His death was due to pneumonia. He was taken ill on Monday last, and was attended by Dr. CORRY, his regular physican, and Drs. GRIFFIN and SHEPARD. All their efforts availed naught, and the end came on this Saturday morning at 5:20 o'clock. During his illness the Bishop visited him constantly. On Wednesday last his old friend, Rev. Dr. O'CONNELL, of St. MARY'S, Star of the Sea, administered the last Sacraments, which Father KEEGAN received with the greatest edification. Constant attendants at his bedside were his nephew, WILLIAM KEEGAN, Sister LOUISE VINCENT of the Sisters of Charity, a sister of Father KEEGAN, and the assistant priests of the Church of the Assumption, Father MICHAEL MALONE and Father MULVANY. About the funeral it can only be stated at the present writing that it will probably take place on Tuesday next at 10 o'clock. Bishop LOUGHLIN will celebrate the Solemn Requiem Mass for the trusted soul who had so long served him and the diocese, and Rev. Dr. O'CONNELL will in all probability preach the panegyric. Vicar General KEEGAN was born in County Kings, Ireland, 1824, and came to America at the age of three or four years. He attended the Jay street school and afterwards taught in the Assumption school. He made his classical and theological course at Fordham, and was ordained in 1853. His first charge was at the Assumption Church, and here he remained until his death. He succeeded Bishop BACON in the rectorate of the church in 1854, and during his pastorate has built up schools and labored unceasingly for the spiritual welfare of his devoted congregation. His loss will be heard with regret in every part of the diocese, and particularly among the parishioners of the Assumption whom he so long and faithfully served. *May his soul rest in peace.*

RECTOR'S DAY.

On last Tuesday, St. John's College, Fordham, celebrated one of the red-letter days of its calendar when the Feast of St. John was observed, who is the patron saint of the college as well as of the Rev. Rector. The festivities commenced on Monday afternoon, the eve of the festival, with very appropriate exercises, which consisted mainly of songs, congratulatory poems and essays, and a history of the college from its foundation until the present day. The young gentlemen who in particular distinguished themselves were I. B. Brennan and Francis Henwood by their solos, and J. A. Ryan by his well-written essay.

MONDAY EVENING'S PROGRAMME.

Piano duet, Professor A. Petersen and Mr. J. Boylan; Introduction, James A. Dunn; "Our Father's Festival," David Arellano; Quartette, "Prayer," Messrs. Feely, Beinard, Corbett and Plunkett; "The Saints of Patmos," Williard S. Wright; Rector's Day," James P. McNally; solo, "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove!" I. B. Brennan, "The Latin Gate," William Ferguson; "Felicitation," John Perilliant; solo, Frank Henwood, "The College of St. John," J. A. Ryan, "Hommage" Au R. P. Rectuer," Emmanuel Bertier, quartette "True Affection," Messrs Feely, Bernard, Corbett and Plunkett; "The Month of Our Festival," William B. Reilly; "One Greeting More," Francis A. Keating; "A Salutation from the Little Boys"; Cornet Solo, "Shepherd's Morning Song," C. I. Livingston.

The dinner took place Tuesday, in the tastefully decorated Refectory of the College. Many invited guests were present among whom were Rev. W. Dunphy, Rev. Fr. Flynn, Mr. Miles Tierney, Mr. Whelan and Mr. Kearney. Letters and telegrams of congratulation were received during the day.

Rev. Fr. Walsh deserves much praise for the artistic effects which his skill produced in the ornamentation of the Dining Hall. Over three hundred and fifty sat down to the repast. Rev. Fr. Rector looked very happy with his numerous family around him. Three ringing cheers were given for R. Fr. Scully at the end of the banquet.

On the evening of Tuesday, the great event of the day took place when the Dramatic Association presented to the public a double bill consisting of two of Sheridan's plays, "The Critic" and "The Rivals." Before the curtain rose, Mr. J. Walsh, '90, read the Prologue, which was written by Mr. A. G. Burrow, '90, but who was unable to appear on account of sickness.

While the whole company did well, still it was evident to all, that the honors of the evening were carried off by Messrs. McNeilly, Taaffe and Fogarty. When the two first named gentlemen appeared upon the stage it was an occasion for quite an ovation for each. These young men outdid themselves, as this was their farewell appearance on the boards of St. John's, where they have been familiar figures to all those who have attended the plays there in the last few years. Next June they leave, to enter upon the stage of life, and with the wishes of the whole college that all their successes may be as great as those they won last Tuesday night and during the course of their connection with the "Dramatic Association." The Rev. Moderator of the Society, Mr. Smith, S. J., deserves much credit for his excellent taste in

the costumes worn and the general smoothness which pervaded the plays. Here is the cast:

THE CRITIC.—"Puff," J. C. McNeilly; "Mr. Dangle," Edward Baker; "Sneer," I. Bell Brennan; "Prompter," Willard S. Wright; "Tilburino," John Farley; "Don Whiskerandos," John W. Fogarty; "Sir Walter Raleigh," James P. McNally; "Sir Christopher Hatton," Emmanuel Bertier; "Earl of Leicester," Michael Corbett; "Lord Burleigh," James A. Dunn; "Governor of Tilbury Fort," John Hardiman; "Beefeater," Francis A. Keating; "Attendant on Tilburino," Charles Keith.

THE RIVALS.—"Sir Anthony Absolute," J. A. Dunn; "Captain Absolute," John H. Slevin; "Bob Acres," T. J. Gaffney Taaffe; "Sir Lucius O'Trigger," John C. Neilly; "Faulkland," Christian J. Straub; "David," I. Bell Brennan; "Thomas," Daniel J. Buckley; "Fag," Joseph P. Walsh.

The day was one of the happiest of the year, and the boys' love for the Rector and their College was simply irresistible. Only one sentiment in every heart and one wish on every tongue: *Ad multos annos.*

ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE.

Among our advertisements and lying perdu at the bottom of a page, is one which tells of St. Joseph's Institute for the improved instruction of Deaf-Mutes. The quiet modest lines call attention to one of the most successful institutions in the City or State of New York. We would like to have space enough to say all we could and we know about the admirable care which is taken of the children entrusted to the devoted ladies who are in charge and about the wonderful result they achieve. A visit to the Institute would reveal a homefull of happy, bright, intelligent children. Looking upon them no one would suppose for a moment that they are deprived of any of their faculties.

They are very proficient in lip reading and articulation. Another time we hope to be able to give a longer account of St. Joseph's. Just now we want to mention a young woman who died there on the eighteenth of May '89. We hate to call her a young woman. In appearance she was a mere child. She wore always a childlike look and nobody would have dreamed that she had gotten beyond the earliest portion of her teens. She was deaf dumb and blind. She was only eight years old when she was received by the ladies.

Their task was apparently an impossible one. We have never yet fathomed by what ingenuity they contrived to put a mere child utterly shut out by loss of sight, hearing and speech from her fellow creatures into communication with them.

They succeeded. Jennie, her name was Jennie McCormick, became able to converse with wonderful rapidity by means of the sign language. She learned to articulate—to read by means of raised letters, to paint, to sew both by hand and by machine and become quite skilful in various kinds of fancy work. Her memory was marvellous. The writer was introduced to her. She caught hold of his hand. His name was spelled to her by signs. Months intervened before he saw her again and immediately on touching his hand, she recognized him and pronounced his name. Her disposition

was cheerful one; she was a great favorite with everybody. We look upon her as a saint and many a time did we recommend our intentions to her prayers. The poor little girl's life was crowded with suffering of the intensest kind. She never murmured but in blessed patience bore her heavy cross. Her saintly life was crowned with a saintly death. Now that her eyes are unsealed and her tongue loosened and her ears opened in the beautiful land, we sincerely hope that Jennie is interceding for us. A statue of St. Joseph was unveiled on the grounds of the Institute the other day and while we witnessed the ceremony, the memory of the blind, deaf, mute little girl floated towards us like the fragrance of a lily.

THE SPECIMEN OF ENGLISH BELLES LETTRES.

The class of English Belles Lettres gave on the 16th of April a truly admirable specimen of their general class work. Their programmes were in the latest style, and probably for elegance and finish the finest thus far presented. The specimen lasted for one hour and a half, during which time we were entertained with compositions and recitations. Robert Starke read a poem entitled "A Ballad of Easter Tide;" Charles D. Horn came next on the programme with an essay on "Sentences and the Diction of Sentences," which was received by the audience with the loudest applause. After his reading the class discussed the subject. William Bush then recited an original poem entitled "A Summer Idyl." He was followed by Edward J. Uribe with a discourse on the "Literature of the Nineteenth Century," which was among the finest essays read during the specimen. Patrick Sullivan recited with great power the beautiful effusion of Patrick Henry, "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence." J. M. Herbert furnished a neat essay on "Poetry," which delighted all present. Louis M. McCartan followed with an interesting essay on "Mahomet and His Followers"—the same subject was discussed by the class, after which Joseph E. Brown read a beautiful poem entitled "Musings by the Sea Shore." Robert Flynn gave us his ideas on "Figures," which were then taken up by the class. G. P. Gonzalez had the honor of closing the exercises by a paper on "Wordsworth." As a whole, the specimen was not merely creditable but remarkable. The subjects were well handled, both by the essayists and the class. Rev. Father Rector in a short address only echoed the sentiments of all when he said that the specimen of English Belles Lettres set a very high standard for the classes which were yet to come.

WILLIAM SHAUGHNESSY.

CLASSICS' SPECIMENS.

One of the finest specimens of the year, was that of Mr. Hollohan's, S. F. class, which was held in the College Library, before the President and Faculty, and two classes of the University Course, on Wednesday, May 6th.

The exhibition was a decided success, and the young students merited the commendation they received from the Rev. Father Rector. The Class especially showed that they appreciated the beauties of Homer and Virgil by the manner in which the members turned the thoughts of both authors

into well rounded periods. Both Mr. Herman Arrelano's essay and Mr. Lynch's Latin poem, were well received. The order of exercises were;

PART I.—Prologue, Hugh E. McLaughlin; Prosody, Class; Troy-land, Herman Arellano; Virgil, Aeneid, book 1, Class; Carmen, Alphonse P. Lynch; Conspiracy of Cataline, John M. Keane; Cicero, "Third Catalinarian," Class.

PART II.—"Hector and Andromache," John B. Farley; Iliad, Books Fourth and Sixth, Class; Poem, "93." J. Fairfax McLaughlin; Herodotus, "Story of Cyrus." Class.

DAY SCHOLARS.

JOAN J. F. MULCAHY. '95.

Our nine is now organized with Frank Kelly, as Captian and John Hart, Timothy McLaughlin and John Mulcahy advisory committee, The make-up of the team is as follows; Timothy McLaughlin C, Frank Kelly P or 2nd B, Alphonse Lynch 1st B, Fairfax McLaughlin 2nd B or P, Hugh McLaughlin 3rd B, John Mulcahy S. S, Hart L. F, Shield C. F McHugh R. F.

Our material is all right, but we have no field of our own and it is hard to get all together for practice at noon. But never mind, we have a month yet for improvement.

Two out of the eight first testimonials last month and the leadership of four classes. Not a bad showing?

We envy the boarders their happy privilege of gathering each evening around the statue of our Lady, still we are doing something in this time and under difficulties which make our offerings, though small, of merit. Witness our sodality meetings which after many changes of place and time have now come back to Saturday at two o'clock.

By the way, why are some of the best and most studious boys not among the sodalists? Are they hanging back from humility or do they fear to take this little time from study-hall? Fie on both reasons:

Have you seen our battery for second nine? The pitcher is a model of grace—Of course curve and speed are wanting, but the gracefulness of delivery makes up for all. He claims no originality for the movement, but only careful imitation of a certain professor.

Second Division is requested to eat more dinner on Friday. Their short time at table spoils our noon practice.

We owe Mr O'Connell a vote of thanks for closing the pool room on these fine days. There is a question of fining those who even look in at the tables through the glass door.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

To Editor Fordham Monthly:

Never before in the history of this college has such a severe and unjust criticism disfigured the columns of our monthly. You have all heard no doubt, of the man who had a wart on the back of his neck and was so mean as to use it for a collar button. But I cannot believe that any one of you, even though to hear or see the talented members of St. John's Dramatic Association spoken of in such an audacious manner.

The gentleman who writes under the Nom De Plume o

Halifax has shown himself to be a very malicious person to say the least. The gentleman in question has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself to strike the Dramatic Association through her members. He has crossed the border, and has invaded the sacred realms of our Association.

Sir, when the gentleman provokes me, one of her most unworthy members, to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold—I will struggle while I have life, for our members and protection; and if I have strength enough in my pen I will drive back the invader discomfited, nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provoked the conflict he shall have it. I will not stop at the border; I will carry the conflict into the critics very home and not consent to lay down my pen, until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." It is with unfeigned reluctance, Mr. Editor, that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty. I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite personal feelings and personal jealousies. But the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty. The gentleman has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to the homely adage, that "he lives in a glass house" on his head be the consequences.

Does the gentleman understand the position which he occupies? I am afraid that he does not, otherwise he would not have been so particular about the appearance of the costumes.

If all the members were as delinquent as himself, there would not have been enough money in the Association to pay for the programmes. Hoping that the critic will take to heart the few gentle hints which I have set forth, and not provoke the ridicule of much abler writers, I remain dear Editor,

One of the offended

R. C. A. W. J. D.

C. E. YOUNG, M. THOMPSON.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Since our last correspondence, the House has finished the discussion of the following lines.

House Bill No. 11. A Bill for the rebuilding of the Navy Yard at New London, Connecticut, presented by Mr. Dougherty, of Connecticut. This Bill was reported favorably, and by final vote placed.

House Bill No. 12. A Bill prohibiting the use of tobacco by youths under sixteen years of age, presented by Mr. H. Gallagher, of Illinois, and laid on the table indefinitely.

Mr. Brennan's Bill advocating a transfer of the favorably disposed negro population to Siberia, is still being discussed. The strongest arguments pro and con will probably furnish material for the coming public debate, to take place on Sunday, May 11. It promises to be a most successful affair, as well as, a novel feature in the history of the society. The gentlemen have already been chosen, and from the perusal of Congressional Records, combined with personal originality we hope to harvest at least a few words that may compare

with the late debate given by the members of the Senate.

With this, we await another issue of the College Journal to continue our correspondence.



J. H. SLEVIN, '90.

DIAMOND FLASHES.

Ryan is still playing a steady game around the third base bag, and his batting has also been up to high-water mark.

Sullivan's backstop work has so far been marvelous. No matter how wild the ball may be, he seems to have a happy knack of getting in the way of the ball and preventing a wild pitch.

We would advise some of the base ball prophets to depart for lands unknown and there bury themselves and so benefit all their friends. Some of their prophecies would fill a man with wonder were they not made after the event in question happened. I tell you we have lots of wise heads at Fordham, especially wise base ball heads.

Did you see the score of the Yale-Holy Cross game of April 15? 23-0.

Columbia seems to have a good team, judging from the game that they are putting up at present. It's a pity that they don't face us.

Jack Lynch is pitching successfully for the Brooklyn Association team. Jack will make some of the youngsters hustle before the season has advanced many weeks. It is still in old Jack.

Arellano has shown wonderful improvement over last year in his pitching. He is steadier, uses more head work, has better curves, and follows the direction of his plump little catcher, D. Orpheus.

We had quite a crowd at our game with the New Yorks on the 12th of April. They gave us quite a send-off when we appeared on the field and applauded all our pretty plays heartily, which, by the way, were marvelous. Edward Everett Bell led the crowd of "hooters" on the grand stand, and if Edward does as much yelling at every game as he did at ours, then Edward must have a cast-iron throat.

The new Brotherhood grounds, the home of the New York Player's League Club, will be when entirely completed one of the best, if not the best, grounds in the country.

The boys played a great game at Wesleyan; they fielded magnificently, batted well, and ran bases like deers.

During the whole game with the Tigers, on April 20th, not a signal of any kind was used. Come, come, boys, use a little science. Brawn goes a great way, but science will always tell.

The "Reserve" team, better known as the "second nine," has been organized, and Captain Cushing states that they are ready to make anything that appears before them bite the dust. The nine is composed of the following players:

Thos. Burke, catcher ; D. Arellano, pitcher ; Thos. Cushing first base ; M. Flynn, second base ; F. McCann, third base ; R. Weir, short-stop ; J. Perilliat, left field ; J. Donnelly centre field ; Kenyon Fortescue, otherwise known as the "home-run hitter," right field, and John Farley, substitute. Captain Cushing says that he will have the best attraction, that can be had to amuse his supporters during the absence of the regular team. Tom's a hustler, and opposing nines will have to get up early in the morning to get the best of his "combination." Don't buy "pools" against his team'

Feeley's umpiring has been splendid.

The University of New York has been booked for May 13th at Fordham.

A team composed of graduates under the name of the "Old Rose Hills" will give us an exhibition, on Sunday, June 22d, of how base ball was played in the sixties.

Tom Cushing's "Giants" played their first game on Thursday, May 1st, with the "Chauncey Depews," and were completely mystified by the wonderful head-work pitching of Orpheus D. Arellano made a home run, but 'tis claimed it was a foul ball. What have you to say to that, Dave? The game ended in a tie, and by innings the score was something of this sort :

						R.	H.	E.
Reserves.....	0	2	0	0	6—8	3	4	
Chauncey Depews.....	1	0	4	0	3—8	2	4	

Batteries—Arellano and Burke, Orpheus and Nicholson.

NEW YORK VS. FORDHAM.

On Thursday, April 10th, the "World's Champions" visited Fordham to give us an exhibition of ball playing, and although our boys got rather the worst of it, still it was to be expected, and to the mind of the writer it does not seem meet and just that they should be so adversely criticised as they have been. People should remember that their opponents hold the title of "World's Champions," and are ready to sustain their right to the title against all comers. If they would keep this fact well before their minds their tongues would do less foolish wagging and they would be more respected by everyone. Considering the men that the boys had to face, they played a fairly good game, and had Carmody been more steady and regular the game would have been quite different. As it was, Fordham made the only earned run of the game, and that on good clean hitting. The Champions played a nice, quiet game and fielded magnificently. Keefe started in to do the pitching for New York, but gave way to O'Day after the fifth inning, and Vaughn supported both pitchers in excellent style. For Fordham Ryan played his usually steady game, and Sullivan caught a marvelous game, showing the greatest pluck and endurance ever seen on the ball field. He stopped wild pitches and high balls in such rapid succession that the spectators were unable to fully appreciate the extent of his work. All the New York players were loud in his praise, and asserted that they had never in all their experience witnessed such an exhibition of back-stop work. Plunkett and Orpheus took everything that came their way. So, on the whole, barring a little nervousness and rattle on the part of some, we can say that the boys showed up well. Following is the score :

Fordham.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3—5
New York.....	6	1	0	1	0	1	5	4	—18

FORDHAM VS. NEW YORK.

Fordham made another trial against New York on Saturday, April 12th, opening the new base ball grounds, and as the *New York Star* says everything in regard to the game in as concise a manner as possible we here give the account from the aforesaid paper : "Brotherhood Park, the home of the New York Player's League Club, was opened yesterday by an exhibition game with Fordham College. The spectators were numerous for an exhibition game, but the crowd was not as large as had been expected. There was considerable enthusiasm, and each of the players received individual recognition as he came to the bat. The attendance given out at the box-office was 1,325. Manager Ewing did not play, but was busy about the grounds making things as comfortable as possible for the spectators. Tim Keefe was in uniform, and was favored by a recognition from the crowd. The game was a better one than was expected, as some of the college boys showed up in good shape, particularly R. Carmody and Sullivan, the battery, Keane and Second-baseman Hickey, the last named putting up a very strong game and winning much applause. Had Pitcher Carmody received proper support the score would have been 2 to 0. The 'Giants' took things very easy, and played a pretty game throughout. George Gore made the first hit and the first run on the new grounds, Connor was the first man to be put out and John Ewing the first to strike out. Slattery made the first triple, Ewing the first assist, and O'Rourke caught the first fly ball. John Ewing pitched for five innings, and, although the college boys hit his delivery without any extra exertion, still they could not hit it safely, and it was not until the last inning, with Crane in the box, that they made their connections and rapped out three rattling singles, but poor coaching lost the chance for a run." Following is the score :

New York.....	3	3	1	6	1	1	1	x—16
Fordham.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

WESLEYAN VS. FORDHAM.

After playing two games with the "World's Champions" last week the boys felt in good trim to meet a college team, and so on Thursday, April 17th, they journeyed up to Middletown, Conn., to keep their agreement with Wesleyan. They arrived there at about 2:20 P. M., and after attending to the wants of the inner man they drove to the ball grounds and took their preliminary practice. After Wesleyan had their practice Umpire Brady, of Hartford, who has umpired games between Fordham and Trinity, and who, by the way, is one of the best umpires that ever umpired a game of ball, called out "Play ball." Wesleyan took the bat first, and at exactly 4 o'clock Cookman stepped to the plate and put all Wesleyan's admirers in good humor by lining the ball to left field for a pretty single, and the next moment he stole second. Things looked very bright for Wesleyan now, as Kill, their heavy batter, took his place in the batter's box, but his best was a sacrifice to first, on which Cookman moved up to third. On Captain Crane's single Cookman endeavored to score, but was caught at the plate by a pretty throw of T. Carmody to Sullivan. Talmadge, the next batter, went out short to first and left Crane on third ; no runs. For Fordham R. Carmody got his base on balls, stole second assisted by Jones' wild throw, got to third on Sullivan's slow hit to short, and on T. Carmody's sacrifice scored, while Sullivan, who had by this time stolen second and ad-

vanced to third on the sacrifice, scored on Ryan's hit to pitcher, Keane and Hickey got four balls each, and Ryan scored on a short passed ball, Gillon went out on a foul fly to Jones and Phelan ended the inning with a pop fly to Crane; three runs. In the second inning Wesleyan was quickly retired in regular order, while Fordham set to work to increase their score. Orpheus got his base on balls, stole second, reached bag No. 3 on Smith's error, and scored when R. Carmody knocked out a scorching line hit to left field. Bob stole second and third, and crossed the plate on Sullivan's single to right. T. Carmody was hit by a pitched ball and trotted to first base, and on Ryan's two-baser to left centre Sullivan scored, but T. Carmody was caught at the plate, Crane to Jones. Ryan went to third on Bergstrom's error and scored on a passed ball. Keane again did the waiting act and went to first on balls, to second on Hickey's slow hit, and home while Gillon was being put out at first on a muffed thirdstrike. Phelan again finished the inning by driving the ball to the right field fence, where Hall made a phenomenal catch, pulling it down with one hand. Wesleyan scored in the third on a base on balls, a steal, a sacrifice, and R. Carmody's careless throw to third to catch Bergstrom. In Fordham's half of the inning, although Orpheus and L. Carmody made nice safe hits, Wesleyan fielded so sharply that they were unable to score. The fourth inning saw Wesleyan go out in one, two, three order, while Fordham, by the aid of Keane's and Phelan's base hits and three errors, put two more runs on the right side of the score. Wesleyan's fifth trial at the bat yielded them one run on R. Carmody's wild throw and a single by Bergstrom; and Fordham in this half, aided by a few errors and judicious base running, saw them one better. In the sixth the Connecticut boys got together two singles and a sacrifice, and scored an earned run, while Fordham was again helped to an earned run by a base on balls to Hickey, a steal, an error by Bergstrom, and Phelan's sacrifice. The game was then called by mutual consent to allow Fordham to catch the train. This is the first time that Fordham and Wesleyan have met on the ball field, and 'tis to be hoped that it will not be the last. The score:

Fordham.....	3	5	0	2	1	1—12
Wesleyan.....	0	0	1	0	1	1—3

FORDHAM VS. TIGERS.

Anyone who would call the exhibition given by the Fordhams and Tigers, on Sunday, April 20th, a base ball game should be prohibited from ever again witnessing a game of ball. The game, if we may so denominate it, was, to use a slang expression, "yellow" in the extreme. It would put one in mind of a game away back in the sixties, when base ball was in its infancy. The game was characterized by plenty of hitting and the loosest kind of fielding. There were very few features except the heavy hitting of both teams, particularly of Orpheus, Keane, Hickey, Phelan, and Lutz and R. Carmody's pitching. To look at the score one would think that Carmody had pitched a poor game, but if it is remembered that at least ten of the fourteen hits were made by the visitors after chances had been given to retire the side, and that fourteen of them fell victims to his curves and fanned the atmosphere, it will be seen that he pitched a good game. Further than this nothing remains to be said, as this is one of those occasions on which "the less said the better" is the maxim to be held. We won the game and we ought to be thankful for that. The score:

Fordham.....	0	2	5	4	2	2	0	0—15
Tigers.....	2	0	0	5	2	1	3	1—14

FORDHAM VS. ARLINGTON.

Sunday, May 4.—Another wet day and another victory! The ground was soft and soggy to-day, and good clean ball playing was almost an impossibility. So it was simply a question of who should make the most errors, and the Arlingtons succeeded in carrying off the palm, and they were

welcome to it. The game was almost entirely featureless; however, some brilliant playing was done. Orpheus, after a hard run, captured a fly ball in short left field, and R. Carmody and Sullivan put up their usually steady game, and both seemed bent on knocking the cover off the ball, although Sullivan was not as lucky as Bob. Gafney started in to do the pitching for the Arlingtons but retired after the fourth inning in favor of Swarbach, late of the New Haven Club, but the change was not as beneficial to the visitors as might have been expected, as Swarbach was unable to use his speedy ball on account of the weakness of his catcher Streitmatter who had a very bad "off day" and consequently Billy was hit hard. The game was stopped at the end of the sixth nning by mutual consent. The Score.

Fordham.....	0	5	3	1	7	0—16
Arlingtons.....	4	0	0	0	2	2—8

LAFAYETTE VS FORDHAM.

Wednesday May 7th.—Our old friends the Lafayettes were here to day, and the great game of the year was looked for.

And truly it was a great game! Both sides fielded magnificently but Fordham had the best of it in batting. Many old faces were absent among the Lafayette contingent noticeably Updegrave, & McDowell, but Wells, Clarke, March Cake were still with the Easton Boys. After both teams had their preliminary practice Umpire N. Arellano called play and Bob Carmody walked up to the plate bat in hand determined to do or die, and unfortunately he did the latter by dropping a fly to Salmon. Sullivan and T. Carmody went out at first on hits to short. No Runs! In Lafayettes' half of the inning Mackey, got to first on Hickey's inexcusable error and moved up to second when Cake got his base on balls, but was caught napping a few moments later R. Carmody to Hickey; Clark flew out to Gillon, and Wells struck out leaving Cake on first, Second inning; Orpheus went out Baxter to Clark, Ryan followed suit I. Keler, to Clark; Keane got first on Salmon's error but was left on second when Plunkett went out Salmon to Clark. No Runs. In Lafayettes half the side was retired on strikes, Third Inning. Hickey hit safely to right field but was caught a moment later on attempting to steal second, Gillon was retired March to Clark R. Carmody hit safely to left stole second and was on the way to third when Sullivan flew out to I Keler. No Runs! Lafayettes went out in one, two, three order! Fourth inning T. Carmody and Orpheus were easily disposed of Ryan got his base on balls, but Keane ended the inning by an easy hit to pitcher No Runs! Lafayette went out in orded Fifth inning, Plunkett got three strikes the ball was droppers but he was thrown out at first Hickey hit safely to right and Gillon did the same to left but the weak attempts of the next two batters left them on base, No Runs; Lafayettes was again very easiely disposed of. Sixth inning Fordham went out in regular order. For Lafayette Rowan hit safely to right but only could get as far as third although I. Keller got his base on balls No Runs! Seventh inning; Keane opened with a two base hit to left, and scored the first run of the game on Plunket's ground hit to center, Plunket moved up to third on the throw in to catch Keane at the plate, Hickey flied out to March and Plunket scored while Gillon was being thrown out on a muffed third strike. 2 Runs! In Lafayettes half of the inning Wells hit to left for a single went to second on Salmon's sacrifice to third on Sullivan's wild throw to first and scored on Baxter's hit, 1 Run! Eight inning, Fordham was quickley put out of the way although T. Carmody made a pretty ground hit to left center. Lafayette also went out in regular order although a very questionable decision was given against them which however as was afterwards shown would not have materially affected the score. Ninth inning Ryan and Hickey made safe hits but all to no purpose. For Lafayette Clark raised the ball far out to center but Gillon got under it, Wells hit to short and died at first, while Salmon flied to Hickey and so ended the greatest game ever played between Fordham and Lafayette, Both teams parted

the best of friends and its to be hoped that the friendship that has always existed between Fordham and Lafayette will be bound by a firmer chain than ever, Health and Success to the Lafayetts. The Score.

Fordham.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—	2
Lafayette.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—	1

FORDHAM VS. STARS.

Thursday, May 1.—The best ball game at Fordham so far this season was played to-day. The Stars, of Newark, one of the strongest semi-professional clubs in this vicinity, who last year defeated us by the score of 15 to 12, were our opponents, and this time we sent them home with a defeat. The game was played with great difficulty, being interrupted by frequent showers of rain. Both teams put up an excellent article of base ball and kept the spectators interested from beginning to end. Both pitchers did splendid work and were given almost faultless support, the catchers especially handling the wet ball in good style, while Carlin and Ryan carried off the batting honors. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning. Want of time prohibits a lengthier description. However, the score will tell the tale admirably well. The score:

Fordham.....	4	1	0	0	0	0	—	5
Stars.....	0	2	2	0	0	0	—	4

Friday, April 25th, and Saturday, April 26th, Lehigh was scheduled to play here on the two days, but rain prevented playing. The Lehigh men were here on the 26th and waited in vain for signs of clearing. We hope for fairer weather on May 22d, when we are scheduled to play Lehigh at Bethlehem.

Sunday, April 27th. Rain prevented the game to-day. The "old favorites," the "Spartas," were booked for to-day, and there was universal regret that the weather was so bad, as everyone was anxious to see Brodwick's "pets."

BATTALION NOTES.

MARTIN MCM. RAMSAY, '92.

S. O. No. 30, May 3rd, 1890.

"Two medals, the first gold, the second silver, are to be awarded for the best military essay. The essay to be handed in on the 31st of the present month. It must not exceed two thousand (2000) words, and must be written on one side of essay paper only.

Subject of essay: The Generalship of General U. S. Grant. Competition open to Cadets only. Drill hereafter on Sundays will take place from 10.45 to 11.45 a.m."

By order of

H. G. SQUIRES,

2nd Lt. 7th U. S. Cav.

Instructor Mil. Sci. & Tac.

R. A. JOHNSON, 1st. Lt. and Adj.

We wish to apologise for the omission in last month's Battalion Notes of the promotion of Sergeant Feeley, of Co. B, to the rank of 1st Sergeant. He ranks second on the list of 1st Sergeants. His name was overlooked, not through any intention of slighting him, but through haste, and we hope that he will forgive the fault and accept our apology.

Sergeant M'Nally, who has been absent for some months on sick leave, has returned, and has been assigned as 2nd Sergeant of Co. D.

The following 3rd Division Cadets have been detailed as markers: Cadets Moore, Hyland, Fortescue and M'Keown.

All the Companies are continuing to improve, except Co. A, and they seem to be going in the opposite direction. Their trouble is due to pure carelessness, for, if they only exert themselves, they can compete with any Company in the Battalion. Look out boys, the drill for the colors is near at hand.

We have been informed that our statement in our last

issue that the Cadet Base Ball League had fallen "in the consomme," was incorrect. The League was organized for the purpose of playing during the encampment, and that intention will be carried out.

It is said that the "star movement" of the non-Cadets is "Squad, Rest."

It would be a good idea if some of the Cadet officers would study their tactics. What they *DON'T* know about them would fill a large volume.

Our small brethren of 3rd Division are to have a competitive drill with the Cadet Corps of St. Francis Xavier's College some time this month. If our boys continue to drill as they have been, they need have no fears as to the result.

The Captain of Co. B has the honor of having invented a new command. "Dress on st—b." We would advise that it be added to the revised edition of Upton's Tactics.

That there will be an encampment this year is now settled beyond all doubt. The tents have been ordered. There will be sixty five of them, and fifteen will be allotted to each Company. The exact date of the encampment has not been decided, but it will be some time in June.

There have been vague rumors floating around, to the effect that some bright day the Battalion would march over to the Boulevard and drill there, instead of on the regular parade ground. Will those rumors ever take palpable form?

READING ROOM NOTES.

The latest paper on our list is the "American Economist," devoted to the protection of American Labor and Industries.

We should think "Sims" would get tired of drawing those mean caricatures on the Irish in "Judge."

The "Century" for May has an attractive poem under the title of "The Fighting Parson," who lived in the "old Colony days."

Brother Azarias wrote an able treatise in the May number of the "Catholic World" on the "Beginnings of the Normal School."

"The Evolution of Humor" is the heading of an interesting article in "Harper's Monthly Magazine" for May. Our "wags" should read it.

Numerous *Candy-Boxes* were generously contributed to the embellishment of our room after the Rector's Feast, and strange to say, they were full—of emptiness.

An Improved Ammonia Ice-making Machine, which produces one ton of ice per hour day and night, is fully illustrated in the "Scientific American" of May 10th. The inventor is likely to reap a fortune this summer.

That article entitled "College Men in Business" in the "New York Tribune" for Sunday, May 4th, conclusively proved by setting forth the opinions of some of the leading business men of the day that a college education is by no means useless in business; but on the contrary that inasmuch as a great deal of ability is required to form a really successful business man, a college education is a most efficient means of developing and strengthening a young man's capacities.

P. R. C, '92.

BILLIARD ROOM NOTES.

JAMES J. CALLANAN, 90, Pres.

The financial affairs have assumed their usual spring standard, which is exceedingly low.

A few billiard cranks are still to be found.

One of the officers practices two hours a day at pool. Beware ye professionals.

Use the memory system not the walls when you wish to remember the score.

During the progress of base ball games the billiard room closed.

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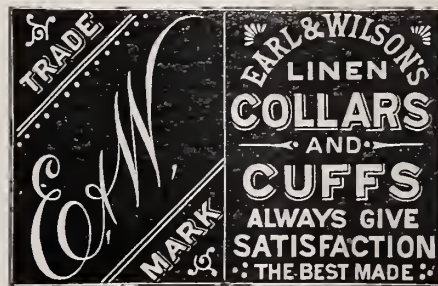
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New York.**

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

M. M. RAMSAY.

I.

BANDUSIAN font, with glassy sheen,
Worthy of wine and flowers green,
I'll sacrifice a kid, I ween,
To thee to-morrow.

A kid whose sprouting horns foreshow
That he will battle with the foe,
The sweets and joys of life will know,
It's pain and sorrow.

II.

But it is otherwise ordained:
By him thy ripples shall be stained
With life-blood that will soon be drained
From his heart's courses.
The Dog Star's blighting, fiery blaze
Can touch thee not; cool are thy ways
To wearied ox and sheep that graze
By thy clear sources.

III.

Renowned, sweet font, shall be thy name,
For thee I'll get undying fame,
By singing how the live-oaks frame
Thy rocky shoulder.
Thy praises shall be loudly sung
In caves with swinging ivy hung,
Whence laughing streams have ever sprung
O'er mossy boulder.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE IN HOMER.

HERE is no pastime we indulge in so much as reading. We read when we find nothing else to occupy the mind and we very often delight in this luxury when other matters require our attention. Some of us look for information through the channels of the book, the majority for the amount of pleasure they find therein. All have recourse to this common practice of nations with the result that often much good is derived, oftener a vast amount of evil is the effect. Books are constantly being published. Treatises on art and science encompass us. At each new invention there appears a lengthy dissertation explaining the merits or demerits of the work. Philosophical questions, full of thought and reason are brought forward and are the means of placing before us the views of the most eminent men. Many enjoy these discourses while others revel in the pages of history both of ancient and modern times. But there is one class of literature which can certainly claim the major portion of the readers of the universe, a class wherein the adventures of a "He" familiarly known as the hero, or a "She," recognized by the title of heroine, are recorded in the most approved style. The lives of these interesting personages shine forth in all brilliancy under the pen of the author. They never do any wrong, their hero and heroine, and are fit subjects for emulation. To our eyes they are simply perfect and our whole attention is fixed steadfastly upon "him" or "her" throughout the entire story. We try upon commencing a book to discover as soon as possible the interesting character who is to occupy our attention during the pages that are to follow. We think of none other than he and each action in the tale is incomplete without the hero's presence on the scene. Each chapter is looked forward to with eagerness in the hope that some new exploit of our favorite may be recorded. He is the only individual who has our sympathy; all the others, while we admit they may be necessary to the proper fulfillment of the plot, we very often look upon as useless. Such are the stories of to-day; even the tales and romances of our best writers are mainly built on this single-hero style. It is this individual admiration, this veneration of one person to the exclusion of all others that leads me to reflect how different were the masterpieces which left the hands of the ancients. For the ancients wrote we must know and beautifully too, and while their themes soared infinitely higher than those of the writers of the present day, they had their heroes and their heroines, and they described wonderful adventures and thrilling escapades. But it seems that every character whose name appears among their pages was a hero in himself. Each performed some action which made him distinct from the others; which made him stand out with all the true marks of a true hero. Our sympathy is divided and all the characters interest us. We do not lavish our praises upon one in particular but we shower our commendations upon all, for all appear to play prominent parts in the story. The one who reads the Iliad of Homer cannot fail to observe how conspicuous are nearly all the characters by the Greek poet. We recognize that Achilles was intended by Homer to represent what is now

known as the hero, in his great work. Yet, were it not that in our reading we find that the bravest of the Trojans is overcome and slain by the pride of the Grecian camp, we could hardly have discovered from other portions of the work, who was the blind bard's ideal, Achilles or Hector. They were both men of equal strength, courage, bravery, but until the sword of the Greek pierced the breast of the giant Trojan the wreath of honor might have been placed upon the brow of one as upon the head of the other. At least Hector is the hero of this article, and if we were to look for a heroine we could not find a better than in the person of the one Hector admired and loved, Andromache his wife.

Hector was the son of Priam of Troy, and his mother was Hecuba. We are told that from his tenderest years the spirit of warfare seemed enkindled within him. He longed for the notes of the trumpet that would summon him to battle, and in its midst, none were braver. He grew up with this warlike spirit clinging about him, with the fortunes and the fondest hopes of his country alone at heart, until that country found in him its only reliance, its only support in the many fierce battles in which it took part. He was a leader "tried and true" with all the characteristics of the soldier born to command and all the marks of a man willing and anxious to receive counsel. He understood the mode of warfare in every particular and the enemy found on most occasions their several schemes baffled by a hand that was indeed mighty, the hand of the invincible Hector. His men looked upon him with eyes of admiration and his slightest wish was executed without a thought concerning the wisdom of the command. They placed all their confidence in this noble man and they felt that all things were secure. Hector at the head of the army was a sign of victory. The people universally loved him and their love he truly appreciated, while his disposition was of a kind that drew the hearts of the lowliest to him and enabled him to give all the warmth of his own soul in return.

What shall we say of his wife? What of lovely Andromache, daughter of Eetion? Could there be found a better portrait, not only of Andromache, but of Hector himself than is painted for us by the poet, at their parting scene, by the Scaen gate. Hector has come to see her and to give the consolation of a husband's affection. He fails to find her in the palace, for hearing how the fortunes of the day were turning against the Trojans she had hurried "like one distracted" to the tower of the citadel, to behold with her own eyes the issue of the combat. He meets her at the Scaen gates and with her is the nurse with the little boy whom Hector looked upon with delight. It is remarkable how Homer interests us in his women characters, without having recourse to what might seem to us the very natural resource of dwelling on their personal charms, especially when it is taken into consideration that in his simple narrative he has not the means of the modern novelist who can make even the plainest heroine attractive by painting her mental perfections or setting before us the beauties of her conversation. Homer does not draw our attention to the

flowing hair, the heavenly blue eyes or the winning ways of Andromache. The speech of the woman tells us more than all other explanations could possibly do. Every word she utters brings before our minds the image of a woman grand and noble in every particular. She stands at the Scaen gates with her son, and the husband greets her. The father looks silently upon the boy, silently but with a look which tells how much he feels the parting. Andromache weeping, takes the hand of her husband and begs him to remain at home, reminds him that his valor will destroy him and pitifully declares he will never return to the boy and herself. With what feelings of anguish must not these words have fallen upon the ears of Hector? "I have neither father nor loving mother," and yet you are going to leave me and meet death. We can imagine what manner of man the Trojan hero was when he could resist such an appeal. He must have been sorely tempted to throw down his arms at the feet of his wife and allow his country to care for itself. But his love for that country was so strong that no appeal could move his determination. Andromache, amid her tears, tells him that Achilles slew not only her father Eetion, but likewise he put to death her seven brothers. "But oh, Hector, you are both father and loving mother to me." "You are a brother and a husband." "Come then pity me now and abide here with our boy." Not even this earnest entreaty from the depths of a sorrowful heart serves to move the chief of Troy. Hector soothes her, though it is with a mournful foreboding of evil to come. He values too much his own honor and fair fame to shrink from the battle. "I should blush to face the men and long-robed dames of Troy, if like a coward I could shun the fight." He tells her to be brave, to bear calmly this great trial of separation, and stretches forth his hands to the boy. Here is the link which binds the two, Hector and Andromache. As the father embraces the little fellow he calls down the protection of Jupiter and the other gods that the boy may become as distinguished among the Trojans as Hector was. One would imagine that if a wife's tears and pleadings failed to move the heart, even of the sternest man, the sight of the child with his happy innocent face would have caused him to relent and return home. Hector gently places the boy in the arms of the mother and bids her return. She departs and ever and again she turns and beholds the fast disappearing form of her husband and the tears gush forth afresh. Thus they part, Hector to the fight,

girt in glittering armor, Andromache back to the palace, where she gives way to deepest grief, thinking of the husband she is fated never again to see.

We have the two characters. Hector, filled with all the fire of perfect manhood knows his country feels the want of his mighty arm, and he leaves his wife and little one in order to lead the forces of Troy. He leaves Andromache although he has a foreboding that he goes to his last fight and yet he never wavers. He leaves his wife with a deep love and his boy holds the brightest and warmest place in his heart and yet his country needs him. Andromache is the perfect picture of the true wife. Her pleadings for the husband to remain, her entreaties, her tenderness and her utter dependence on him throughout the scene cannot fail to awaken within us the fact that she was a noble woman. While, without doubt, the cause of the Trojans was of the deepest concern to her, she dreaded the loss of her husband as the most dire of all calamities.

Hector was brave, manly, benevolent; Paris, his brother, while sometimes brave, turned coward repeatedly. His was a low spirit, and his kindness was meaningless. Paris was voluptuous and frivolous; Hector was pure and well-meaning in everything he undertook. One was the ideal man, the true hero, the brave soldier; the other bore the marks of a coward, a trifler and his character was generally untrue.

Helen, the wife of Paris was unfaithful and her disgraceful flight with Paris showed there was something lacking to make her one whom the Trojans might be proud of. She was frivolous as was her husband and wanting in all the good graces that characterized the wife of Hector. Andromache was faithful in every regard. She loved and trusted her husband and she was happy in his love. She looked with pride upon the boy and seeing in him the image of the father, and the father's undaunted spirit energizing through the little youth's frame, her joy was supreme.

Although the morals of the ancients are proverbially bad; although their religion is founded on immorality and their gods endowed with and led on by all the lowest passions of human nature, we find some of the noblest and grandest characters among the pages of the Pagan writers. Hector and Andromache stand out as two examples of this nobility of character and their names will ever be synonyms for all that is elevating, righteous and model in the life of a man and woman.

"YELRAF."



THE STORY OF ILIUM.

TO the classical student the rise and downfall of Troy, which has produced the two most beautiful poems of antiquity, is certainly the most interesting subject of modern research. Troy had, under the rule of Priam and his predecessors, reached a height of power and prosperity that seemed to defy the lapse of time and its countless changes, to bring this happy state of things to an untimely end. And yet it was destined to fall, like a tree in the forest, which, overgrown and groaning under its own weight, totters and falls with a crash that is re-echoed far and wide. Hecuba, the wife of Priam, it would seem, like many of the wives and husbands of those other days when the world was young, was much addicted to dreaming; one of her dreams we happily find recorded. She dreamt that she gave birth to a boy, who was destined to prove the ruin of Troy and become at some time the curse of his country, family, himself, and all that was dear to Trojan hearts. It seems that Priam, like an unwise and too beneficent prince, loved his sceptre and country more than his very children. Having heard the purport of the dream from Hecuba's own lips he gave orders that the child, as soon as born, should be exposed on Mt. Ida, there to perish. His commands were promptly executed; but, after the infant's exposure, the shepherd, to whom he had been handed over, learned that the tender little boy had been nursed at a bear's breast. Moved by a circumstance so striking the shepherd determined to bring him up as his own child, and accordingly named him Paris. It was during his stay on Ida, whilst tending flocks, that the youthful, fascinating and gallant Paris, doubtless a judge of beauty, awarded the golden apple of Discord to Venus, the goddess of love. This last circumstance calls us back to the more interesting thread of this our little narrative.

The Greeks of Homer's time were unquestionably the most imaginative people on the face of the earth. This may be easily proved by their legendary history, the many poets and writers, whose writings have been and will continue to be for all time subjects of admiration. Pallas-Athene, otherwise called Minerva, was the Goddess of Wisdom; yet on one occasion her conduct savored more of the giddiness and waywardness of a modern coquette than the sound judgment and cool wisdom of a goddess! The gods and goddesses of Homer, Virgil and the poets of ancient classical times were by no means perfect models of virtue. Thus we see in the unrelenting hatred of Juno towards the Trojans something, if not vulgar, at least ungenerous, which makes the bard himself exclaim in astonishment: "*Tantæne animis coelestibus iræ?*"

Can such hate find place in breasts divine?

But to my story. At the marriage feast of Peleus and Thetys, to which all the gods and goddesses, with the sole exception of Discord, had been invited, the latter, whose pride and dignity had been thus slighted, determined to avenge the insult offered to her godly, but certainly unpleasing person, by throwing into their midst a golden apple, on which was written, "For the Most Beautiful," thus en-

deavoring to excite displeasure and dispute in that fair assembly. We can picture to ourselves no scene so romantic in its character. The thundering Jupiter, eating upon a dais, raised somewhat higher than that of any of his brother gods; at his right is seated the majestic Juno, his queen, and on the opposite side his handsome host and still fairer hostess.

Thus seated, the monarch of Olympus, at whose nod, according to Homer, the heavens tremble, may observe at pleasure the conduct and bearing of his peers, who sit quaffing the godly nectar and from time to time drink to the good health and future happiness of the newly wedded pair. Such was the scene in Peleus's halls when Discord's golden apple drops from Heaven. Then follows a scene which must have made the ancients blush, unless, as is not improbable, they did not believe in their deities, so childish and altogether void of dignity was their conduct on this occasion as on many another. Like second or third division boys, when the prefect throws (as he sometimes does) apples in the air for them, so rush these gods for the apple of gold. But Mars, the god of war, to the great disappointment of all, leaping over their heads, caught it in his hands and landed lightly and gracefully on the other side. Mars, having read the inscription, like a true gallant, hands it to Venus, his lady love. Then the goddess, having read it also, acknowledges the compliment with a silent smile. But Juno and Minerva also lay claim to the golden apple. They refer to the decision of Jove, who from fear, it seems, of displeasing any of them, declines to act as umpire in such a case. However he suggests to them to refer it to the judgment of Paris, the brave and handsome shepherd of Mt. Ida. Having hastened to Ida these three goddesses appeared before Paris, in the pride of godly beauty, happily uniting with what we know of feminine loveliness a certain almost manly bearing, to each of whom these famous lines of Virgil, which have immortalised Venus' charms, might be applied:

"Ambrosial tresses round her head
A more than earthly fragrance shed;
Her falling robe her footsteps swept,
And showed the goddess as she stept.

Each of them, to influence him in her favor, makes an alluring promise. Juno offers him a sceptre and a crown. Minerva pledges her word to make him the wisest as well as the bravest of men, whilst Venus offers to bless him with the fairest of women. As the sequel showed Venus had acted very shrewdly, since knowing well the character of Paris, she had made the most alluring offer. Unhesitatingly, therefore, does he decide in favor of the latter. He thus incurs the displeasure of Juno and Minerva, a hatred that was extended to his country, family and the whole Trojan race. Shortly after this strange transaction Paris was introduced to Priam's court, where he was kindly received by his family and good old father, whose fears had been lulled by supposed security. In the meanwhile Venus had not forgotten her promise. She commanded Paris to proceed to the court of Menelaus, king of Sparta. He obeyed, and

upon arriving at Lacedemon was kindly received by the hospitable prince, whose wife, Helen, it was his object to carry away. It did not take very long for the gallant Paris to win the heart of the fair Grecian. Whilst Menelaus was transacting business in Crete they flee together and hasten to Troy. It is well known how the Grecian princes had bound themselves by a solemn oath to protect the person and honor of Helen with their lives and fortunes. Menelaus reminds them of their oath and they prepare for war. However, before proceeding to any violence, they send ambassadors to Priam demanding the restoration of Helen. Paris' influence at the court, however, prevailed, and Helen's restoration was unwisely refused. The consequence, as might be expected, was the instant declaration of war. At length, after ten years' preparation, with a hundred ships

and one hundred thousand men they sailed for Troy. Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, had been previously chosen commander-in-chief. After countless adventures, they pitch their camp before the walls of Troy. Then follows one of the most memorable sieges known in history. For ten years did the Trojans display a heroism and chivalry that was worthy of being immortalized by the sublime productions of Homer and Virgil. Headed by the undaunted Hector the brave Trojans did all that patriotism, valor and a consummate knowledge of the art of war could suggest to defend their city, country, wives and children. After the death of Hector the city was taken by stratagem, but not till most of its noble defenders had perished "on the bed of honor," fighting, like true heroes of romance, sword in hand.

HERMAN ARELLANO, '93.

A LETTER OF INTEREST FROM A FORMER STUDENT.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, April 22, 1890.

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly:

When I wrote my letter to the MONTHLY, last Spring, I certainly never thought I would have the pleasure of writing you from Old England. I had promised myself the pleasure of a visit to Fordham before my departure from New York, but much to my regret I found that the Cunard steamer, the *Aurania*, sailed at 6.30 Saturday morning, March the 8th, instead of Sunday morning, as I had anticipated, and as I did not arrive in New York until late Friday afternoon of course I did not have time to pay my intended visit to old St. Johns.

As I wrote you in my last letter I always aspired to be a contributor to the FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY, but I never thought the scribblings from my pen would be sought after by a larger paper. But such is the case, as I have the honor to represent the *Philadelphia Sporting Life*, *New York Sun*, *Philadelphia Press*, and several prominent Western papers, during my stay abroad. So if I cannot find time to write you often, or you do not deem my letters interesting enough to publish in the columns of the MONTHLY, you can easily note the progress of base ball in Great Britain by referring to any of the above papers.

Just imagine, "boys," how delightful it is to be over here in this capacity initiating John Ball into the beauties of our grand national game. Of course he is naturally prejudiced against it on account of its being strictly *our* own national game, and the visit of the Spalding party only added to the prejudice, as the rivalry between the All Americans and the Chicagos prevented them from giving a real good illustration of hard hitting. I think the day they played here last March (1889) the score was 1 to 0, and 16 men fanned the atmosphere. The 10,000 people present were completely puzzled by the rapid changing of sides from the bat to the field.

I spent three weeks in London, visiting the beautiful preparatory schools in the vicinity and giving practical illustrations of the game. The boys take to the game as naturally as ducks take to water, and most of them were in love with it from the start. During my stay in London it was my good fortune to witness the Oxford-Cambridge boat race. It is certainly the grandest sporting event in the world, and what a race it was, Oxford winning by three-quarters of a length on the Thames championship course, four and one-quarter miles long. These few lines, written by the brother of the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, were inspired, no doubt, by the memory of the time when he was bow oar on the Oxford crew, when they won their first race from Cambridge on the Thames in London:

We'll crowd every nook on bridge, steamboat and shore
Cam. and Isis to greet, for the Derby of boating, our fete of the oar."

Ever since I read that delightful story of *Tom Brown* at Oxford I have had a strong desire to see this race, but I never dreamed I would be fortunate enough to witness one of the finest boat races ever rowed on the Thames.

I can imagine a general smile among the most potent Seniors when they hear of my being sent to England as an instructor in base ball, and when they think of the futile attempts I made to shine as a base ball luminary on the third and second nine Rosehills, and my vain endeavors to knock out a base hit off McNamara, the little Tyro pitcher, and off Billy Heanois, of the Invincibles. But four years' training on one of the strongest semi-professional teams in the States has improved my play a little, and if Dyke Enright could see me catching and throwing to second he would, no doubt, be consumed with envy.

I am at present located at Birmingham, a city of nearly a million inhabitants, and I am engaged in organizing a professional base ball club among the local professional foot

ball players, which team I expect to manage, play with and win the championship of Great Britain for the initial season of 1890. The members of the Aston Villa Football Club are almost idols in the eyes of the Birmingham public and we hope to get people to come to see their favorites try their hands at rounders (as they call it) and then get interested in the game and come again. As large a number as 30,000 people sometimes attend a final match between two crack football teams, and I have been on the ground several times with 10,000 this time of year, the fog end of the season. The game is immensely popular, and it is deservedly so, as it is far superior to Rugby football. It is called the Association Game, and the ball, which is round (instead of oval

shaped), is not to be touched with the hands and is kicked below instead of above the cross-bar.

I am waiting anxiously for the next issue of the *Sporting Life* to see how the Rose Hills fared with the New York (P. L.) team. I hope they made a good showing and that they will do credit to their excellent trainer, Mr. Lynch. I was very anxious to see the veteran before I sailed, in order to ask his advice about training men.

I expect to visit Stonyhurst, the Jesuit college near Manchester, next month, and also expect to go to Black Rock College in Ireland, next June, to start base ball there.

Sincerely yours,

Classics, " '89."

WM. J. BARR.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

PAUL R. CONNIFF, '92.

AMONG the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century Mr. Henry M. Stanley justly holds a high rank, and future historians will chronicle a very interesting and important portion of the events of the present age when they record the travels and explorations of this truly wonderful man. We have not the space to write up any considerable part of the adventures and achievements of this explorer, whose life has been more like that of a hero in a novel than of a mortal man, but we shall endeavor to give a brief outline of his career, the early part of which fitted him in no ordinary manner for the great work of his later years. In the year 1840 our hero—for well does he deserve the name—was born near Denbigh in Wales, his original name being John Rowlands. He was educated at a school in Asaph, remaining there till he was about fourteen years of age.

As a boy he is said to have possessed a keen intelligence, high spirit and determined will. He was, nevertheless, unusually sensitive and did not appreciate chaff or humor; but he was not averse to act as a ringleader in many boyish escapades. Geography and arithmetic seem to have been his favorite studies. When about sixteen he became tired of the monotony of his school life, and, going to Liverpool, he there shipped as a cabin-boy on board a vessel bound for New Orleans. There he found employment with a merchant named Henry Mortlake Stanley, who subsequently adopted him and gave him his name. When the civil war broke out young Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army, where he saw much service, but was taken prisoner at Pittsburg Landing. Not long, however, did he remain prisoner, for with extraordinary courage and daring he escaped, under a storm of bullets, by swimming across a river.

Some time afterward he again enlisted, this time in the Federal navy, where, before the war closed, he was promoted to the rank of acting ensign by a daring deed which was characteristic of the man: he swam under fire some five hundred yards, and making fast a hawser to a Confederate

ship she was towed off a prize. After the war he spent a year or two in travelling abroad and then obtained the appointment of correspondent to the New York *Herald*. He accompanied the British expedition into Abyssinia, thus for the first time entering Africa, that country which was to be the theatre of his great life's work, and where he was to win immortal renown. He proved his mettle and gained the reputation of being a bold and clever war correspondent by grasping with incredible rapidity the details of the expedition and distancing all other correspondents in telegraphing the results of the Abyssinian war to the New York *Herald*. A story is told that he blocked the wire by telegraphing a long chapter from the Bible in order still more to discomfort his competitors. The next important event in Stanley's life happened in October of 1869, when he was in Madrid. He was called to Paris by a telegram from James Gordon Bennett. Upon arriving there he went directly to where the energetic newspaper proprietor was stopping.

Said Mr. Bennett: "Have you any idea where Livingstone is?" "No," replied Stanley. "Will you try to find him?" rejoined Bennett.

The result of this meeting was that Stanley was soon on his way for Africa with a commission to search for Livingstone, of whom no certain intelligence had been received in nearly three years. We need not dwell upon the delays and roundabout route Stanley had to travel before he got fairly started into the interior of Africa. On February 5, 1871 he left Zanzibar at the head of two hundred men. After innumerable adventures and being prostrated twenty-three times by fever, on November 10th he marched into the town of Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, with banners waving and guns firing, and soon afterward he was shaking hands with the veteran explorer, whom he had come so far to aid. The expedition was successful, Stanley had outstripped all other caravans sent out by different parties on the same mission, and he had achieved a triumph which

was to render his name illustrious among African travellers. Before Stanley left Livingstone they explored together the northern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. It was during this brief association with the patient gray-haired old man that the younger, impetuous and daring correspondent became instilled with a love of exploration. Stanley soon returned to the coast, leaving the great philanthropist to continue his self-sacrificing life deep in the wilds of Africa. The news that Stanley had succeeded in finding Livingstone was not at first believed by the doctor's anxious countrymen in England, but when Mr. Stanley arrived in London with the explorer's own diaries and letters, doubt was thrown to the winds and the gallant correspondent received the praises and gratitude of an admiring world. After a short rest, during which he wrote his celebrated book, "How I Found Livingstone," he again set out for Africa, accompanying, this time, the British expedition to Coomassie. Upon his return from this he wrote another charming book, entitled "Coomassie and Magdala."

We now come to a very important event in the life of our hero, viz., the organization of an expedition to take up the work of exploration which the heroic Livingstone, who had recently died, had left uncompleted. We have not space to describe the perils of this expedition, of the ravages sickness and death made upon Stanley's caravan, and of the many occasions when the lives of the whole band were endangered by the attacks of the natives. One incident will serve to show how near to death Stanley has been and when his escape seemed almost miraculous. While exploring Lake Victoria in his row-boat, the "Lady Alice," accompanied by eleven men, he came one day to an island. The natives, by their amiable and peaceful appearance, having induced Stanley to run his boat ashore, seized the boat and drew it twenty or thirty feet high and dry on the land. To quote Stanley: "Then began a scene almost indescribable. Twelve captives, including myself, were in their power, to wreak their worst passions upon, and how we escaped death, when every bow was drawn to the utmost and every spear quivered in the hand, as though in the act to launch, and clubs were whirled menacingly round their heads, is more than I can say. We were in it fairly and our lives were not worth a moment's purchase."

The cause of the natives delay to begin their murderous work was the arrival of their chief upon the scene, who declared that such an important capture demanded "talk." After holding a conference for about half a day, during which the prisoners remained in their boat, from which the natives had removed the oars, the big drum sounded for war. The crowd of Africans were at some little distance from the boat, but having taken the oars they considered their captives safe. Stanley, however, seeing that the result of the "talk" was by no means favorable to them, ordered his men to carelessly range themselves by the side of the boat and at the command to shove it into the water. This was accordingly done, though the infuriated mob of howling savages rushed to the shore and followed the fugitives in canoes soon after the "Lady Alice" shot into the water. Stanley's men propelled their boat by means of boards torn up from the bottom of the boat, but the canoes

were soon almost upon them. Stanley ordered his men to fire upon them, which they did with such good effect that two canoes were smashed and the third disabled.

This is but one of the hair-breadth escapes which Stanley and his men experienced on this expedition. The famous book entitled "Through the Dark Continent," which Stanley wrote upon his return to England, is full of such adventures as these, and shows what indomitable courage and energy Stanley had to continue his explorations and to bring his expedition to a successful issue. It would be interesting, were it possible, to narrate the thrilling incidents which marked his residence with King Mtesa, the great African potentate, whom Stanley converted to Christianity. But we must hasten on. Upon leaving Uganda, over which Mtesa ruled, Stanley marched to the south and soon afterward decided to follow the river Lualaba whither it should lead him, and thus solve the mystery which had so much perplexed Dr. Livingstone. About this time he met the famous Arab chief, Tippoo Tib, for the first time, who has since shown himself so faithless, and who is to be tried in the Consular court at Zanzibar, on a charge made by Stanley for breach of contract and bad faith to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

We need not stop to describe Stanley's perilous trip from Lake Tanganyika down the Congo, in which no less than thirty-one battles with the natives were fought and in which so many brave men met their death. On August 9, 1877, the mouth of the Congo was reached and the great mystery solved. After returning to England Stanley again went back to the Congo in the fall of 1879, this time sent by Leopold II, King of the Belgians, to open up the Congo to civilization and commerce. Six long years were spent by Stanley in the accomplishment of his arduous task, the results being the founding of the Congo Free State, which has been recognized by all the great powers of the world, and his majesty, the King of the Belgians, has been recognized as its monarch. Stanley had opened up the Congo basin with its 5,249 miles of navigable river and country containing an estimated population of forty-three millions, with an area drained by the various rivers of 10,900,000 square miles.

As almost every one knows the details of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, we shall make but a brief reference to it. Emin Pasha was Governor of the equatorial province in Africa. On account of the disturbances between the negroes and Egyptians the province had been for some time threatened by an outbreak such as overthrew Khartoum in Egypt. Emin Pasha called for help, which call was promptly responded to and an expedition was organized, which Stanley consented to guide. The expedition was, as we all know, ultimately a complete success, although several times Stanley was reported to have been killed. The terrible sufferings and trials undergone by him in his labors in behalf of humanity and science, and the heroism which alone achieved the accomplishment of his works cannot be fully estimated, nor can a fit recognition of them be tendered to the explorer. In the way of mere honors, however, there seems to be little remaining for a man who is heralded all over the civilized world as one of the greatest of explorers,

whose records have been published in so many languages, and who has gained the highest awards of the leading geographical societies. We are justly proud to claim this wonderful man as a citizen of our glorious republic. A description of Stanley on the march runs thus: "Mounted on a donkey that had been handsomely caparisoned for the occasion Stanley took the head of the column."

By his side marched one of his boys, bearing the stars and stripes of the American banner, an overt demonstration that, notwithstanding his English birth, and in spite of his being in the service of the ruler of the Congo and in command of an Anglo-Egyptian expedition, he does not forget, nor intends it to be forgotten, that he is an adopted citizen of the United States. Although every person has heard of Stanley, few there are who really appreciate the greatness of the

man and of his deeds. The more we read of him and his life the more forcibly are we impressed by his strong and noble character, and cannot help comparing him to that bravest, most heroic and self-sacrificing class of men the world has ever produced—the missionaries. Although it is many years now since Stanley set out upon his first great African expedition, and he has grown old and gray since then, he is described to-day as being the embodiment of physical endurance and mental self-control. His life has been full of action, and he has surely gained all that man can wish for on this mortal earth; the name of no one will re-echo down the ages of the future with greater praises and greater glory than that of the hero of our little sketch—Mr. Henry M. Stanley.

COLLEGE WORLD.

FERDINAND WINGERTER, '90.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?"

IT is with feelings of pain (akin to those of pleasure) that the "Exchange Ed." takes his pen to write his words of farewell to the many exchange friends. My last squib! We have enjoyed reading the college journals for the past year exceedingly, and they have been not merely a source of pleasure—for *we* have derived great *profit* from them. There is apt to be an idea prevalent among the outside world, and among college men as well, that journalism doesn't pay—that the scribe's time is all wasted. Now we wish to put in a strong disclaimer to all such notions—the work on a college paper is one of the most valuable things in our college course; the associations, the literary and practical work incident to the management of the Editor's Table is worth as much as any college study. And we further wish to express it as our opinion that no department of a college paper is more worthy of being maintained than the Exchange and Intercollegiate Department. It is important that one college should not become isolated from the life and spirit of any other college (or *ladies' seminary*).

Now we are to retire from the protection and secrecy of the editorial "We"—*we* are henceforth to be simply I. (Mayhap the "we" may some day come again, when We and I are one, and then I shall once more retire to the protecting arms of "We"—a gentler protection than was afforded by the old editorial disguise.

And in closing this life of We, with its benefits and pleasures, the scribe would, by way of farewell, wish all the "MONTHLY" exchange friends much of joy and success in the years that are to be, and especially would he like to say a personal "Good-by, old boy," to the many pleasant acquaintances he has made during his regime in the Exchange Chair, and with a warm pressure of the hand express the hope that the old days may not be forgotten.

Some time ago we received a copy of the *Salve Regina*,

published by the young ladies of St. Mary's Dominican Academy, New Orleans, which at the time we intended to place on our exchange list, but neglected to do so. To-day we received a second copy of it and attended to the matter of the exchange list immediately. Besides making a very fine appearance externally and internally it is in a literary way excellent. We are glad to see it devote so much attention to poetry—a sphere in which some of its contemporaries are lamentably weak. Its work in this direction is very good, as is also most of the prose work. We have no doubt of the *Salve Regina's* success.

The High School Times dropped in to see us this month. Its headlight, "Decies Repetita Placebit," sends forth quite an illumination, but, nevertheless, Mr. Editor, we signal "go ahead!" After an existence of nine years your paper deserves to have a clear track.

The *Peddle Institute Chronicle* visits us but seldom, but is always welcome when it does. As a representative of an institution, which frankly does not claim to give a full college training, the *Chronicle* is an honor to its editors and worthy of imitation, in some respects, by papers from colleges of higher grade. Its editorials, especially, are short, and bear well upon the questions discussed. A German poem is one of the extra delicacies to which we are treated this month. We hope this will not be the last found in its columns.

The *Review* has just reached the end of its first year and bids fair soon to rank among the very best. Editorially it discusses a species of bore that affects every institution of learning, and we reproduce a part of the item, for whom it may concern: "What shall be done with the chronic class questioner? We all know who he is. Too well we know how, under the idea that he is gaining knowledge for himself, pleasing the professor and edifying the class, this most

miserable of bores occupies the classes useful time. We would very kindly offer some advice, which we modestly think and hope will be of service to him. Cease this everlasting questioning. If there is something in your text-book that you think you do not understand, be sure that you know exactly what it is. Then, when the class is dismissed, make it known, and, if really a pertinent question, he will take pleasure in explaining. Do not impose on the professor's and class's time and patience any longer by asking all sorts of irrelevant questions, merely to gratify your own idle curiosity, and unless you have some question of real importance keep your mouth shut."

The College Speculum, issued by the students of the Michigan State Agricultural College, supplies a want in our sanctum. Although not farmers we can appreciate a little talk on crops. It is a very attractize publication, and, taking everything into consideration, the *Speculum* is a very good paper. It is a paper that will please not only collegians but people of the outer world. We see it insinuated in one of our exchanges, with whom you are at war, that you grow potatoes within the hallowed precincts of your sanctum. Is it true, Hon. Mr. Speculum? We don't believe it is. If it is we are glad to know that you are both practical and theoretical. Some people, you know, are neither.

The Dartmouth presents a handsome appearance, and its contents are rich in variety and excellence. We hope the incoming corps of editors will prove themselves worthy successors of the present corps, who have maintained such uniform excellence in their paper.

We cannot, for want of space, give a worthy notice of the many other excellent papers which we have of late accumulated on our fairly creaking table. We could at best give a very passing and unsatisfactory notice. We feast ourselves upon them all—they are all full of literary delicacies, for which we are thankful to general college writers, who evince a great deal of good taste in the publishing of such creditable representatives of their respective colleges.

There is a movement on foot in the University of Pennsylvania to establish a chair of the Irish language.

Brown has been refused admission to the New England Base Ball League.

There are now more than 3,500 alumni of the Columbia Law School, and this year there are graduates for thirty-eight different colleges in the school.

While the question of the advisability of women studying medicine is being discussed the women are settling it for themselves by entering the medical schools in no inconsiderable number. At Zurich twenty-nine are now pursuing that study; in London sixty-eight, and at Paris one hundred and thirty. It is impossible to count them in America.

Interesting statistics to college men: One-half of one per cent. of the young men of the country are college graduates; sixty-five per cent. of the Presidents of the United States have been college graduates; Vice-Presidents, fifty per cent.; Speakers of House of Representatives, fifty per cent.; members of Senate, forty-six per cent.; Chief Justices, eighty-three per cent.; Cabinet officers, fifty-four per cent. Draw your own conclusions as to the value of a college education.





PUBLISHED

By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed:

"FORDHAM MONTHLY," ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

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Business Manager, V. E. DELANY.

JUNE, 1890.



The ubiquitous critic is again on hand. "Like bad luck" to quote a certain writer, "he is everywhere." The Dramatic season at an end, he looks up serenely on the *ball field*, annoying us with his criticisms or rather with those offensive remarks which pass with him for criticisms. Nothing suits him. First he does not like the nine; none of them can play ball. Then the club with whom games are arranged do not suit his fastidious taste. Then he growls about the management of the finances; what showing do they make for all the money that has been given them? Then he winks a knowing wink and vaguely hints that there are queer things going on and that he will never contribute another cent to the support of such a team, when, if the record were hunted

up, it will be found that he has not even paid his fee, much less contributed anything extra. It is the unusual proportion of such characters as this that does such mischief with our ball teams; if they lose a game, no matter what is the cause, they are greeted, on their return, with hisses and abuse. If they win a game, they receive the flattering assurance that it was more by chance than good play. Is such language calculated to encourage our ball-players and stimulate them to fresh exertions? Can they be expected to play ball with spirit, if they know that, whether they win or lose they have nothing to expect but abuse. Such a spirit as this should not be tolerated on the division; such people should be the exception rather than the rule, but we are sorry to say the contrary is evidently the case.

* * * * *

The drill on Thursday, the 29th inst. before the Inspector was certainly a credit both to the house and to our worthy professor of Military Science. Everything was propitious; the weather Bureau kindly furnished us with a day that even the most fastidious could not take exception to, the battalion looked unusually well, and even the non-cadets looked on with a lofty smile of approval. A rumor has reached our editorial ears to the effect that Lieut. Squiers is to leave us this year. We sincerely hope that this is false, as during his four years connection with the house, the Lieutenant has, by the interest he has taken, not only in the Cadets but in everything connected with the college, become a general favorite. The Cadets, we have no hesitation in saying, would feel his loss particularly.

* * * * *

The recent entertainment by our young friends from the Hall has brought to light a notable fact, that there is a quantity of latent dramatic ability concealed about the persons of these embryo actors that only waits the opportunity to make itself known. What with both Second and Third Divisions joining in the good work of developing histrionic stars, we may safely predict a brilliant future for the Dramatic Association. If Masters Grainger, Finlay, Fogarty and others keep on in the manner in which they have begun their career, there is no saying what successes they will achieve on the Fordham boards in years to come.

* * * * *

We suppose it is needless for us to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that the end of the year is fast approaching. Commencement day, with its bustle, its noise, its pleasures and its leave takings is less than a month away, and as this is our last issue for the year '89-'90 and the last opportunity which this board will have to greet its patrons in its official capacity we take advantage of it. We feel that during the past year we have done all in our power to fulfil the duties imposed on us, and if we have fallen short, we beg that our faults be overlooked and our good intentions alone considered. We extend our thanks to all those contributors who have aided us in our good work, and wishing all our friends success and happiness, we pay our last respects as the Editorial Board of the years '89-'90.

T. G. T.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

RICHARD A. JOHNSON.

THURSDAY the 29th, was Officers' Day, and they availed themselves of the opportunity of going to the city. One of the many pleasantries of the day was the meeting of an ex-army officer who occupied the table next to the Cadets at dinner. He introduced himself, and immediately ingratiated himself into their favor by telling some old army yarns. His imagination was very elastic, to say the least. The spread which the Officers selected for dinner showed remarkable culinary taste on their part. (H. and E.)

C. Ludlow Livingston, our distinguished athlete, fatigued with his late labors in the spring games, thought a trip to Europe would benefit his health and prepare him for next September. On his return we expect news enough to last the year round. From latest accounts he is taking in the sights of Belgium.

Some one says that there is no "pivot" in Co.——

Has the poet of '91 found his meta-centre yet? They say he lost it on entering class one evening.

What do you think of a man that will take a lame man's crutches and walk off with them a couple of hundred yards and then turn around and call to his companion to hurry up as he had to go up to the division.

Will any one of you gentlemen please inform me why I have to drill in Co.——

The non-cadets are delighted with Capt. Hickey. His favorite command by the way is "1. Squad 2. Rest."

Great credit is due Fr. Walsh for his untiring efforts in the late play. Mr. McNally deserves much praise for the tasteful decorations. The hall was decorated with the best of art, but the charms of sweet nature far surpassed those of art. Judging from the unobstructed view which the students had from the rear of the hall, opera bonnets must have at last sunk into oblivion.

It seems that the Invincibles are not content with one name; at any rate we have heard them called Liliputs.

Some new coaching expressions: "Don't marry the base." "Make a bid for second." "Get a divorce from that base."

Monogram-fans are quite the rage at Fordham since the Mikado.

The "Only Pete" astonished a few of his non-admirers by winning two firsts and three seconds in the late sports.

The Faculty-Metaphysician game was a decided success, if the interest which it excited is a criterion. The feature of the game was a somerset slide for home.

"The more you study, the less you know." Advice: Do not study.

The Manager of the Norwalks having "gone to Canada," the games with them on Decoration Day were cancelled.

Never fire until you receive the command.

The Physics Class cannot boast of having a vestibule car among its possessions but it undoubtedly has a sleeper.

Mr. J. P. Whelan is to be congratulated on his speech delivered on the closing night of the May devotions.

The Reception Committee of the last play were untiring in their endeavors to make the occasion an agreeable one for their guests.

Ground has been broken for the new building, Second Division crows will have no cause to flap wings about their new building now; the proposed edifice on First Division will far surpass theirs in size and grandeur.

The new benches are just what the smokers have been praying for; those under the trees being entirely monopolized by "Teneri" players. Some boys seem to forget a few of the points which were read out in study hall on several occasions.

Our little friends from the Preparatory School deserve great credit for their successful presentation of the "Mikado." The hall, which was tastefully decorated was crowded to overflowing by a brilliant audience who were apparently very much pleased by the efforts of the aspiring Thespians.

Now that the warm evenings have set in we look to Messrs Baker and McNally for a series of open air concerts. The present Special Science Class will be the largest ever graduated from Fordham. The Infirmary from latest reports is entirely destitute of boarders, and the proprietor claims that "transients" are at present the only hope he has of covering expenses for the year.

Mr. Brennan of "Carnival fame" leaves us this year. His charming solos will be missed very much next year. Mr. Burrow also departs this year; he has up to the present time conducted "Fordhamensia column" with flattering success. His spicy remarks were always read with a great deal of interest. How many fine fellows bid farewell to old St. Johns' this year! Among the members of the present graduating class there are excellent singers, musicians, orators, actors and athletes. May success attend their efforts in the future as in the past.

The Latin play presented by Students of St. Francis Xavier's, New York City, May the 15th was undoubtedly a unique affair. Nothing like it has ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic and we doubt whether it has been surpassed on the other side. An old Father remarked that in his opinion "The Captives" was not better executed even in the time of Plautus. The credit is due to Cornelius Clifford S. J. A. M. '79. So Fordham may pluck a leaf from the laurel crown of one of its graduates and wear it as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Fordham must have a Greek Play next year!

The Menu for Rector's Day was exceedingly original.

The management of the ball team this year as in past years has been very efficient.

We can hardly blame Columbia for refusing to play us,

considering the game of ball they have "put up" this season. Still we should like to have added a few more victories to our long list, even at the expense of the wearers of the "blue."

Several grand dinners are on the "list" for commencement day.

SECOND DIVISION NOTES.

WM. FERGUSON, SP. LAT.

This is the double-faced season of the year when an overcoat is too light for us one day, a thin coat too heavy the next, a porous plaster is too weak the third day and a doctor's bill too much the fourth.

But it takes *Second* to appreciate and thoroughly enjoy any weather that the annual cycle brings along! The nervous system of *Second* has been fully developed during the last ten months and every nerve, stricken by the hand of circumstance, has given forth its separate note of sweetest melody, till we have heard on our Division the total of all the music that any boy can coax out of the harp of life.

In trying to piece together the various fragments of the past year's pleasures, or in trying to set to the music of elegant diction the fragmentary memories of many of the year's emotions, we evoked a melody of replications which *First* and *Third* could never comprehend, and only he, who has walked our walks studied in our study-hall and played in our play-room, could duly appreciate.

Shall *Second* ever forget the memorable 3rd of June when the last stone of our new building was put into place? Just as it settled into its corner cheer after cheer arose from the enthusiastic *Second*. No wonder that they strode forth like giants from the court in front of the building and put up a game with a certain *nine* from *First*, which for spirit and interest pales every other game this year.

Where is the man who so vauntingly swore that we should never get five base-hits from his delivery? Methinks, that after he has run up and down the gamut of his cruel disappointment once or twice more, he will subside a "recto tono" of meek satisfaction that we did not finish the ninth inning—which is always our lucky one—and double or even treble our "two-baggers."

Good-breeding—which, you know, is a letter of credit all the world over—was they tell us much below par during that game. Be it so. We sincerely crave the pardon of those whom we offended and we beg of them to be as indulgent as Rev. Fr. Halpin was, who, while he discountenanced our boisterousness, applauded our earnestness and mitigated the severity of his criticism by attributing at least half of our so-called ill-breeding to the stress of the exciting circumstances.

The "P. M's" and "H. C. S's" are still living, and although it did happen that the latter were beaten in the last of the series of games, they confidently assert that they are better by far than their opponents.

O gentle *Tyros*! How did you dare to challenge your last year's predecessors! Defeat was foretold; defeat was inevitable; defeat was your lot on the two occasions when you

crossed bats with our *Veteran Tyros*, and yet, no doubt, you will pretend to be ball-players. You should invite one of the old *Tyros* to train you at least three times a week. His terms, we are sure, will be very reasonable.

The *Invincibles*—the second best nine—at least in the house has fairly wiped out all the clubs which so far have played with them. Will some one be so kind as to name a club that might have a chance with us? Brooklyn in the base-ball line—in every other line—also is a trifle too young yet to compete with New York teams, not to mention Fordham, and we should not like to discourage them in the least.

The "Mikado" as presented by Third Division was simply superb! People may have thought beforehand that it would not be much, but certainly it beat anything we had in that line this year. The acting if separated from the singing would have been an entertainment in itself, while the poses and groupings were pictures more precious than painted ones because they were done in life. *Second* which is looked upon as the most unattractive, unappreciative division of the Institution, was fairly wild with enthusiasm and has repeatedly asked if it is to be repeated.

The long-looked-for trip to Lieutenant Squier's Irvington residence came at last. We omit the getting ready, with its bedlam of orders and counter-orders; the tramp to Kingsbridge, the band from Davis' Island discoursing, the while, martial music; the flight over the iron rails which connected our starting point and our landing place, with its startling episode of the calf; for we wish to say something of the palatial home of our much respected Lieutenant.

Situated on a hill which commands several magnificent views of the lordly Hudson, Montrose is a perfect paradise for a lover of natural and artificial beauty. Well trimmed lawns, stately drives and faultless beds of the richest flowers present themselves on every side. The house too, charming in its quaint architecture, is a picture of beauty, even to one who has not had the honor of seeing what elegance and art many have done within its walls.

Most of the charm of Montrose lies not, however, in its shaded walks or rolling lawns, or richly scented flower-beds, but—you know it already—in the kind hostess, Mrs. Squiers, who won the respect and admiration of everyone of the two hundred young soldiers who experienced her queenly hospitality. The ladies, too, who, we may say, formed the staff of the hostess will live in the remembrance of all of us, if not by name, at least by a title to our admirations which their unwearied attentions to our wants merited for them that day.

What cadet was there in our whole battalion who did not feel a thrill of pleasure when he saw the soldierly way in which Rev. Fr. Dealy walked notwithstanding the almost scorching rays of the sun—from college to train and from train again to our destination. It shows the interest the Rev. Father feels in all of us and the pleasure he always takes in whatever increases our happiness.

"How many boys as they look back over the year of '89—90 feel perfectly satisfied with themselves?" asked a Rev. Father of several of our boys. Well, there are a good many on *Second* anyhow—let people say what they will—and just

as many here, without doubt, as on *First* or *Third*. To all, this year as it lay before our youthful feet seemed a very flower garden. Where now are the flowers? Alas! indeed for some of us there remain only those withered leaves and faded blossoms which the past has laid between the pages of the book that is hastening fast to the last blank page, where they may engrave the skull and cross-bones and write "finis." But for others—and those not a few—the flowers have blown to full bloom, expanding their pretty leaves to the sunshine and drinking in the golden glory of happy college days and God grant that while the flower has blown and our minds have expanded with increased knowledge, the sweet aroma of virtue be not wanting to complete and perfect what would otherwise be but partially finished.

When we came home it was at a "double quick" that we betook ourselves to the dormitory—to a "sleep full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing"—and we were lulled to sleep by the rumblings of the thunderstorm which had been threatening ever since the nightfall.

The Commencement takes place Wednesday June 25th. School begins Wednesday September 3d.

THIRD DIVISION NOTES.

E. M. LAMB, '95.

On May 13th, Fr. Pye Neal paid us a visit and kept us laughing for about an hour listening to his darkey songs and stories.

On the 13th of May, the Tyros defeated the Blue-jays by a score of 12-11. It was a very exciting game, the winning run was brought in by J. Mulcahy in the eleventh inning, who stole home and made a magnificent slide while the ball was being returned from catcher to pitcher.

On June 1st we defeated the St. Lawrence's by a score of 16-15. The winning run was brought in by Joe Smith who knocked a two-base hit bringing in a man from second base and the ball not being found he scored.

In our games with second division, the Tyros won, but it was the old Tyros, not the new ones.

There is talk of having a lawn-tennis court on this division.

There is nothing like having an object all sublime.

The behavior on this division for two days before going to Lieut Squiers was fine.

The morning of June the 5th broke splendidly. We said to ourselves: "Boys we are going to have a grand time at Irvington."

The "Mikado" was the greatest success that has been at Fordham for many years, and Fr. Walsh spared no pains to make it what it was.

Mr. Nash said that if he had the boys for another week he would not be afraid to produce it in any theatre in the city.

The play was also a success financially.

The boys are beginning to count the hours before Commencement.

One of the members of this division is so dignified that he will not bend, even for a ball.

The days are not hot enough but that one of the members of this division wears a red blazer.

There are now six nines on this division, and a tournament between them is going on.

The greatest competition is between the New York Mosquitoes (fifth nine) and the Jersey Mosquitoes, (sixth nine). It is very close between them, for last place.

The 2nd nine Tyros was defeated by the Fordham Stars by a score of 14 to 12.

DAY SCHOLARS.

JOHN J. F. MULCAHY, '95.

What has become of our ball players? Did that game with Second Invincibles demoralize them, or are they yielding to "Spring Fever"?

This year has given us all varieties of weather in season and out of season. What wonder, then, the toboggan slide is used every day at noon?

Our honor list has lost a constant member in Eugene Lamb, of Latin Belles-Lettres. A business opening of promise allured him from the field of classical studies some two weeks ago.

There will be a reception in our Sodality, some day this month, probably on the feast of St. Aloysius. At our last meeting Mr. Finegan, S. J., gave us a very nice instruction.

Judging from the list of absentees, the last Saturday of May, and their excuses, Morris Park and St. John's College seem to stand in somewhat the same relation as the Brotherhood and League. Their dates conflict. It is needless to say which party will have to surrender.

Someone has said that vacation is not as much looked forward to, or when it comes as much enjoyed, by the day scholars as by the boarders, because, forsooth, it does not mean a return home after months of separation. How little he knows of human nature, especially a boy's human nature, or of the elements of vacation's joy!

Our highest number this year was 62. Will next year see it pass the 100?

LATEST SOCIETY NOTES.

THE BLUFFER FAMILY AT HALIFAX.

They surprise the natives of literature by a laughable attempt at criticism.

In their illiteracy, bourgeoisism and woful nullity of common sense they announced (soto voce) an eclipse, by them of the *Son*, Halifax.

The eclipse comes off and the Bluffers find they have but emphasized their own grossness and brought out in greater relief the coarse and homespun-like texture of their intellects.

Mr. Bluffer it seems appeared in another play as a servant. After the play came a criticism (o pallida mors!) Bluffer was criticised.

They said he was a tritagoniston. They said (o spiritus chimaerae) that his voice was like an Irish wake. . . .

Three wasp nests placed under Bluffer.

In vain had Mr. Bluffer sent down little puffers to the

newspaper men telling how He (Mr. Bluffer was about to appear again on the boards, how he had so and so as his support, how they would find that in him the spirit of Garrick breathed anew.

For the critic saw them that evening and saw moreover that the etiquette, the diamonds, the acting, the singing, all were shown.

How the Bluffer family conducted that eclipse they prepared for the poor critic will never be known, but what that eclipse amounted to was laughably lucid: a coarse joke, an ignorant display of illiteracy without even reason in it, a vulgar attempt to magnify a trifling pecuniary omission of the poor critic. (The omission, by the way, of Bluffer in that line are so glaring that I suppose by this time he is near-sighted) and finally a glorious boast of the Bluffers to stand forever as bull dogs for the defense of injured Dramatic talent.

The other members who appeared that evening are indignant at the Bluffers. They would have preferred silence (and justly) than that the criticism of their play should be answered through pen of a Bluffer.

A strict quarantine must be at once enforced along the entrances to criticism to keep out the Bluffers, for Bluffer says by all the Gods that never will he let go his grip on the pen.

Let them talk diamonds, kennels, thoroughbreds, and opera-boxes; let them talk over their etiquette and their summerings but the Bluffers must be kept from meddling with the press.

O Tempora! O Mores! the Bluffers and the Press! What a contradiction:

Would that the Bluffers could bring home to themselves that no one would ever encourage them in writing an article (for it would be an article) unless through some personal spite, they would have the Bluffers see more distinctly the huge barrier standing between the bourgeois and the Gentleman.

HALIFAX.

THE MIKADO.

Decoration Day brought with it the last entertainment of the year, the long-expected production of "The Mikado" by the boys of St. John's Hall. Until late the night before and all through the forenoon of that day an earnest corps of workers had been busy decorating the hall in a manner befitting this momentous event. Colored lights, Japanese shades and lanterns and the innumerable fans that adorned every available spot on the walls, lent an Oriental air to the hall quite in keeping with the nature of the entertainment.

The stage, which had been raised about a foot, in order to improve the view, was tastefully draped, and set off the elegant costumes, which had been provided especially for the occasion. A cultured and appreciative audience filled the hall to the very doors, and by their timely and hearty applause gave every encouragement to the young actors, an encouragement that was appreciated and responded to with a vim and spirit that only youngsters can throw into anything.

But to the performance itself. We may safely pronounce it the greatest surprise of the year; many expected some-

thing very fine, all were prepared to applaud and make allowances; those who are familiar with the phenomenal success which attends all Father Walsh's undertakings, and who knew the labor and pains which he and Mr. Nash, of the Duff Opera Company, who had been coaching them for the last two weeks, had expended on this production, expected something unusually good, but none were prepared for the stupendous success which crowned all these labors and greeted the eyes and ears of the audience on Decoration Day.

The adaptation of the opera to the needs of the boys of the Hall is the work of an ex-editor of the MONTHLY, Mr. C. E. Simpson, '88, and is certainly a clever piece of work, and aided by the music of the Broadway Theatre Orchestra was most enjoyable.

As to the individual performers, what shall we say? All did so well that we can hardly say who were the stars. For easy carriage, grace of movement and pose the palm should certainly be awarded to Master Finlay, in the character of *Stay-There*, one of the "Three little boys from school"; his song, "He's going to wallop Chee-Kee," was one of the prettiest things in the whole opera. Master Grainger had by far the most difficult part to fill, in the character of *Rat-Tan*, the Lord High Professor, but he was equal to it and covered himself with glory by the manner in which he sustained the character. Master Fleming, in the character of *Vine-E-Gar*, for surpassed all the others in his singing, while Master Willie Fogarty, as *Ah-There*, elicited roars of laughter by every word he spoke. Master Smith, as the *Mikado*, Master Hugh Fogarty, as *Chee-Kee*, Master Henwood, as *Nin-Com-Poop*, and Master Kennedy, as *Get-There*, completed the cast. The chorus, throughout, was strong and spirited, the boys seeming to throw themselves into it heart and soul, and the evolutions of the "Titipu Cadets" brought forth round after round of applause.

It was, without doubt, a great undertaking, but, thanks to the efficient hands into which it fell, it proved a tremendous success, a success that will be remembered in future years as one of the greatest that has been achieved on our boards.

COMUS.

POLITENESS.

BY A LITTLE BOY.

Politeness consists in observing all the rules and regulations of etiquette. We are not to perform them in a cold indifferent manner, but with cheerfulness and kindness. We should be careful not to wound our companion's feelings, and should try and have foresight so as to prevent the occurrence of anything that would wound him. We must never listen to what our neighbor may wish to keep private, remembering that "the listener never heareth good of himself." We should try not to interrupt another while he is speaking, and never carry tales or be news-bearers; for by so doing we cause trouble and displeasure for ourselves and those concerned.

Always be polite at table and when there is dessert always pass the largest portion to your friend. When asked to do a thing which you do not like to do, do it with cheerfulness

and the person will think better of you. Remember that unselfishness is one of the signs of good-breeding and if you have any sweetmeats you should always share them with your companion and then you make another happy as well as yourself. Should a person refuse to take a thing from you after you have offered it, do not force it on him, for it is rather impolite. Always be careful about speaking upon subjects which may displease your companions.

Whilst you are in the parlor avoid speaking too loud and speak not at all while a person is playing the piano or singing or doing anything else to amuse others even though it may not amuse you. Do not be vain or showy or make witty or unwitty remarks at the expense of others. If we find our neighbor is embarrassed assist him as much as possible. Should we happen to cough we should not do so in a person's face but always make use of the cuspidor when necessary and if the room happens to be without one make use of the handkerchief. To break any of these rules is a sure sign of ill-breeding.

On the street or in a car you should always tip your hat to a priest or a lady friend. In a car should you see a lady standing it is gentlemanly when every seat is occupied, to rise and give your seat to her, politely touching, not tipping your hat. I will end by saying that we should observe the rules of etiquette at all times and in all places, if we wish to be, and to be considered truly polite.

The golden rule underlying all politeness is: "Do unto others as you would be done unto by others."

A. CASSON, '94 E.

CLASS SPECIMENS.

We have time for no more than the briefest mention of the three class specimens held within the last month. First in order comes the very fine specimen of Belles Lettres, a full and well merited account of which was given in the Catholic Review. Next comes the remarkably excellent work presented by the Class of Rhetoric. The translation from Greek into Latin commanded the attention of every one in the audience.

On the third of June the Philosophers ended the series of class exhibitions by a disputation, which evinced the progress of the class. Mr. T. G. Taaffe read a Latin essay on "Revelation," and Mr. J. C. McNeilly delighted everybody by an exquisite English paper on the "Existence of God."

READING ROOM NOTES.

PAUL R. CONNIFF, PRES.

An odd but pretty poem in the June *Harper's* is entitled the "Three Sisters." They were the Fates, who, as all know, were Clotho, who spun the thread of life; Lachesis, who held and wove it, and Atropos, who cut it.

"The Messenger of the Sacred Heart" and the "Little Messenger" together form an illustrated semi-monthly, which always has some very interesting reading matter.

"The Tablet," an eclectic journal of Catholic literature, published at Baltimore, is the latest on our list. The May number has a full-page picture of the students of the American College at Rome, together with an article on the same.

"Harper's Monthly" for June is a more interesting number

even than usual. "The American Burlesque" and "The Best Governed City in the World" (Birmingham, England,) being two of perhaps the best articles.

The correspondent for the Catholic Review shows his intelligence when he claims Latin Belles Lettres' specimen to be the best of the year.

"Barbizon and Jean Francois Millet" in Scribner's, is concluded this month. It was very good. "The City House" is the heading of another good article in the same number.

Our circle of "sleepers" becomes smaller and smaller as the days grow steadily warmer and finer, and on the glorious 25th of June few will be left to respond to the cry, sent joyfully echoing for the last time through the room, "All out."

IRVINGTON—MONTROSE.

What is so rare as a day in June? (June 5th we mean.) Then, if ever, are perfect days.

Irvington is the town where Lieut Squiers resides in his palatial abode christened Montrose.

How handsome Mr. Squiers looked in his white fatigue uniform.

We wont say how pretty Mrs. Squiers and the ladies who wrought such marvels of gracious kindness were—*cela va sans dire*.

Could our own mothers or sisters have devoted themselves more than did the indefatigable hostess and her squadron bright of ladies fair?

How the band did play!

How the boys did march!

How well the commissioned officers looked!

How proud we all were of Captain Wright!

It's worth while being a commissioned officer.

How the sun did shine!

How blue the sky was!

How refreshing the Hudson!

What rousing cheers came from the cadets!

Second Division was as independent as First.

On the homeward tramp all were in line.

All marched well.

Irvington poured out its pride to see us.

A lady came from her cottage.

She gave a beautiful bouquet to Fr. Halpin.

He presented it to Captain Wright.

The Senior Captain carried it home.

It made Company A happy.

Co. A had reason to be proud.

So had Co. B.

And Co. C.

And Co. D.

The Stay-at-homes enjoyed themselves.

They came to meet us.

Simply a perfect day.

Now boys, three cheers for Lieut. Squiers!

Three more for Mrs. Squiers!

Three more for all the Ladies—God bless them.

Three more for Mr. Fargo.

Ra! Ra! Ra! F-O-R-D, Ham, Ham, Ham!!!



JOHN H. SLEVIN, '90.

DIAMOND FLASHES.

The Wesleyan men have improved greatly since our last meeting.

In the four games with Lafayette Spalding, University City of New York, and Wesleyan our boys scored 94 runs made 69 safe hits and 7 errors to 3 runs, 14 safe hits and 59 errors for their opponents.

Orpheus plays a nice short stop game but he was away off at Lehigh. Oh yes! away off!

In the Wesleyan series just finished, the following little table shows the work of both teams.

	Games	R.	H.	E.
Fordham.....	2	26	20	4
Wesleyan.....	2	5	11	19

The Norwalk Manager "skipped" the town and the Club disbanded. Consequently we were without games on Decoration day.

The Spartas have now failed us thrice.

Ryan is still hitting well!

That was a great game with Lafayette and it will be many a day before such another game is played between the two clubs.

SPALDINGS VS FORDHAM.

Sunday May 11.—The Fordhams got a very easy victory to-day, they were not compelled to exert themselves to any extent and won with ease. The Spalding's pitcher was very unsteady and received poor support. At the opening of the game he did very well, but after the second inning he was pounded unmercifully. The Fordhams played a good game all around, batted well, fielded well and ran bases in daring style. Sullivan caught a splendid game and threw to bases in a magnificent manner. R. Carmody pitched for two innings and then retired in favor of Tom. Neither pitcher tried to strike the batsman out yet the visitors persisted in fanning the atmosphere. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Fordham.....	4	28	33
Spaldings.....	0	0	0

Earned runs Fordham 4, Spaldings 0. Two base hits, Sullivan, T. Carmody, Orpheus, and Plunkett. Three base hits, Plunkett and Hickey. Double plays, Sullivan and Hickey, T. Carmody, Hickey and Keane, T. Carmody and Keane. Umpire, Mr. Harvey. Time of Game 1 hour 55 minutes.

FORDHAM VS. UNIVERSITY CITY OF NEW YORK.

Tuesday, May 13th.—Some of the most ludicrous plays ever made on the Fordham diamond were made to-day. A nine composed of students of the University City of New York were the performers, and their performance was simply a parody on base ball. They lacked practice and the proper base ball spirit, and consequently the home club won as they pleased. Score:

FORDHAM—	ab.	r.	ib.	po.	a.	e.	U. C. OF N. Y.	ab.	r.	ib.	po.	a.	e.
R. Carmody, p., ss.	9	4	4	0	4	0	Adams, r f.....	4	0	0	1	0	3
Sullivan, c.....	9	7	6	7	3	0	Young, 2d b.....	3	0	1	6	3	7
T. Carmody, rf, p.	6	8	6	0	12	0	Bates, 1st b.....	3	0	0	13	2	2
Orpheus, ss.....	3	3	2	1	1	0	Rowell, ss.....	3	0	1	1	3	3
Wright, r f.....	2	2	0	0	0	0	Matthews, 3d b.	3	0	0	2	3	5
Ryan, 3d b.....	7	3	4	1	0	0	Berry, l f.....	3	0	0	0	3	3
Keane, 1st b.....	6	4	2	14	0	0	Evans, p.....	3	0	0	2	2	2
Plunkett, l f.....	6	7	3	0	0	0	Morse, c.....	2	0	1	3	0	4
Hickey, 2d b.....	7	6	2	3	3	0	Fairchild, l f.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Gillon, c f.....	9	5	2	1	0	1							
Totals.....	64	49	31	27	23	1	Totals.....	27	0	3	27	16	30

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Fordham.....	11	3	9	5	5	4	5	1	6	—49
University City of New York.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

SUMMARY.

Earned runs—Fordham, 3. Two-base hits—R. Carmody, Sullivan, T. Carmody, Plunkett and Hickey. Three-base hit—T. Carmody. Total base hits—Fordham, 38; University City of New York, 3. Stolen bases—Fordham, 25; University City of New York, 1. Struck out—by R. Carmody, 2; by T. Carmody, 6. Umpire—James McNally. Time of game—2 hours and 40 minutes.

FORDHAM VS. WESLEYAN.

Thursday, May 15th.—For two innings, to-day, it looked as though Fordham was doomed to a defeat, but in the third inning they pulled away from Wesleyan and won handily. The Wesleyan men played a much better game in the field than they did on their own ground at Middletown in our last game with them and batted in fine style. The Connecticut boys opened up rather lively in the first inning and gathered in two runs by the aid of a two-baser, a three-base hit and an error. After that, however, they went out in almost one, two, three order. Fordham seemed very weak at the bat in the first two innings, but after that they batted well. The home battery kept up their steady work. Time prevents us from saying more. Score:

	R.	IB.	E.
Fordham.....	0	0	3
Wesleyan.....	2	0	0

Batteries—For Fordham, R. Carmody and Sullivan; For Wesleyan, Kidd and Crane.

FORDHAM VS. LEHIGH.

"Listen to the tale of woe!"

FORDHAM, 2; LEHIGH, 16.

There is a rumor afloat that a game of ball was played at Bethlehem, Pa., on Thursday, May 22, 1890. But the writer can positively assert that this is a falsehood. He was present in said town on said day and at the ball grounds, the Lord forgive him for calling it a ball ground, and he saw no game. True, there was a little "burlesque on base ball" out on the college campus, but it was only a burlesque and nothing more. Eighteen men were in uniform going through all the movements of ball playing, but one of the nines, by name Fordham College, seemed to be asleep, and they were too. All of them were in a trance, and no wonder, they had been packed in a railroad car from one P. M. until after four, and then expected to play ball. Then, again, these same players are used to playing on a ball ground, and not on a field lately plowed, and, furthermore, they never undertake to play against more than the regulation number of men. They always play against nine men, not ten! But to come right down to the point we were worsted in this burlesque fairly and squarely on its merits. The umpire didn't beat us, but my, oh my, how he did "Get there, just the same." The Lehigh men played a good game all the way through and made some very pretty plays. Nothing can be said for Fordham, except that Bob Carmody pitched a good game and the rest did the best they could under the circumstances. Score:

	R.	IB.	E.
Fordham.....	0	0	0
Lehigh.....	0	0	10

Batteries—For Fordham, R. Carmody and Sullivan; for Lehigh, Wariner and Bellfield.

FORDHAM VS. LENOX.

Sunday, May 25th.—To-day's game was dead and uninteresting, neither team played with any life and the Fordhams had no especial trouble in winning. T. Carmody pitched an easy game and was handled in good style by Orpheus. Score:

	R.	IB.	E.
Fordham.....	2	3	2
Lenox.....	0	0	0

Batteries—For Fordham, T. Carmody and Orpheus; for Lenox, Kirwin and Donohoe.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and some who pose as philosophers, not from their hearts, but from their lips alone, have repeated the same fallacy. So it would appear that principally those who deny the existence of the Deity belong to one of two classes, which society does not consider among its best members, in other words, they are either fools or followers of Ananias. That the atheist denies God from his lips alone many examples have proved. True some live and act as though they were not conscious of God's existence, or they may say for notoriety that he does not exist, but when these same gentlemen are stricken by disease, when grim death confronts them and they feel his icy breath and clammy hand, when they know that they are about to meet their Maker, they cry out for God's ministers to assist them, showing that "their actions do belie their words"; that they believe in God and cannot really deny his existence. But the proof of this proposition is so simple, so evident, it is so difficult to escape its truth, that one cannot understand how it can be denied. However, before proving it, as there are several arguments that bear upon the manner of its proof, we will endeavor to clear the way. First to those who admit the existence of God, but hold that it cannot be proved because God is first in the order of existence and first in the order of cognition, we would say that, from the very idea of God, the first cause we know that he is first in the order of existence, but it is clear to all but Intalagists that he is not first in the order of cognition, because we know many things before we receive a knowledge of God. The child's knowledge begins with the things around it and not with God, as they would have us believe.

Some say that only through tradition can this thesis be proved, but in our proof we can easily dislodge the traditionalists from their position.

As we argue from cause to effect in an "a priori" argument, it is evident that in this manner we cannot prove God's existence, he being not an effect but the first cause. But to the proof. Everyone knows that the things around us change, they come and ere long pass away. The friend of yesterday is to-day in the embrace of death; he has departed.

We see the prattling child at its mother's knee gradually changing and developing into manhood, passing rapidly to age and decay, and finally return to mother earth. The flowers blossom, wither and fade. The tiny blossoms that appear on the trees and vines soon become fruit, fall to the earth and decay. All about us is change, constant change. We are conscious that we exist, that our lives are short and that there was a time when we were not. We know that the things around us were not always thus, and we conclude that something must have brought these things into existence. Someth'g determined them to be what they are, decided their shape, color and dimensions, because they do not necessarily exist, they are indifferent to existence or non-existence. They could not bring themselves into existence, for that would be absurd. They would exist because they caused their existence and they would not exist because they were brought into existence, so they would exist and not exist at the same time. All will admit the existence of contingent things and no one can really deny the principle of causality. Some may attempt a denial, but practically they will invariably refute their own argument. They will look for the cause of any disturbance in their own person, about their own household or business. The man does not live who, if his purse be taken, does not attribute its disappearance to a cause, or, if he is tortured by some illness, will not seek and endeavor to remove it. Publish a paragraph that reflects on his character or profession, how soon he will endeavor to find out the author thus evincing that he believes in the principle of causality. This principle is in-

herent in man's very nature. Even the child when it sees anything strange always asks what did it? Men seek the cause of all they observe, all physical science is engaged in finding out the cause of the phenomena that occur in nature. Some say that all we know of causes is the succession of events. We know that we ourselves are the cause of many effects. Try, as man may, he cannot escape this principle but is forced to admit that everything contingent has back of it a cause, that behind this vast visible world with its many changes there is, there must be a cause. This cause is either contingent or self-existing. If it is contingent it also must owe its existence to another. We must finally come to a necessary, self-existing cause which we call God. To avoid this some conceive an infinite series of contingent beings producing one another. But this is absurd. Every series of terms must necessarily have a beginning and consequently cannot be infinite. Besides is an infinite series of contingent beings was admitted that would not remove the difficulty for they still would be contingent and need a necessary cause. We might add that an infinite number is impossible because infinity cannot be measured, but every number is a collection of units and consequently measurable. Let us suppose an infinite number to exist. As it is a number we can divide it into halves and quarters but these parts are not infinite but finite, therefore the infinite number is composed of finite numbers which is evidently a contradiction. In proving the existence of God the voice of man should not be overlooked. Every nation, race and tribe believe in a supreme Being and the race has not been found that has not admitted his existence.

They may not have conceived God as he is they may not have understood his nature but they all agree in this, that such a being exists. This fact admitted by all men, cannot be, as some would have us think the result of fear, prejudice, passion or tradition as these are not everywhere the same.

As nothing but a universal cause can produce a universal effect, this universal consent of mankind must be the human reason perceiving the truth. If it is fear and ignorance that makes the savage believe in a supreme being it cannot be fear and ignorance which produces the same belief in the educated man.

Education and prejudice, as we remarked are, not every where the same. Besides the nations and tribes of the earth separated from each other and having no intercourse could not all agree upon this subject unless there existed a universal cause. Man's belief in the natural law must also be considered. Men at all times and in all places, whatever their condition, or state of life, from the lowest savage to the most highly cultured gentlemen, have agreed that there is an intrinsic difference between virtue and vice, that some acts are good and praiseworthy, while others are bad and deserve punishment. This belief is not caused by human laws or the fear of human law-givers for often the evil is committed where no human eye could see and where there was no fear of detection, but still the conscience cries out that the act was wrong. That this shows clearly a natural law which all men know from their inner consciousness it would seem impossible to deny. As every law supposes a law-giver this natural law points to a legislator above the human race to whom all must render an account of their actions. Finally, who can notice the great order and beauty in the world and say that it did not require a cause? How can a man be so perverse as to attribute it to chance! We see about us the greatest order, in the path of the heavenly bodies, the regularity of day and night, the following in perpetual order of the seasons with their varying changes, the gradual development of the tiny seed into trees, grain, and flowers, the beautiful forms of chrysalization the constant proportion in which elements write to form new substances.

The countless forms of animal life and the wise provisions

made for their preservation. Who would be so foolish as to attribute the workings of a watch to mere chance? But the most delicate and perfect watch is not as complicated and by no means as exact in its functions as the human body. Study the human eye; no amount of genius has ever produced anything that can equal it in delicacy of parts and adjustment. Who would say that the Corliss engine was made by chance?

But how infinitely more foolish to say that chance was the architect of this vast universe with its millions of bodies, moving in regular order never interfering but keeping in their paths for centuries. If chance did all this why did it stop when it had such beautiful order? Why does it not continue? Why does not the sun give us light for twelve successive days or weeks instead of for a few hours? Why does it refuse its light altogether and leave us in perpetual night? Why does not the grain of wheat develop into a thorn bush or the apple tree bear gooseberries? Why does not chance make the eagle bring forth doves or why does not the offspring of the noble steed trot about with wings and claws. We will leave the reply to these questions to the advocate of chance. For ourselves looking upon the beauties of this world considering the writhings of conscience when we deflect from right, bringing to our aid the voice of the whole human race and the reasoning of the human intellect we are convinced that God exists.

J. C. M.

INSPECTOR GENERAL'S REPORT.

NEW YORK CITY, May 30, 1890.

The Inspector General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.:

GENERAL: I respectfully submit the following report of an inspection which I have just made of Saint John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

The institution was founded in 1841. It is Roman Catholic and is governed by a Board of Trustees and the Principal of the School, Father Scully. It is without endowment and has not received any assistance from the general government.

The Professorship of Military Science and Tactics was established in 1885, when the present occupant, Lieut. H. C. Squiers, assumed the duties of that chair here.

He is a member of the Faculty, is thoroughly supported in his work by the Faculty, and is granted four hours per week for theoretical and practical military work. He is not required to do any other work and receives no extra compensation from the school.

The college, as it now stands, has a corps of over thirty professors, and can accommodate between three and four hundred pupils. At date there are 263 in attendance, and of this number the second and third forms and the preparatory departments receive military instruction. These three classes place 187 pupils under military instruction.

The pupils of the second and third forms, numbering about 125, are neatly uniformed in forage cap, dark blue blouse and gray trousers. They are organized into a battalion of four companies with one staff officer and six company officers. These officers are appointed after examination. The battalion was on drill when I arrived at the College and was formed at once for review and inspection. It is a battalion of which the officer in charge, the Principal of the School and the College itself may well be proud. The younger boys of the Preparatory Department were formed

separately. This company numbers sixty members. All the boys in it are probably under 14 years of age. The College has provided light rifles for them and the little fellows show great pride and zeal in their military exercises.

This College has never been supplied with any field guns. The principal informs me that they have been making efforts to secure some such guns. I would simply state in this connection that cover for some of the exposed artillery material at Washington Barracks might be found here.

No effort has been made to secure a cavalry organization in the College. Father Scully has had the subject under consideration, but on asking my opinion as to the real value of such an organization, I was compelled to say that the benefits accruing to the general government from such a course would probably not equal the detriment that horses and grooms might be to the students.

The only text books in use are the Authorized Tactics, Kennon's Guard Duty and the U. S. Regulations.

The military library consists of the historical works of the general library.

There has been no target practice, and there is no range on the College grounds where firing with service charges would be safe.

There are 150 Cadet rifles, calibre .45, and 150 sets of equipments on hand. This property is in fair condition.

The arrangements are being made to go into camp for one week about the middle of next month.

I have seen the order relieving the officer now here, and have noted that no one is provided to take his duties. This is a growing institution, and if we are to locate army officers where they can exercise the greatest influence, I think the withdrawal of Lieut. Squiers, without designating a successor, is a mistake. The College is just undertaking new buildings, one of which is to be 270 feet by 50 feet, and the capacity of the College will soon be double what it is to-day. When Lieut. Squiers took charge of the military department, five years ago, he started with eighteen military students. He now has over ten times that number. I think it is to be regretted that Lieut. Squiers is to quit the institution just at this juncture. He is zealous in his work, and had persuaded the faculty to permit him to introduce the military system of discipline into the daily routine of the student's life. His being relieved will probably stop such an arrangement, and from a personal and close observation of different systems, I have no hesitation in stating that the introduction of the military organization and system into the daily routine of a college, gives results in the military department that can not be obtained in any other way.

I do not know how assignments to these colleges are made, but I desire to say that, looked at from an inspector's point of view, the detailing of an officer to Allegheny College, Penn., and not detailing one to Saint John's College, N. Y., is a military mistake. At the former all military duties are purely optional, and, as the officer remarked to me a few days ago, the new students attend a little while, hoping to get appointments as officers, and if they don't get such appointment they quit.

Allegheny College has forty-four students in the military department, or less than one-quarter the number in that department at Saint John's. If these details are determined on purely military grounds, and without regarding State lines, I do not hesitate to recommend that the detail be continued at Saint John's and the reduction made by cutting off the detail at Allegheny College, Meadville, Penn.

Very respectfully,

R. P. HUGHES,
Colonel-Inspector General.

BATTALION NOTES.

MARTIN MCM. RAMSAY, '92.

S. O. No. 34, May 19th, 1890.

The following named cadets will prepare themselves for examination for promotion. Examination to take place on Thursday, May 29, 1890. Cadet Sergeants Orpheus and Weir, Cadet Privates Keating, McCann, Buckley, Barrett, Donnelly, Hardiman and Phelan. Examination will include Company Drill and the formation of the Battalion. The Battalion of Cadets is invited to visit Lieut. Squiers at his residence, "Montrose," Irvington, N. Y., on the first Thursday in June. The Battalion under the command of Cadet Captain Wright, will march to Kingsbridge, and there take the 10:44 train for Irvington, returning on the train leaving Irvington at 5:36.

The final examination of the members of the graduating class will take place on Thursday, June 12th, 1890. Those passing will be reported to the Adjutant-General of the State to which they belong. The three Cadets receiving the highest marks will be reported to the Adjutant-General of the Army. The examination will include Company, Skirmish and Battalion Drill, the Ceremonies and Organization of the U. S. Army.

Every officer and non-commissioned officer will provide himself with a copy of Kennon's Guard Duty.

By order of

H. G. SQUIERS,
2nd. Lt. 7th U. S. Cav.
Instructor Mil. Sci. & Tac.

M. MCM. RAMSAY,
Acting Adjutant.

We remarked in our last issue that some of the commissioned officers did not know any too much about their Tactics. On Thursday, May 29th, the Battalion was inspected by Colonel Hughes, U. S. A., the Inspector-General of the Department of the Atlantic, and the result of the inspection proved the correctness of our statement. We should think that an officer's self respect would not permit him to make a fool of himself in the presence of the entire Battalion, when, by a little application, such an exhibition could be avoided. These remarks do not apply to all the commissioned officers, for some of them performed their duties with credit to themselves and the College. If any officer thinks that we refer to him, and feels inclined "to thirst for the Editor's blood," let him remember the old saying "that it is always the hit bird that flutters."

In direct contrast to the exhibition given by the commissioned officers, was the excellent and soldierly manner in which the non-commissioned officers, and especially the 1st Sergeants, performed their duties. During the long and exhausting drill there were only two mistakes made by 1st Sergeants, and one of them was decidedly excusable.

The ceremonies began with a thorough inspection of the Battalion, Colonel Hughes not only examining the appearance of the men and their equipments, but also asking numberless questions. One Sergeant was completely

"floored," upon being asked "the exact difference in the atmospheric pressure upon a bullet on a warm or a cold day." The Colonel also wished to know the height of "Brevity;" which information, however, he was unable to obtain. After the inspection the Battalion was marched in review, both in quick and double time. In the wheelings in quick time, Co. A bore off the palm, but they had to yield to Co. D, in double time. We must not forget Companies B and C, for, though they were a trifle behind A and D, nevertheless they are well worthy of mention.

Not content with the inspection and review, Col. Hughes wanted Battalion Drill, and, alas! he got it. Here it was that the commissioned officers particularly "extinguished" themselves. Oh the odor of "sulphur and brimstone" that hovered around the Battalion! It was enough to make the Angels weep.

Following the Battalion drill came Guard Mount, and the ceremonies of the day were at an end.

We trust that this inspection will prove a salutary lesson, by which all will profit.

It is reported (but you must not believe all that you hear) that the following promotions are to be made in the non-cadets: To be Captain, M. Jay Hickey; to be First Lieutenant and Adjutant, R. Francis Carmody; to be Chaplain, with rank of First Lieutenant, F. "Giant" Cushing. With such officers as these the success of the non-cadets is assured beyond a doubt.

Our battalion is more fortunate in some respects than other battalions. We have recently been furnished with one of Edison's greatest inventions.

An aspiring poet and "would-be" prophet contributes the following, with the request that it be published:

"THE WAIL OF CO. B."

"Oh where, oh where are our colors gone;
Oh where, oh where are they?
Our Captain swears and our Sergeants mourn,
For they've gone to Company A."

On Saturday night, May 31st, Companies A and B turned out to fire the customary volleys around the statue. The first volley was good, the second better, and the third, "mirabile dictu," the best, although it was given without command.

It is rumored that there will be no encampment this year, owing to the non-arrival of the tents. Let us hope, however, that this is a mistake and that nothing will prevent the battalion going into camp.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review makes its appearance regularly now every three months. It is one of the leading Catholic periodicals published in the English language and all educated Catholics should support and encourage it. Commencing with the July number, the Most Reverend Patrick John Ryan, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, assumes chief editorial direction, which position was formerly filled by the late Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran. The Review is to be enlarged and improved, beginning with the next number, and it is safe to say that under Archbishop Ryan's efficient direction it will raise its already high standard.

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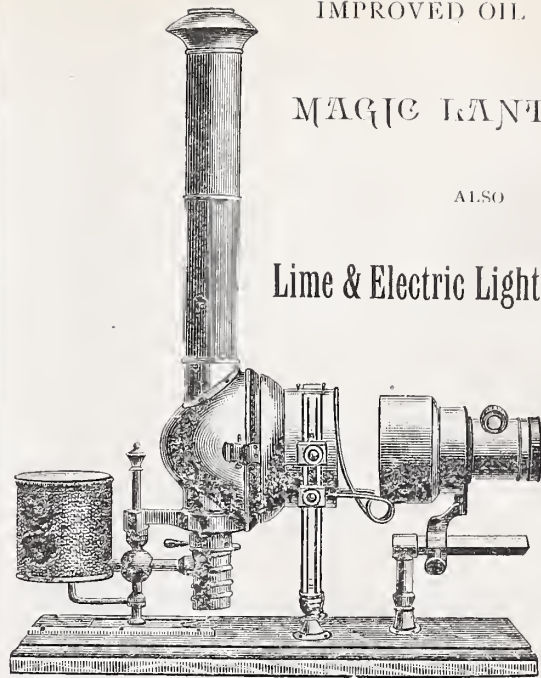
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